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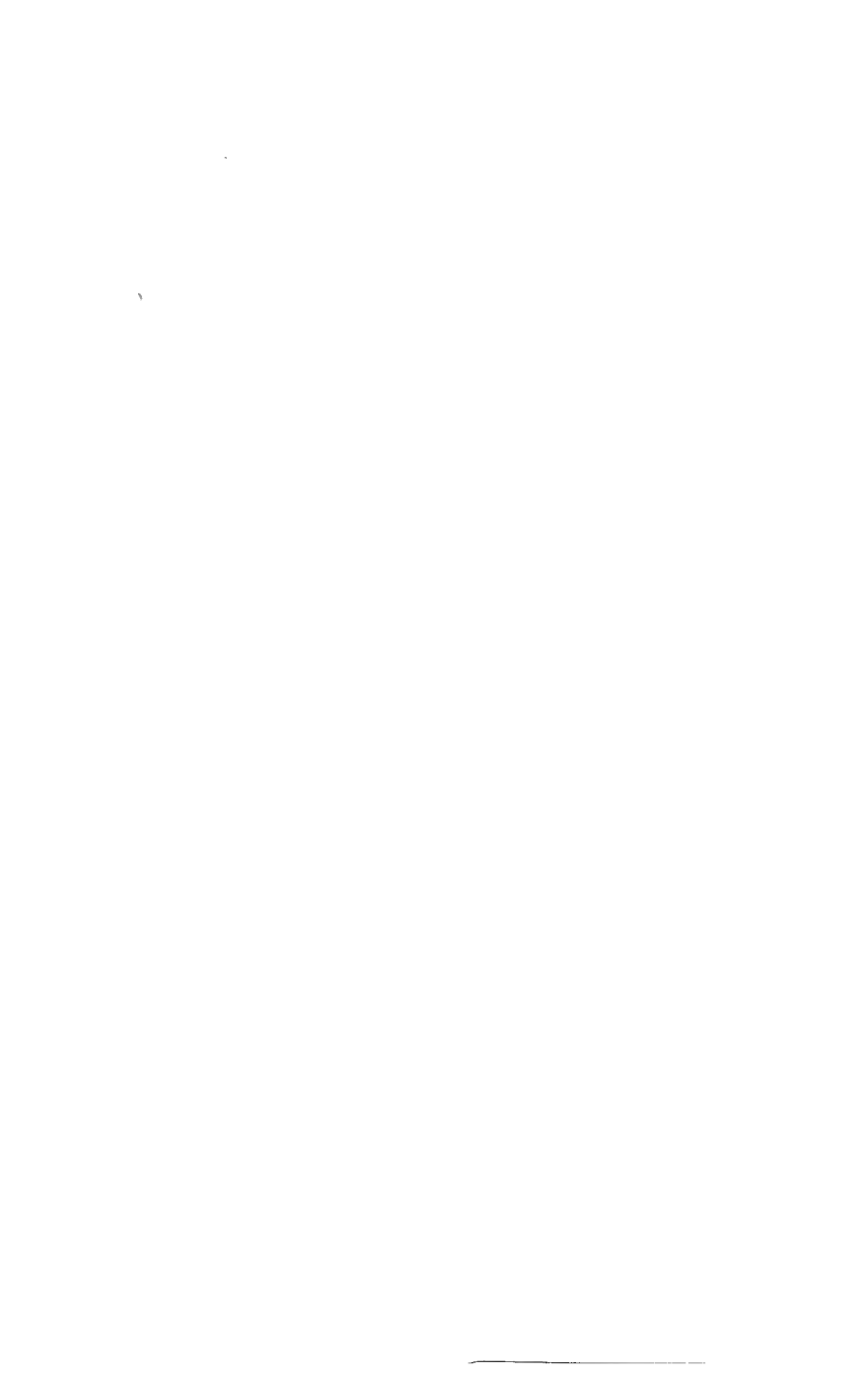
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FAMOUS BRITISH WAR-SHIPS.



Alb. Kneller del.

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT NELSON

NAPLES, 1797

FAMOUS BRITISH WAR-SHIPS

AND THEIR COMMANDERS

BY

WALTER WOOD

AUTHOR OF 'BARRACK AND BATTLEFIELD,' ETC.

IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
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FAMOUS BRITISH WAR-SHIPS.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the sketches which compose this book it has been the author's aim to improve upon the convenient custom of rewriting volumes of a kindred nature. An endeavour has been made to afford a glimpse of the character of the officers whose work has done so much to make the naval power of England what it is to-day, as well as of the means with which that work was done. In selecting subjects much difficulty has naturally been met, and no doubt the absence of many honoured names will be felt. But the volume had its limits, and the field of choice was wide. In the space available the main purpose in view was to present a story that should interest and inform as well as stir, and to that end no labour has been spared to

ensure accuracy. The best authorities have been compared, and where it has been impossible to reconcile conflicting statements, the policy of 'when in doubt leave out' has been followed. In preparing the articles use has been made of a great mass of material. Of the works consulted the following may be mentioned : James's *Naval History*, Allen's *Battles of the British Navy*; Dr. Campbell's *Naval History of Great Britain*; *Celebrated Naval and Military Trials*, by Peter Burke, serjeant-at-law; Arbor's *Reprints*; Wharton's *History of the Victory*; the *Naval Chronicle*; the *Calendar of State Papers*; Southey's *Lives of the British Admirals*; and his and Clarke and M'Arthur's lives of Nelson; Sir John Barrow's lives of Anson and Howe; Walter's *Voyage of the Centurion*; *The Life of Admiral Sir F. Codrington*, by his daughter, Lady Bouchier; *The Autobiography of a Seaman*, by the Earl of Dundonald, and the continuation by his successor to the title; the lives of Collingwood, by G. L. N. Collingwood and other authors; Major-General Mundy's *Life of Rodney*; Captain Montague Burrows' *Life of Hawke*; and Osler's *Life of Exmouth*. Reference has been made to Fincham's *History of Naval Architecture*; Captain Mahan's famous works; Mr. David Hannay's monographs on Blake and Rodney; and Professor Laughton's articles in the *National Dictionary of Biography*; *The British Fleet*, by Com-

mander Robinson, R.N., and *Britain's Naval Power*, by Mr. Hamilton Williams. The dates of births, deaths, appointments, and promotions are mostly taken from official publications, the particulars as to the size and armaments of ships, etc., being extracted chiefly from James's *History* and the *Naval Chronicle*. Many of the relics referred to, as well as models of some of the ships described, may be seen at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution. It is to be regretted that there are no short reliable descriptive catalogues of the contents of the model-room at Greenwich, and the extremely interesting and varied collection in Whitehall. The explanatory labels employed are good, but inadequate. It may be permissible to suggest to visitors that even the active and intelligent pensioners who explain things at the College are not always historically accurate, and indeed are apt at times to give rein to liberal imaginings.

It will be noticed that particular attention has been given to the ships with which so many glorious victories were won—a feature which is absent from the great majority of volumes intended to appeal, like this, to a public wider than that which is furnished by the naval profession only. It has been no easy task to collect details on this point. As it has been with the army so it has been with the navy—not until

it was too late were steps in many cases taken to preserve records of ships themselves and their services. One of the happiest achievements in connection with the navy is due to Lieutenant-Colonel Lean, editor of Lean's *Royal Navy List*, in furnishing in that volume records which are to the navy what battle-honours are to the sister service. The *Army List*, and the standards, colours, and badges of regiments show at a glance the leading actions and campaigns in which their holders have shared, but no such official emblazonment takes place with the navy, although in one or two instances the *esprit de corps* of the officers has supplied this omission by the authorities. It is a very curious fact that while the ships of the navy do not bear any honours, the army honours include one famous naval victory—'St. Vincent.' This belongs to the Welsh Regiment, but it was not granted until a very recent period, after the Duke of Edinburgh had interested himself in the matter. It was given in commemoration of the services as marines of the 69th Foot, now 2nd Battalion Welsh Regiment, on board the *Captain*, under Nelson. Colonel Lean's list is one of acknowledged victories only, gained by the British with a force either equal or inferior to that of the enemy.

When so many ships bearing famous names are no longer represented, or have been condemned for use

as hulks, or when, their names being borne at all, they are held by vessels of a character so utterly different from that of their predecessors, it is well to collect particulars relating to the wooden walls with which our greatest naval triumphs have been won. An interesting table is made of the vessels by which the greatest number of honours could be borne. These ships are as follows, the number of honours preceding the groups: 12 each, *Defiance*, *Revenge*, *Swiftsure*; 11, *Lion*; 10, *Barfleur*, *Royal Oak*; 9, *Centurion*, *Dreadnought*, *Resolution*, *St. George*; 8, *Agamemnon*, *Monarch*, *Rainbow*, *Triumph*; 7, *Active*, *Grafton*, *Southampton*, *Superb*, *Thunderer*, *Unicorn*; 6, *Antelope*, *Arethusa*, *Bellerophon*, *Eagle*, *Nymphe*, *Orion*, *Valiant*, *Victory*, *Warspite*; 5, *Achilles*, *Ajax*, *Audacious*, *Bellona*, *Britannia*, *Cambridge*, *Conqueror*, *Edinburgh*, *Flora*, *Hero*, *Latona*, *Royal Sovereign*, *Ruby*, *Sirius*, *Swallow*; 4, *Æolus*, *Alarm*, *Amphion*, *Belleisle*, *Edgar*, *Gibraltar*, *Hecla*, *Pallas*, *Pearl*, *Repulse*, *Rupert*, *Sea-horse*, *Theseus*, *Triton*, *Vesuvius*, *Weazel*.

Referring to this question of honours, Commander Robinson says that if every British warship had a flag on which to record her services, the present *Swiftsure's* ensign would show more battle-honours than any regimental colour of any army, and he instances sixteen victories in which a *Swiftsure* has taken part, beginning with the defeat of the Armada and ending

with Trafalgar. Perhaps this well-known officer's enthusiasm rather runs away with him, for there are many regiments in the British Army carrying more honours than these—the Rifle Corps is highest with 32; the Highland Light Infantry has 29; and the Rifle Brigade comes third with 28; but these numbers do not by any means represent the successful actions in which the corps have taken part.

Nothing could more clearly show the ignorance existing even in the highest quarters with respect to war-ships' names than the instance which Commander Robinson gives of the *Gibraltar*—an instance which he truly says is quite comical in its ineptness.

When the *Gibraltar* was launched a Scottish marquis proposed success to her, and all he had to say about the name was that he thought one more appropriate could not have been selected for the ship, because only a little time before the marchioness happened to pass Gibraltar in a P. and O. liner, and had often remarked how pretty she thought the big rock looked by moonlight. *Gibraltars* of old had taken part in dashing work under Nelson, Rodney, St. Vincent, Rooke, Boscawen, Howe, Hotham and Cochrane, and yet from the noble marquis 'not a word of what the name *Gibraltar* meant to England and the Royal Navy; no thought of any historic memories attaching to a once famous man-of-war name; nothing

of Rooke or Rodney or Nelson—only moonshine!

The vicissitudes of ships with famous names form an interesting and romantic story. The *Victory* herself, six or seven years before Trafalgar, was stationed at Chatham as a prison-ship—a use to which the prizes taken at the battle of St. Vincent were put. The *Discovery*, which, with the *Resolution*, was with Cook in his first voyage, was on her return home moored off Deptford as a receiving-ship for convicts. Reference is made in the article on Anson to the fate of the figure-head of the *Centurion*, a trophy which for many years occupied a pedestal in the stable-yard of a little inn at Waterbeach, before it made a great change in its quarters, and was removed to Windsor as a present to the Crown, upon the accession to the throne of William IV., at one time Lord High Admiral of England. In earlier days things were done differently, as the treatment of a plank of the *Golden Hind*, Drake's ship, shows. From this piece of wood a certain John Davis, of Deptford, had a chair constructed and presented to Oxford University, an event which Cowley commemorated by writing an ode, 'On Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made of a Relic of Sir Francis Drake's Ship.'

'Let not the Pope's itself with this compare;
This is the only universal chair,'

wrote the poet, a flight of fancy which in the circum-

stances one can understand. Inspiration would come to most people in the same position.

A word as to ships now in existence bearing famous names. The old screw *Arethusa* has become a training-ship for destitute boys, the *Defence* is used as a floating factory, the *Edgar*, another old screw ship, is a quarantine-ship, the *Formidable*, *Indefatigable*, and the *Mars* are training-ships; the *Pique* is employed for hospital purposes, the *Royal George* (yacht) is a receiving hulk; the training-ship *Southampton* is a descendant of the *Southampton* which was built in 1646 as the first frigate for the British navy; the *Valiant* is a divisional-ship; the *Vengeance*, which took part in the bombardment of Sevastopol, is a receiving hulk. The old screw *Warspite*—formerly the *Conqueror*—reminiscent of Raleigh, Rooke, Boscawen, and Hawke, is a training-ship for destitute and other poor boys of good character. Already she has trained, clothed, and sent to the Royal Navy and the merchant service nearly seventy thousand boys.

Most famous of existing vessels except the *Victory*, is the *Foudroyant*, one of Nelson's old flag-ships. She was the last war-ship to be launched from the old Plymouth Yard. This was in 1798, in which year also was launched the old fighting *Téméraire* immortalised by Turner. In 1799 she was, while in the Mediterranean, the temporary residence of a king

and a queen; on March 22nd, 1801 she took on board Sir Ralph Abercromby, who had been mortally wounded in the battle of the previous day; on the 28th he died, and the *Foudroyant* carried his body to Malta, where it was buried. Not very long ago the old two-decker was towed away from Devonport to be broken up; and she got into the hands of Germans. This was too much for British sentiment and patriotism, and the ship was re-acquired. She is now rigged out as a show-place, and is being towed from port to port as a commercial undertaking. If the Lords of the Admiralty had known of or cared for the best traditions of the navy this final act of degradation might have been averted, and the *Foudroyant* might have been preserved, like the *Victory*, as a national relic.

THE REVENGE AND SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

TENNYSON.

HE who would write of famous British battle-ships and the men who have commanded them has such a dazzling list to choose from that he is fain to pause and wonder where he shall begin. He may start with Nelson in the hour of his greatest victory, and pass from him to Howe on the Glorious First of June, or to Cuthbert Collingwood, the man who on that same Sunday told the admiral that about that time their wives were going to church, but he thought the peal they would ring about the Frenchmen's ears would outdo the parish bells at home. He may turn to the deeds which made men like Rodney, Blake, and Anson famous; or come to our own day and tell

of the *Victoria*, the colossal ship that never fired a shot in anger, and whose men in face of death yet showed a courage that was never excelled on land or sea. But coming first in point of individual valour, as it comes amongst the very first of England's great naval battles, is the *Revenge* of Sir Richard Grenville, and her last fight with Spain off the Azores.

With ninety of her crew lying sick on the ballast, she fought for fifteen hours with fifteen great ships of Spain, and not until she was a mastless, riddled hulk, filled with slaughtered and wounded men, and her captain suffering from a mortal wound, did she surrender. When that happened she had sunk two of the enemy's ships and killed or drowned nearly two thousand Spaniards, while a third vessel afterwards sank, and a fourth had to be run ashore to save her. When Horatius kept the bridge the foe could scarce forbear to cheer. So it was with the men of Spain. For once their hatred of the English was lost in admiration, and they gave honourable treatment to captives who, in other circumstances, would have been hustled off to death or the tortures of the Inquisition.

The *Revenge*, although a small ship, was not so very little for the age in which she was built. She was of five hundred tons, had, with her full complement, a crew of two hundred and fifty men, and

carried from thirty to fifty guns of various calibre. Her size may be judged from the fact that in 1588 it was ordered that four new ships should be built 'on the model of the *Revenge*, but exceeding her in burthen. The dimensions to be one hundred feet by the keel, thirty-five feet in breadth, and fifteen feet depth in the hold.' Such was the *Revenge* of Queen Elizabeth's time. Compare her with the *Revenge* of Queen Victoria's navy: steel twin-screw armour-clad ship, fourteen thousand one hundred and fifty tons, thirteen thousand horse-power, three hundred and eighty feet long, and seventy-five feet broad, carrying six hundred and thirty-four men, and four sixty-seven-ton guns, as well as ordnance of smaller size. The *Revenge* was a vessel of wonderful ill-luck—according to Sir John Hawkins she was the most unfortunate ship that Elizabeth ever had. One of her principal performances was during a storm in which she was anchored in the river off Rochester. Although she had nothing but her bare masts overhead she turned topsy-turvy, her keel being uppermost. Her many escapes after being aground, and the fact that she could be sailed after the fifteen hours' pounding from the Spanish guns off Flores speak well for her marvellous strength and the honesty with which she was built.

What manner of man was this Sir Richard Grenville,

who so desperately and valiantly fought his ship against the Spanish host? Just the sort we should expect to find: one who feared neither man nor devil. Says Van Linschoten, in his quaint little work which tells of what befell the *Revenge* after she surrendered: 'He was a man very unquiet in his minde, and greatly affected to warre. He was of so hard a complexion, that as he continued amongst the Spanish Captaines while they were at dinner or supper with him, he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and in a braverie take the glasses between his teeth and crash them in pieces and swallow them downe, so that the blood ran out of his mouth without any harme at all unto him.'

Kingsley, in 'Westward Ho,' says that Grenville was subject to such fearful fits of rage that he had been seen to snatch the glasses from the table, grind them to pieces with his teeth, and swallow them; but that was only when his indignation had been aroused by some tale of cruelty or oppression, especially by the Spaniards.

Bearing in mind his character and his hatred of everything Spanish, who can wonder that on that memorable day off the Azores, Grenville let his admiral and the rest of his fleet sail away, and prepared for that great fight of which the end could be only death? His very name was a terror to

Spaniards. When his body was thrown into the sea some of the Spaniards said they thought that as he was loved of the devils because he had within him a devilish faith and religion, so he sank to the bottom of the sea down to hell, where he raised up all the devils to avenge his death. His death, as we shall see, was avenged, not by devils, but by man, and of all men his friend and kinsman, Sir Walter Raleigh.

In September, 1591, a little English fleet was waiting off the Azores for the return of the Spanish treasure-ships from Goa, laden with cargoes of enormous value. So frequent and successful had been the onslaughts of the English seamen on these argosies that in this special case the King of Spain had ordered the ships not to set sail from the East until very late in the season, when he hoped the English would have been driven home through want of provisions and water and the foulness of their ships. In addition to this the king had taken the precaution of getting together a strong fleet to sail out and overpower the English, should they still remain, and escort the Indiamen to port. But Lord Thomas Howard, the admiral, had kept the seas for six months, his ships of war having been provisioned by victuallers running between them and England. His fleet were off the Azores the very day before the Indiamen came in sight, and but for the appearance of the

Spaniards the vast treasure would have been the reward of his long and tedious waiting.

When the approach of the fleet of Spain was made known, Howard, feeling that against such enormous odds his own vessels—foul with keeping the seas so long—and men—half of whom were incapacitated by sickness—were powerless, determined to sail away.

Howard had with him only six of the Queen's ships, six victuallers of London, the barque *Raleigh*, and two or three pinnaces. These were riding at anchor near Flores, one of the western islands of the Azores, when the intelligence was received of the approach of the Spaniards. No sooner had the alarm been raised than the enemy came in sight. Many of the ships' companies were ashore on the island at the time, some getting ballast and some filling the water-casks, and securing what they could, either by purchase or force. Of the six ships of the navy two were of small dimensions, while the others were only of middle size. The rest of the craft were practically useless for fighting purposes. Howard was in the *Bonaventure*, and Grenville, who was vice-admiral, was in the *Revenge*. The little fleet was crippled by want of provisions and water; everything was out of order, and the ships themselves were dangerously light for want of ballast.

Seeing the hopelessness of combat Howard gave

the order to set sail, and the tiny squadron for the most part slipped away. Grenville, however, when the command was given, disdained to obey it, saying that he would rather die than suffer the shame of running from ships of Spain. He persuaded his crew that he would pass through the two squadrons of the enemy, and thus escape safely and honourably. Grenville, too, when the approach of the enemy was first made known, had his sick on shore, and he was not the man to leave them to be captured by the nation he hated so intensely. He accordingly hurried his operations and got his sick on board. They were put on the ballast, the safest place in the ship in view of the storm of shot which all knew must come from the guns of the armada.

There was no want of courage on the part of the men who did their best to get away from the fleet of Spain. There were fifty-three Spanish sail, crowded with soldiers, and so well furnished with guns and ammunition that they could have blown the English out of the water. The very hugeness of the Spanish fleet, says Raleigh, would have crushed the English ships to shivers between them, even if no other violence had been offered. Howard himself would have done as Grenville intended to do—enter between the Spanish squadrons—but the rest of the commanders, feeling certain that all would be lost, refused to agree

to such a course; indeed, the master of Howard's own vessel offered to jump into the sea rather than conduct her to be a prey to the enemy when both defence and victory were hopeless. Let it be remembered that the Spanish ships swarmed with soldiers and mariners, some of them carrying as many as eight hundred men; while others had on board five hundred, and none carried less than two hundred. They were fresh from port, and had abundance of arms and ammunition, while the *Revenge* was poorly furnished with both men and weapons. In ships the odds were one to fifty-three; in men there was one Englishman—the *Revenge* was fought throughout with only one hundred men—to one hundred and fifty Spaniards.

When it was seen that Grenville was resolved to fight, as much help was given as could be given by his comrades in the fleet. The *Foresight*, commanded by Thomas Vavisour, stood by the *Revenge* for two hours, fighting valiantly, and she was got clear of the encompassing ships only with the greatest difficulty. The rest of the Englishmen used their guns as much as they could, and kept up the firing till night separated them. The gallant little victualler, *George Noble*, of London, at the beginning of the fight fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Grenville what he would command him, being 'but

one of the victuallers, and of small force.' Grenville magnanimously told the captain to save himself and leave him to his fortune; and so the *George Noble*, having been knocked about a good deal by the Spanish guns, and being unable effectually to answer, sailed away. There was another small ship, the *Pilgrim*, which hovered about to see how the fight went, but when, towards the last, she made as if to help the *Revenge*, she was 'hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.'

The famous *San Philip*, a lumbering craft of fifteen hundred tons, was the first to engage the *Revenge*. She put her huge body between the *Revenge* and the wind, so that Grenville's vessel lost way and became for a time a mere hulk on the waters. The *San Philip* carried three tiers of ordnance on each side, eleven guns in each tier. She had a total broadside, therefore, of thirty-three guns, and opened a heavy fire on the *Revenge*. The Spaniard, however, with her towering sides, offered a broad target to the *Revenge*, while at such close quarters many of her own guns were useless, owing to the impossibility of training them on to the little ship of the foe.

The *Revenge* fought with the valour of desperation, and so deadly was the discharge from the lower tier of her guns, loaded with cross-bar shot, that the *San*

Philip took her battered carcass off as speedily as she could, 'utterly misliking her entertainment.'

While the vessels were pounding each other, every shot from the Englishman spreading death and destruction on board the crowded Spaniard, the consorts of the *San Philip* came up, and four of the largest prepared to board the *Revenge*, two on the starboard side and two on the port. The four boarded her while she was still entangled with the *San Philip*, and a host of Spaniards poured upon her decks. There was a desperate hand-to-hand fight, but nothing was to conquer the defenders of the *Revenge*, and the hordes were repulsed at the point of the pike and the sword. Many were driven back on to their own vessels, which they were glad enough to regain, while many more were hurled overboard and drowned.

Guns roared and fire-arms snapped viciously, steel clashed against steel, and the fierce shouts of angry combatants mingled with the groans of the wounded and the shrieks of the drowning. Still the conflict went on. The afternoon wore to evening, and the day gave place to night; but for the men on the *Revenge* there came no rest. They were committed to a fight the end of which, so far as they could see, was certain death. If they escaped with their lives and fell into the hands of the Spaniards, things worse

than death would overtake them in the Inquisition and the galleys. Better, then, die fighting for God and England.

Through all that mad meeting Grenville directed and cheered his men. His courage never faltered, his determination to die rather than yield never grew less. According to one story he was dangerously wounded at the beginning of the fray, and was for a time insensible, but the account of six of the *Revenge's* own crew who afterwards reached England showed that it was not until an hour before midnight that the vice-admiral was so severely hurt that he had to leave the upper deck.

While Grenville was having his wounds dressed, the fight raged as fiercely as ever, and large and small shot swept the ship at every point. Grenville received a musket-ball in his body, and another shot in the head, while the surgeon who was attending him was killed at his side.

By this time men were faint and weary. Since three o'clock in the afternoon they had been incessantly repelling the attacks of boarders. No sooner had a Spaniard cleared away, crippled and disheartened, than another came to take her place; and at no time were there fewer than two great galleons alongside making the attempt to capture by boarding. In all fifteen separate ships of large size tried

to take her, and the artillery of these vessels she had to bear, as well as the general cannonading of the fleet.

The ship's company was lessening woefully; and when Grenville fell the *Revenge* lay like a log upon the waters, her decks reeking and slippery with blood. She had, it was estimated, received eight hundred shot, and was so utterly powerless and beyond control that she rose and fell only with the swell of the seas.

There she rode, a combatant without a peer, either before or since her own time. Two of the great Spaniards she had sunk at her side, and of the host of Spain, her crew had slain or drowned nearly two thousand, including two of the principal commanders.

For fifteen hours the *Revenge* had withstood the desperate efforts of the Spaniards to take or sink her. Her last barrel of powder was spent, all her pikes were broken, so fierce had been the conflicts with the repeated swarms of boarders; forty of her finest men had been killed, and nearly all the rest were wounded, while Grenville himself was mortally hurt. Mastless, with all her rigging gone, her upper works destroyed from stem to stern, with six feet of water in the hold—above all, without ammunition or arms, there remained nothing for Grenville but to surrender or die. He determined to go down with his shattered

bark, and, with the hand of death upon him, commanded the master gunner to split and sink her, so that nought of glory or victory should remain to his enemies.

The master gunner was as brave as his commander, and a heart of oak like him—was he Kingsley's prototype for that grim and relentless artillerist, Salvation Yeo? He, with a few others, was ready and willing to obey the order, but the captain and master of the *Revenge*, with the instinct of life strong within them, even now sought means to save themselves. They had fought like brave men; there were some on board the *Revenge* who were yet unhurt, and others whose wounds were not mortal, and who, if saved, might still serve their queen and country in the wars. Should they not see if they could come to honourable terms with the enemy? As for the *Revenge*, she was so bruised and crushed that she could not keep afloat, and could not, therefore, fall into the hands of Spain as a trophy. So urged the survivors, but Grenville fiercely refused to hear of surrender on any terms.

Picture the scene for a moment. The roar of the guns has ceased, and the smoke of the powder has risen skyward. The great hulls of the Spaniards tower high out of the water, and hem in the little ship that is commanded by man or devil, they know

not which, but believe the latter. The fight is over, and they are assembled for the death. Some of the sick men are still on the ballast below, but many have died during that long carnage; and there are fresh heaps of wounded. There is silence throughout the fleet, broken only by the cries and groans of wounded men, and the heavy creaking of spars as the ships rise and fall slowly on the swell. On the *Revenge* men are pleading for their lives, and in the ships of Spain men are wondering what will happen next. The Spaniards, marvelling at the more than human courage of the foe, fear to close in for the final capture. They remember what the *Revenge* has already done, and may she not in her death agonies do even more? And so they lay in the stillness of that early summer morning off the Azores.

The pleading of the master and his followers was in vain; Grenville would not listen to them, and in the end the master was conveyed aboard the *San Paul*, the ship of the Spanish general, where he made honourable terms for his comrades who still lived. All their lives were to be spared, and they were to be sent to England, ransom to be paid by those who were able to pay it, while all were to be free of imprisonment and the galleys. Such conditions as these show how deeply the Spaniards were impressed with the valour and endurance of their opponents. The

Spanish general was fearful of further mischief from Sir Richard, whose refusal to surrender had been made known by the master; and in addition he was humanly curious to see the man who had fought so wondrously well.

The terms were made known on board the *Revenge*, and most of the men forsook Sir Richard and the master gunner, it being 'no hard matter to diswade from death to life.' See what happened. The master gunner tried to kill himself with a sword, and had to be forced into and locked in his cabin, while Sir Richard, all being over, said they might do with his body what they would. While being removed from his own vessel to the Spanish flag-ship he swooned. When he recovered he desired the company to pray for him, having previously asked his men to yield themselves to God.

That is how the English sea-dogs fought in those days. They did all that brave men could do with powder, shot, and steel, and when the end came they piously commended their souls to their Maker. Witness the loss of the *Tobie* on the coast of Barbary in the same age that gave us Grenville and the *Revenge*. The crew began with heavy hearts to sing, 'Help, Lord, for good and godly men;' but before they had sung four verses of the psalm, the waters had stopped the breath of most. And hear what Raleigh had to

say of the great storm of the night of July 11th, 1597, when in his ship all the knees, beams, and stanchions were shaken well-nigh asunder, 'in so much that those on board made account to have yielded themselves up to God.'

With Grenville on board the *San Paul*, a Spanish crew in the *Revenge*, and the Englishmen distributed amongst the ships of the foreigners, one might have thought that this historic fight was done, and that for once the navy of the King of Spain would have secured that coveted trophy, an English ship of war. In the battle three years before, their Invincible Armada had been shattered without the loss of any English craft of note; but now, although they had paid dearly for it, they had got one of the very ships which did them so much havoc then, and not only that, but they held as prisoner one of England's greatest warriors, and had in their custody also what was left of the crew who had so long stood at bay.

What tale the Spaniards could have told of the fight off Flores, we can only assume from the story they set forth of the Armada. Shattered and smashed as they were by Howard of Effingham and his followers, and in spite of the immense loss they had sustained in men and ships, they did not hesitate to spread broadcast the report, in various languages, that they had won a great victory over England. If

they could do that, having no proof of their valour, what could they not have done in the case of the *Revenge*? True, they had only one ruined hulk to show, and a handful of the infidel dogs of Britain, while of their own ships two had been sunk, two more were sinking, and two thousand seamen and soldiers had been lost. But their spacious imagination could have woven many a narrative showing how the craft of Spain had destroyed an English host, of which all that was left was the *Revenge* and the remnant of her crew. Whatever the intention of the Spaniards was, it was not to be fulfilled. The *Revenge*, warring with the elements from her birth, was to war to the last and succumb in the fray. Shortly after the fight a storm of uncommon violence arose, in which ships by the dozen, and men by the thousand were lost, and the *Revenge*, with two hundred Spaniards on board who were working her to port, went down near the spot where she had made her last fight.

Whether Grenville died on ship or shore we do not really know; but, at any rate, he passed away about the fourth day after the battle. We have seen how he lived—see how he died:

‘Feeling the hower of death to approach, hee spake these words in Spanish, and said: “Here die I, Richard Greenfield, with a joyfull and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought

to do that hath fought for his countrey, queene, religion and honor; whereby my soule most joyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall alwaies leave behinde it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his dutie as he was bound to doe." When he had finished these, or such other like words, hee gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceiue any true signe of heaviness in him.'

Raleigh himself wrote that, according to some accounts, the *San Philip* foundered after getting free of the guns of the *Revenge*, but four years later, at the sacking of Cadiz, he was to learn that the statement was groundless. In 1596, on St. Barnabas's Day, Raleigh singled out at Cadiz the 'great and famous admiral of Spain,' and being resolved to be revenged for the *Revenge*, or to second her with his own life, he anchored his ship, the *War Sprite*, close to her and the *St. Andrew*, and fought with them for three hours. Lord Thomas Howard, too, had the joy of sharing in the retribution. Raleigh so pestered the *San Philip* that she ran aground, tumbling into the sea heaps of soldiers, 'as thick as if coals had been poured out of a sack in many ports at once, some drowned and some sticking in the mud.'

The *San Philip* took fire, and Raleigh was witness of an awful spectacle. Many of the Spaniards

drowned themselves, and others, being half burned, leaped in their agony into the sea. Others, again, to escape the fire, were hanging to ropes from the ship's side, being under water to the very lips. Many who were suffering from serious wounds were stricken while they were in the water, and so were mercifully spared longer suffering. While death and destruction were being spread on every side by the fire, the loaded guns of the galleon were discharged as the flames reached them, and so fearful was the whole scene that 'if a man had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured.'

THE CENTURION AND LORD ANSON.

VANDERDECKEN and his spectral band on board the *Flying Dutchman*, battling for ever with the wind and sea, form a picture not less fearful than that which had been given to us of Anson, with his rotten ship and scurvy-smitten crew, lumbering on his course in southern seas, taking here a ship and there a ship, and at the end of all his tribulation coming up with and smiting sorely the Spanish captain with the sonorous name and carrying off his galleon, with her precious freight. Anson is known to some as a sailor who was First Lord of the Admiralty and died a peer and Admiral of the Fleet; he is known to others because he defeated the French in 1747, and captured ten of their ships, but he is best known as the commander who, in the *Centurion*, took the Spanish treasure-ship off the Philippine Isle, with pieces of eight to the number of more than a million and a

quarter, and thirty-six thousand ounces of virgin silver and plate, the value of the whole being three hundred and thirteen thousand pounds. The action off Cape Finisterre in 1747 has been reproduced on canvas by more than one painter, but artists, known and unknown, have loved most to dwell on the fight between the English sea-dog and the Don of Spain. The treasure-ship excited their imaginations and stimulated their brushes, for pieces of eight and virgin silver have ever been themes for generous inspiration.

Who could not write about and dwell lovingly upon the doings of the men who chased the plate-ship in 1799, for instance? Not a hundred years ago his Majesty's ship *Ethalion* captured the *Thetis* with one million four hundred thousand dollars on board, and the *Naiad*, *Alcmène* and *Triton* took the *Santa Brigida* with one million four hundred thousand dollars. It needed sixty-three artillery waggons—escorted by horse and foot soldiers and armed seamen and marines, and accompanied by bands of musicians—to convey the treasure to the dungeons of the citadel at Plymouth, and each captain received as his share of the prize-money £40,730 18s., each lieutenant £5,091 7s 3d., and each seaman and marine—let us be exact—£182 4s 9¼d. But even this haul of wealth is less than that which fell to the

captors of the treasure-ship *Hermione*. The unlucky galleon, homeward bound from Lima, was taken off Cadiz in May, 1762, by the *Acteon*, twenty-eight guns, and the *Favourite*, eighteen. She was unconscious that war had been declared between England and Spain, and submitted almost without striking a blow, being utterly unprepared for action. To the admiral and each of the two captains there fell as prize-money sixty-five thousand pounds, each lieutenant got thirteen thousand pounds, each warrant-officer four thousand pounds, each petty officer two thousand pounds, and each seaman five hundred pounds. This was the historical occasion on which the jolly tars bought up all the watches in Portsmouth and fried them in fat over the galley-fire. Reading of doings such as these, we lose sight of the miseries that were endured prior to the victories; and so it is with Anson. The treasure-ship he secured looms large and overwhelms all else. Before the glamour of the wealth he took one is apt to forget the ravages of the scurvy and the dangers of the storm with which he fought incessantly.

Anson was the second Englishman to circumnavigate the globe, his predecessor being Drake. In many ways the two commanders were fellows in their astounding misfortunes, just as they were fellows in the object which took them from England—

to harass and capture the Spaniard. Drake left England with five ships, of which the largest, his own, only reached one hundred tons. After an absence of two years and ten months, he returned with only one ship—his own—and fifty men out of one hundred and sixty who had sailed with him. Anson's expedition lasted three years and nine months, and he also came home with but one of six vessels which formed his fleet when he sailed in September, 1740; and that was the *Centurion*, of sixty guns and four hundred men. Anson left England with a large number of men—it is difficult to estimate the exact number—but when he fell in with the great galleon in June, 1743, he had only two hundred and one left.

Some idea of the havoc wrought by disease can be gained from the statistics which have been definitely placed on record concerning the *Centurion*, the *Gloucester*, and the *Trial*. A year after leaving England the *Centurion* had two hundred and fourteen men left, having buried two hundred and ninety; the *Gloucester* had lost as many as Anson's ship, and had eighty-two remaining; and the *Trial* had thirty-nine alive, having buried forty-two. These three ships left England with nine hundred and sixty-one men on board, and within twelve months six hundred and twenty-six were dead.

There was no doubt as to the purpose of Anson in

setting sail from England. War had been declared with our old enemy, Spain, for the several injuries and indignities offered to the Crown and people of England. Anson was to go with his squadron to the Spanish coasts of South America, and was there to annoy and distress the Spaniards, either at sea or on land. He was to take, sink, burn, or otherwise destroy all their ships and vessels he met with, and was specially ordered to prevent the enemy from communicating with any likely quarter from which help could come.

The declaration of war against Spain was in no slight measure induced by the incident of what is known as 'Jenkins's ear.' When a committee of the House of Commons inquired into various Spanish abuses, Captain Jenkins, of the Glasgow brig *Rebecca*, stated that his ear had been cut off by a Spanish captain, who had put it into his hand and told him to present it to the king, his master, adding that if he had had his Majesty there he would have treated him in the same manner. Jenkins produced his ear before the committee, and although subsequent events showed that his story in some respects was open to question, still the atrocious act and the insult to the king roused the nation to fury. The Spaniards, having heard of Jenkins's story, capped it with one better. They sent abroad a tale to the effect that an English

captain inveigled two Spanish gentlemen on board his ship, and stowed them away for a couple of days in order to extract a ransom. This attempt being unsuccessful, he cut off the ears and nose of one of them, and standing with a knife at his throat, forced him to swallow them. This cheerful story, like that of our own countryman, is open to some slight degree of doubt.

The paragraph in the instructions to Anson which interests us most is that particularly relating to the treasure-ship which sailed for Manilla from Acapulco, on the West Coast of Mexico, at a certain season of the year, and also returned at a certain season. In case Anson fell in with the galleon he was authorised to return home either by way of China or Cape Horn, just as he thought best for the preservation of his ships and men. Anson's heart was set on this paragraph, perhaps, more than on any other in the instructions, and in carrying it out he suffered to an extent that is almost past belief.

Had the instructions been properly obeyed he would not, when he got back home, have had so doleful a tale to tell of loss by death, for he would have had men with him who at any rate had the average chance of life. Instead, however, of giving him for his arduous and dangerous undertaking men who

were sound both in mind and limb, a small host of worn-out pensioners was foisted on to him.

When he was almost ready to sail he applied for three hundred seamen, the number by which he was short, who were to be furnished at Portsmouth. When he asked for them, however, he was told that only one hundred and seventy could be spared. Of these one hundred and seventy, thirty-two were received out of hospital, three officers and thirty-seven men came from Lowther's Regiment, and ninety-eight were soldier-marines. Anson had also been promised three hundred men from Colonel Bland's Regiment of Foot, to be employed as land forces in the operations against the Spanish settlements. These troops also he never got, but received in their stead some out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. He was to have had five hundred of these poor old creatures, but every pensioner who had the strength to get away deserted from Portsmouth, and only two hundred and fifty-nine appeared on board the ships of Anson's squadron. All these were invalids, some of them being more than seventy years old, while most were turned sixty.

Can any more pitiful picture be imagined than that of these old men, torn from home, after they had by their previous perils earned a needed retirement, and

condemned to a service in which they could not hope to escape death? The monstrous inhumanity of those who were responsible for sending to sea these unfortunate veterans—one of whom had actually been wounded fifty years before at the Battle of the Boyne—was sufficiently proved by the fact that not one of the two hundred and fifty-nine ever returned to England.

Anson's cup of misery was not full even when he had the pensioners thrust upon him. By way of filling the places of two hundred and forty-one invalids who had deserted, two hundred and ten marines from various regiments were ordered on board the ships. These men had just been raised, and were so raw and undisciplined that they were not allowed to fire their muskets, while of life at sea they were totally ignorant. Anson's humane spirit revolted against taking the pensioners to sea, and he raised a protest, only to be told that those who had had the ordering of things doubtless imagined that they knew more about soldiers than he did, and considered that the pensioners were the fittest men to be employed in the service undertaken. The Rev. Richard Walter, who was chaplain of the *Centurion* during Anson's expedition, and whose account of the voyage round the world forms such fascinating reading, explains that these out-pensioners consisted of soldiers who,

from their age, wounds, or other infirmities, were incapable of service in marching regiments. Of the two thousand out-pensioners of the Hospital only the most crazy and infirm were chosen, although it would have been tolerably easy to select five hundred men who had the remains of vigour left in them. The detachment that was sent to Anson seemed to be made up of the 'most decrepit and miserable objects that could be collected out of the whole body—and were much fitter for an infirmary than for any military duty.'

It seems that this shameful state of things was due, not to the Admiralty, but to the action of certain 'Lords Justices.'

The miserable delays in getting Anson ready for sea enabled the Spaniards to prepare a squadron to intercept him. These vessels—six in number, including four ships of the line—were put under the command of Admiral Pizarro; but they were scarcely more fortunate than Anson's own craft. While attempting to double Cape Horn they were dispersed by a storm, and after escaping many dangers they managed to reach La Plata. Two had lost half their crews, while the *Esperanza* had only fifty-eight of a crew of four hundred and fifty men left alive, and sixty soldiers only remained of an entire regiment she had on board before the storm. One ship was never

heard of, and another was wrecked on the coast of Brazil.

A curious story is told of the Spanish commander, whose duty it was to intercept Anson. He had received such exact information about the English squadron that he reproduced Anson's broad pendant. While off the east coast of South America, the *Pearl* was separated from her consorts by a gale. After being lost sight of for a month, a sail was seen by the squadron, and the *Gloucester* and *Severn* gave chase. It was found, however, that the ship was the missing *Pearl*, and the *Gloucester* alone kept up the pursuit. To everyone's astonishment the *Pearl* did her best to get away, and when the *Gloucester* came up with her they found her cleared for a fight. When the people on board the *Pearl* saw that they were in company of their friend, the lieutenant, who was in command, had to report the death of the captain, and to explain as a reason for his singular behaviour that, after parting from his consorts, he saw five ships which he supposed to be the English squadron, and allowed the commander's vessel, which wore a broad, red pendant, exactly like Anson's, to come within gunshot of the *Pearl* before the mistake was discovered. He at once crowded on all sail and managed to escape, although he was chased throughout the day. So closely did the Spanish admiral's vessel resemble the *Gloucester*

that when the latter gave chase, the lieutenant supposed that the enemy was once more after him, and he accordingly, in view of her greatly superior strength, tried to get away, although, like a brave man, he was ready to fight hard if necessary.

When Anson left England in September, 1741, he had with him five men-of-war, a sloop, and two victualling-ships. The men-of-war were the *Centurion*, sixty guns and four hundred men; the *Gloucester* and the *Severn*, each of fifty guns and three hundred men; the *Pearl*, forty guns and two hundred and fifty men; the *Wager*, twenty-eight guns and one hundred and sixty men; and the *Trial*, eight guns and one hundred men. The victuallers were of four hundred and two hundred tons respectively, and attended the squadron until they had been cleared of the provisions they carried.

Anson's troubles began at the very outset, for he was forty days in reaching Madeira, a voyage which was usually made in ten or twelve days. At Madeira he received intelligence which satisfied him that he had just escaped meeting the immensely superior Spanish squadron under Pizarro. Such a meeting was not by any means desirable just then, since Anson, in order to clear for a fight, would have been compelled to throw overboard vast quantities of provisions, which could ill have been spared, in view of

the probable duration of the voyage. The Spaniards learned to their sorrow what it was to put to sea without an adequate supply of provisions. They left Spain with not more than four months' supply on board, and it is said that even that was computed at short allowance. When, therefore, they continued at sea for a month longer than had been calculated upon they were reduced to a state of starvation. Rats, when they could be caught on board, were sold for four dollars each, and all manner of subterfuge was resorted to in order to get food. The death of a sailor on one of these ships was concealed for several days by his brother, so that the living man could receive the dead man's allowance of provisions, the sailor occupying the same hammock as the corpse until the deception was found out. So terrible became the hunger that the marines of the *Asia*, of fifty-six guns, the admiral's ship, plotted the massacre of the officers and the crew of seven hundred men, simply that they might appropriate to themselves the whole of the ship's provisions. When the plot was just about to be executed one of the soldiers confessed. The conspiracy was defeated, and three of the ring-leaders were at once put to death. On board the *Guipuscoa*, of seventy-four guns and seven hundred men, matters reached such a pass that only an ounce and a half of biscuit was served out to each man who

was fit for duty, while the sick had an allowance only of one ounce of wheat per diem. Before land was made two hundred and fifty men had perished of hunger and fatigue, and it was a common thing for men to fall dead while working the pumps.

Of all the disasters which befell Anson after leaving Madeira, where he had taken in as much water and 'wine and other refreshments' as could be put on board, it is impossible to write at length, but reference must be made to the dreadful and fateful sickness, of which, wrote Sir John Barrow, there is no parallel in the annals of navigation. When, on December 21st, St. Catherine's Island, off the coast of Brazil, was reached, eighty sick men had to be landed from the *Centurion* alone, and a number of men had died of dysentery and fever, the other ships having suffered in proportion. A month previously the commanders of the ships had reported to Anson that much sickness existed on board, owing, it was believed, to the want of air between decks, the vessels being so deeply laden that it was impossible to open the lower ports for the purpose of ventilation. Anson had accordingly ordered six air-scuttles to be cut in each vessel, but in spite of this, the result upon reaching St. Catherine's Island was as stated. After remaining on the island a month tents were struck, and by that time twenty-eight of the *Centurion's* men

had perished, and the number of sick had risen from eighty to ninety-six.

The terrible and loathsome scurvy spread rapidly, the skill of the surgeons on board the ships being powerless to check or stop it. At that time the value of lemon juice was not known. In Walter's account of the voyage we learn that the pensioners were obliged to keep below at the very beginning with the ports shut, and little or no fresh air, such air as there was being polluted and infected by their own breath. At St. Catherine's the decks were scraped, the ships thoroughly cleaned and smoked between decks, and every part well washed with vinegar, for 'correcting the noisome stench on board, and destroying the vermin; for, from the number of our men, and the heat of the climate, both these nuisances had increased upon us to a very loathsome degree.' The general symptoms of scurvy were described as large discoloured spots dispersed over the whole surface of the body, swelled legs, putrid gums, and, above all, an extraordinary lassitude of the whole body, especially after any exercise, however inconsiderable. Some of the men, although confined to their hammocks, would eat and drink heartily, and were cheerful, and talked with seeming vigour, and yet upon being moved in the least, even in their hammocks, they died immediately. Others, having

faith in their apparent strength, died while getting out of their hammocks, and others, again, who imagined that they were well enough to perform some little duties, fell dead while executing them.

Anson reached his first station alone, and when, on June 9th, 1741, he arrived at Juan Fernandez, where thirty-two years before Robinson Crusoe, or Alexander Selkirk, had lived, he had only eight men who were fit for duty. Next day the *Trial* joined him, and the *Gloucester* appeared in sight on the 21st, but so crippled was she by the scurvy, and so contrary were the winds, that she did not reach an anchorage for a whole month after she was sighted, and by that time her unhappy crew had despaired of ever touching the land. Anson sent provisions and men on board, but for a fortnight the *Gloucester* could not be got into the bay. Even when this had been done, she disappeared for a week, and was given up as lost. When finally she dropped anchor, her crew numbered less than eighty.

When Anson fell in with the treasure-ship from Acapulco the *Centurion* alone remained of all his squadron, and she was in rotten condition. The *Gloucester*, with seven feet of water in her hold, and the *Trial*, by the order of the commodore, had been destroyed by fire, as they were utterly worthless; and the *Wager* had been wrecked, her crew subse-

quently mutinying. By this time Anson in the *Centurion* had captured several prizes, and had sacked Paita, on the west coast of South America, destroying merchandise which, even according to a Spanish estimate, was worth a million-and-a-half of dollars; but he had never since leaving England swerved in his purpose of capturing the great galleon.

Every human precaution was taken by Anson to ensure success in the fight with the Spaniard. Like a wise commander he kept his men from day to day at their guns and practising with their muskets. The result was that the Spaniard had no chance of success against him. After cruising for a month off Acapulco, to say nothing of his former wearisome watches in the same quarter, Anson was rewarded by sighting the *Nuestra Senora de Covadonga*. She was a ship of much larger size than the *Centurion*, and had on board five hundred and fifty men. She had thirty-six guns mounted for action, as well as twenty-eight pedreroes in her gunwale, quarters and tops, each carrying a four-pound ball. The galleon was excellently furnished with small arms, and particularly well provided with means to resist the assaults of boarders.

The captain of the galleon, Don Jeronimo de Montero—who was the ‘most approved officer for skill and courage of any employed in that service’—

as soon as he saw that the *Centurion* was giving chase, prepared for fight, doubting not, probably, that he would blow the audacious Englishman out of the water. He hoisted the Spanish standard, and when within gunshot the *Centurion* hoisted her broad pendant and colours.

When Anson neared the galleon he found that she had not been cleared for action, but that the crew were even then throwing cattle and lumber overboard. For his own part, his best marksmen, to the number of thirty, were in the tops, and he had made such admirable disposition of his small forces that he could keep up an incessant fire. Instead of discharging the whole broadside at once, the guns were, one by one, continuously run out and fired. For this the enemy was not ready, the custom of the Spaniards being to fall upon the decks when seeing a broadside preparing, and to remain so covered until the enemy's guns had been discharged. Then they rose and worked their weapons until they saw that another broadside was ready for them. Anson's method of firing gun by gun, however, put this practice out of question.

Anson opened fire with his chase-guns while the Spaniards were still throwing overboard the cattle and lumber, the galleon answering with hers. But the real business did not begin until the vessels were

abreast of each other and within pistol-shot. Then the *Centurion* had matters her own way, and poured from her sides a deadly shower of shot, while from her tops the trained marksmen swept the decks of the galleon so thoroughly that every officer but one who appeared upon the quarter-deck was either killed or wounded, the Spanish captain himself being badly hurt. At the very first volley from the *Centurion's* tops the Spaniards were driven from the tops of the galleon, being utterly unable to bear the galling and destructive fire of the English. Anson had an immense advantage over the Spaniard in that the wideness of his ports enabled him to use his guns freely and effectually, while the galleon could only bring part of hers to bear.

Soon after the engagement began great confusion was noticeable on board the galleon, the fire of the *Centurion* having killed and wounded such large numbers of men that the Spanish officers had to run about in order to prevent the men from deserting their posts.

Another serious incident on board the galleon had served to terrify the crew. Soon after the engagement opened the mats with which the galleon's crew had stuffed her netting, for the purpose of repelling boarders, took fire from the *Centurion's* wads, and the flames blazed so furiously as to reach as high as

the mizen-top. Anson himself was in the greatest peril, for the galleon might have driven on board his own ship and set fire to her also. The Spaniards, however, at last cut away the blazing mass, which fell hissing into the sea.

For an hour and a half the galleon tried to beat off her foe, but the number of her killed and wounded grew so rapidly, and the ship herself was so badly mauled by the shot of the *Centurion*, that after firing, as a last effort, five or six guns with more success than usual, the Spaniards abandoned the contest and yielded. The man who was ordered to strike the standard was in imminent peril of being killed by the *Centurion's* people, but Anson, seeing what his purpose was, gave express orders to cease fire.

Of the galleon's people no fewer than fifty-eight were killed and eighty-three were wounded, three of the latter dying the same night, while the *Centurion* had only sixteen men killed and fifteen wounded. These figures are from Anson's official report ; another account gives the Spanish loss at sixty-seven killed and eighty-four wounded, and the English loss as two men killed and seventeen wounded, of whom all but one recovered. The Spaniard's masts and rigging were shot to pieces, and no fewer than one hundred and fifty shot passed through her hull. Many of

these were between wind and water, so that when Anson took charge of the galleon she was in a very leaky state. The *Centurion's* rigging also was shot to pieces; her bowsprit, foremast and mainmast were damaged, and she received fifteen shot through her hull.

While still transported with the victory for which they had suffered so much and waited so long, word was taken to Anson that the *Centurion* was on fire near the powder magazine. Anson received the terrible intelligence without any outward sign of alarm, and quietly and without emotion gave the necessary orders to get the flames subdued. The efforts of the crew were successful, and the *Centurion* was once more saved from the fate which threatened her.

Most of the crew of the galleon were transferred to the *Centurion*, the ship herself being under the command of Saumarez, Anson's first lieutenant. Saumarez, it may be mentioned, took part in Anson's fight off Finisterre. He was afterwards in Hawke's action in the Bay of Biscay on October 14th, 1747, when he was killed by almost the last shot fired by the enemy.

Canton was reached a month after the fight, and by that time the Spaniards who had been kept prisoners in the *Centurion* were strangely changed. When they were first taken on board they were

sightly, robust fellows, but when they were discharged in the river at Canton they were reduced to mere skeletons, and their 'air and looks corresponded much more to the conception formed of ghosts and spectres than to the figure and appearance of real men.' The galleon was sold for six thousand dollars, all that the merchants would give for her.

Anson had at last succeeded in his purpose. The *Nuestra Senora de Covadonga*, with her immense wealth, was his, and all that he had to do was to make the best of his way home with the treasure from the galleon and the other ships he had taken. After many further hardships and annoyances and another narrow escape—for at the very gates of home he ran, by favour of a fog, through a French fleet that was cruising in the Chops of the Channel—he reached England, and met with the reception due to a man who had done damage to the King of Spain which amounted, all told, to at least a million sterling.

The *Centurion*, as one may well believe from reading her history, was a favourite ship of Anson's. She was in commission for more than thirty years, and during that time was almost constantly at sea. When she was broken up her figure-head, a carved lion, *rampant*, measuring sixteen feet in height, was sent to George III., who gave it to the Duke of

Richmond. His Grace had the relic put on a pedestal at Waterbeach, near Goodwood, and there—to what base uses!—it served as a public-house sign. William IV. subsequently saw the noble reminder of the past, and begged the lion as a present. The relic was sent to Windsor Castle, and the king caused it to be placed at the head of the grand staircase. Some ‘gentlemen of taste,’ however, persuaded his Majesty that the figure-head was out of character where it stood—as, indeed, it was—and he ordered it to be put in one of the wards at Greenwich Hospital, to be called the ‘Anson Ward.’

Amongst the existing relics of the *Centurion* are the combined bible and prayer-book which the chaplain used on the circumnavigation voyage; the ship’s log-book, and a snuff-box made from a piece of the *Centurion’s* keel.

The *Centurion* in the Royal Navy to-day is a first-class twin-screw battleship of ten thousand five hundred tons, and thirteen thousand horse-power.

Of the few survivors of Anson’s expedition two became famous in widely different ways. One was Howe, and the other was a seaman named George Gregory, who lived to be one hundred and nine years old.

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE AND
LORD HOWE.

Now danger past, we'll drink and joke,
Sing Rule Britannia, hearts of oak,
And toast before each martial tune,
Howe, and the Glorious First of June.

EARL OF MULGRAVE.

THE *Queen Charlotte*, three-decker line of battle-ship, of one hundred guns, Lord Howe's flag-ship on that most memorable day of his life, the Glorious First of June, had a history which in its way is just as fascinating as that of 'Black Dick' himself—the sobriquet by which the earl was known amongst the sailors in his fleet. The *Charlotte* was Howe's favourite three-decker, and when he settled down at Porters Lodge, in Hertfordshire, missing the walks he used to enjoy in the spacious gallery at her stern, he had a library built and fitted up so as to resemble his cabin on board of her. It was from Howe's cabin

in the *Charlotte* that the Spithead mutineers in 1797 issued orders that the seamen of the Channel Fleet should swear to be faithful to the cause they had taken up for increased pay and better provision for their wives and families; and it was in this cabin, too, that Howe himself, having been asked to use his influence to quell the mutiny, met the delegates of the disaffected sailors.

It was on the quarter-deck of the *Charlotte*, not a month after the victory off Ushant, that George III., accompanied by the queen, a prince, three princesses, and a small host of distinguished naval and military men, presented a diamond-hilted sword, of the value of three thousand guineas, and a splendid gold chain to be worn about the neck, in recognition of what Lord Howe, who was then seventy years old, had done for his king and country. The scene has been preserved for us in capable, if imaginative, paintings. His Majesty in one of them is handing the sword, and his lordship, with his left hand somewhere on the region of his heart, is receiving it. British valour is represented largely by an officer with a slung Hussar jacket and luxuriant hair, and British beauty by several smirking ladies on the poop and on the gangways. The most life-like people are the marines, with presented arms and wooden expressions. The actual ceremony was

probably not much like this, but we are grateful to the artist for what he did to preserve so historic an incident.

Concerning one of the best known paintings depicting the action of the 1st, the story is told that soon after the battle the celebrated marine painter De Louthembourg was commissioned by an enterprising individual to represent the *Charlotte* engaging the *Montagne*. The picture, measuring twelve feet by eight and a half feet, and costing five hundred pounds, was completed in four years, and was soon afterwards publicly exhibited. There was one great mistake in the canvas, and that was that the *Charlotte* was placed where Howe wanted to get, but never could get. The visitors to the picture included the officer whose duty it was to get the *Charlotte* into the desired position. No sooner did he behold the painting than he pronounced it a libel upon the *Charlotte*, on the ground that if she had been in the position represented, she would have been at fault in allowing the *Montagne* to escape. The picture gradually sank into disrepute, and was ultimately lodged with a print-seller for a debt equal to about a third of its cost. For some years the painting lay in a corner of one of the print-seller's rooms, encased in dust. After this inglorious retirement the work so laboriously carried out was bought by the sur-

veyor-general of the Board of Works. It is now at Greenwich in the Painted Hall.

It was on the *Charlotte* that that old sea-dog Bowen, the master, when ordered by Howe to starboard the helm as the flag-ship was closing with the *Montagne*, made a famous little *sotto voce* remark. Bowen observed that if the helm were starboarded they would be on board the *Jacobin*, which was next to the *Montagne*, whereupon Howe asked, sharply,

‘What is that to you, sir?’

The bluff Englishman growled in return, although he did not intend his chief to hear,

‘Damn my eyes if *I* care if *you* don’t. I’ll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers.’

He carried out his threat, and a shot from the *Jacobin* cut away the *Charlotte’s* fore-topmast, the main-topmast speedily following.

After all her triumphs and honours, the *Charlotte* was to vanish in but sorry fashion. In 1800, when off Leghorn as Lord Keith’s flag-ship, she was destroyed by fire, some loose hay on the upper deck having become ignited. The shotted guns went off as the flames reached them, and at last Howe’s noble old ship, after burning for four and a half hours, was blown into the air, the powder magazine having exploded. She carried with her no fewer than six hundred and seventy-three officers and men, most of

her boats having been burned, and escape being impossible.

Some confusion is aroused at times by the statement that the *Queen Charlotte* was the sister of the *Royal George* which capsized at Spithead on August 29th, 1782. That is a mistake. The *Charlotte's* only sister, which was called the *Royal George*, was not launched until 1788, Admiral Kempenfelt's vessel having been launched in 1756. The *Charlotte's* heaviest gun was a forty-two-pounder.

Howe had a pleasant sense of humour. When the *Charlotte* had returned to Portsmouth after the 1st, he sent for Larcolm, the first lieutenant, a brave man and an excellent officer, who had done his duty nobly in the fight.

'Mr. Larcolm,' said the earl, 'your conduct in the action has been such that it is necessary that you should leave the ship.'

'Good God, my lord!' exclaimed the astounded lieutenant, 'what have I done? Why am I to leave the ship? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power.'

'Very true, sir,' replied Howe, 'but leave this ship you must.'

Having carried the joke to this point he presented the lieutenant with his commission as commander for his conduct on the 1st.

Another example of his lordship's pleasantries is furnished in connection with his appetite. He was in his eating extremely moderate and simple, and when he had settled down at Porters Lodge he generally dined alone early in the day. For nearly three weeks his only order to the French cook for dinner was a boiled chicken. At last the *chef*, in desperation, thinking that the severe simplicity of the meal was a reflection on his skill, said to his employer,

'Mi lor, you do not allow me de honour to cook your dinner.'

'I thought you cooked it every day,' said the earl.

The *chef* scornfully answered,

'I *boil* de shicken, but dere is no cooking in dat.'

'Then,' said Howe, 'you may *roast* de shicken to-day.'

Nor was Howe too proud of having himself addressed as 'My lord.' Bowen was a special offender in this respect, and was constantly using the expression. At last Howe said to him, pleasantly enough we may be sure,

'Bowen, pray, my good fellow, do give over that eternal "My lord, My lord." Don't you know I'm called "Black Dick" in the fleet?'

The genial, brave, cool admiral of the fleet and general of marines died of gout on August 5th, 1799,

in his seventy-fourth year. He was buried at the family vault in Nottinghamshire, and a splendid monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's from a design by Flaxman. Of Howe, Horace Walpole said that he never made a friendship except at the mouth of a cannon, while Howe himself declared that he never knew what fear was. As to the respect with which he was regarded by his men, what more need be said than that, like Nelson, he never had a mutiny under him? And this, too, in the age that produced that memorable year of mutinies. From Walpole's description it might be inferred that Howe was a man of stern and forbidding disposition, but, as a matter of fact, he was exceedingly humane. It was his custom after an action to go below and talk to the wounded, while he constantly ordered his wines and live-stock to be applied to their use at the surgeon's discretion. At all times these precious luxuries—precious to a degree that can only be realised by studying life on board ship, even in his Majesty's navy, a century ago—were put by Howe at the disposal of the sick on board his ship.

The fight on the 1st lasted nine hours. Twenty-five British ships, with nearly seventeen thousand men, fought twenty-six French ships, with nearly twenty thousand; the British guns numbering two thousand and ninety-eight, and the French, two

thousand one hundred and fifty-eight. Of the British officers and men, two hundred and ninety were killed and eight hundred and fifty-eight wounded—a total of eleven hundred and forty-eight. James estimated the total French loss in killed, wounded and prisoners at seven thousand. In killed and mortally wounded the loss of the enemy was three thousand. Seven French line-of-battle-ships were captured, of which six—two eighty's and four seventy-four's—were towed into Portsmouth. The *Vengeur*, which made the seventh, foundered as soon as she surrendered.

The figures given by Barrow differ somewhat from those of James. Sir John put the number of British killed at two hundred and seventy-nine, and of wounded at eight hundred and seventy-seven, a total of eleven hundred and fifty-six—eight more than the total arrived at by James.

It was the opinion of the French that there would not be a fight on the 1st. After the skirmishes on May 28th and 29th, the British crews, having sat up for three nights, were weary and in need of refreshment. When, between seven and eight o'clock on that memorable Sunday morning, the fleets being about four miles apart and going parallel in line of battle, Howe hove to and gave the men their breakfasts, Captain Troubridge, an English prisoner on the

French *Sans Pareil*, was taunted with the remark that 'there will be no fight to-day, your admiral will not venture down.'

The Englishman told his captors to wait a bit.

'English sailors never like to fight on empty stomachs,' he said. 'I see the signal flying for all hands to breakfast, after which, take my word for it, they will pay you a visit.'

The visit was paid, and the *Sans Pareil* was towed off to England. When the Frenchman had had enough of the fight he sent below for Troubridge and asked him to do him the honour to go on deck and strike his colours. The Englishman suitably declined this singular invitation.

Of the British ships engaged on the 1st, the *Brunswick* suffered most. Her duel with the *Vengeur* is amongst the greatest of such contests in our naval annals. She was second astern of the *Charlotte* in entering the fight, and received much of the fire that was meant for Howe's flag-ship. Before ever she fired a shot her rigging was badly damaged, several of her crew were killed, and her cockpit was filled with wounded. Such was the situation in which the *Brunswick* found herself that she ran foul of the *Vengeur*, her three starboard anchors hooking in the *Vengeur's* port foreshrouds and fore-channels. The two ships immediately swung close to each other, and

dropped out of the line. Then a terrible fight began. Such was the eagerness of the English to do something by way of revenge for the loss they had already sustained that, being unable to open eight of the lower deck starboard ports they blew them off and began to pour a deadly fire into the hull of the ship alongside. The musketry of the *Vengeur*, and her thirty-six-pounder poop-carronades, which were loaded with old nails and pieces of iron, killed and wounded many officers and men on the poop and quarter-deck of the *Brunswick*. So destructive was this fire from the Frenchman that the *Brunswick* could only reply feebly from her quarter-deck, fore-castle and poop; but the guns from her two principal decks were worked with desperate energy and telling effect. The *Vengeur* was rolling heavily, and taking advantage of this circumstance the seamen of the *Brunswick* alternately fired into her bottom and ripped up her decks.

This deadly embrace lasted for three hours. In the meantime the *Achille* had borne down to the assistance of the *Vengeur*, with the intention of supporting her by boarding the *Brunswick*. The *Achille* was seen coming, and was received with such a galling fire from some of the *Brunswick's* thirty-two-pounders, to the shot in each of which a double-headed shot had been added, that she could not make the slightest

resistance. She struck her colours, but the English ship being utterly unable to take her, she rehoisted them and made off. She was, however, subsequently captured by the *Ramillies*. Just before the *Brunswick* and the *Vengeur* separated, the *Ramillies*, commanded by Harvey, brother of the captain of the *Brunswick*, came up, and waited for her chance, being quite a fresh ship, with only two men killed and seven wounded, to complete the work of the *Brunswick*. The *Brunswick* still kept up her fire and shattered the *Vengeur's* stern-post, split her rudder, and made a large hole in her counter, through which great quantities of water rushed into the ship. The *Ramillies*, when only forty yards away from the *Vengeur*, opened fire, and soon the gallant Frenchman lay absolutely helpless, and in a sinking state. The *Ramillies*, suddenly seeing that the *Achille* was making off, left the *Brunswick* and the *Vengeur*, and pursued and caught her, without opposition.

The *Vengeur*, seeing that the end was near, displayed a Union Jack over her counter in token of submission, and as a sign that she wished to be relieved. But all the *Brunswick's* boats had been shot away, and water was rushing in through the lower ports at every roll, so that for her to give assistance was impossible. What the *Brunswick* could not do was done, however, by three of the British ships

which now came up. The boats of the *Alfred* took off two hundred and thirteen men, and those of the *Culloden* and *Rattler* as many more. When, therefore, the *Vengeur* went down she could not, says James, have had men in addition to the badly wounded who sank with her. According to that writer the *Vengeur* went down with more than two hundred men; Barrow puts the number as high as three hundred and fifty-six, mostly wounded.

Of the *Brunswick's* seventy-four guns, no fewer than twenty-three were dismantled, and of her crew of six hundred and thirty, three officers and forty-one men were killed, and her captain, Harvey, was mortally wounded. The *Brunswick's* total loss was one hundred and fifty-eight killed and wounded. Harvey fought his ship in a most heroic manner. He was first wounded by a musket-ball, which shot off three of the fingers of his right hand; then he was knocked down by a splinter and seriously hurt. Soon afterwards his right arm was struck by the crown of a double-headed shot, which had split, and he was forced to go below. Before leaving the deck Harvey urged his men to persevere and continue the fight bravely, for the honour of England and the king.

‘Remember my last word,’ he said; ‘the colours of the *Brunswick* shall never be struck!’

On the evening after the action Harvey’s arm

was amputated, but the gallant captain died on the 30th of June, owing, it was thought, to the splinter wound.

Before Harvey fell, the laced hat on the figure-head of the *Brunswick* was shot off. The story goes that the crew of the ship considered that it was a degradation for even the wooden representation of a prince of the House of Brunswick to remain uncovered in the presence of an enemy, and they accordingly sent a deputation to the captain begging him to order his servant to fetch his own laced hat to supply the loss. Harvey promptly and good-humouredly complied with the crew's request, and the carpenter nailed the captain's head-dress on the damaged figure-head, and there it remained until the battle ended.

Of the French ships the *Vengeur*, as we have seen, suffered terribly. The *Amérique* also was severely handled before she was taken by the English. The *Leviathan* opened fire upon her, and in about an hour her foremast was shot away, and in the end her main and mizenmasts were brought down, the latter by the board, by the *Leviathan's* shot, so that the Frenchman was left a mere log on the water. The *Amérique* had more than one-third of her crew killed and wounded. Two of her guns were dismounted, and one burst and killed seven men. A similar calamity befell the English ship *Cæsar*, on board of which a

twenty-four-pounder burst, killing two men, and wounding three. Seven of the *Cæsar's* guns were disabled by the enemy's shot.

The *Queen Charlotte* was badly punished in the fight. Her masts, yards, and rigging were so much damaged that the vessel became unmanageable and could scarcely keep steerage-way. Not long after the action began, the *Charlotte* found herself opposed to one French one hundred and twenty and two eighty gun ships. She was unsupported at that time, and her position was so critical that if the French admiral had done what he ought to have done the British flagship must either have been sunk or forced to surrender. Having escaped this serious danger, the *Charlotte* was put in another situation almost as perilous. While she was expecting and making ready to receive the fire of the *Républicain*, a three-decker, the Frenchman's main and mizen-masts came down by the board. The *Républicain* at once bore up, but although she went within gun-shot astern of the *Charlotte*, she passed without firing, owing to the confusion on board. Had the *Républicain* seized this favourable chance, the British flag-ship could have been very severely punished by her fire. The *Charlotte* herself had poured into the stern of the *Montagne*, as she passed through the French line, so tremendous a broadside that according to the account

of one of the sailors the admiral's barge could have been rowed through the hole that was made.

In spite of his damaged state, Howe stood away to the protection of the *Queen*, of ninety guns and seven hundred and sixty-seven men, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Gardner; and he gave the signal for other ships also to go to her support. The *Queen* had suffered heavily. Her main and mizen-masts had fallen, her foremast and bowsprit had been shot through in several places, her rigging cut to pieces, and all her sails rendered useless. Her chief antagonist was the *Scipion*, which she mauled severely. At one time the *Scipion's* crew were driven, with heavy loss, from their quarters, but some came on deck, and, by waving their hats, signified that they surrendered. Prior to this her colours had been shot away twice, and then re-hoisted at the mizen top-gallant mast-head. When the signal of submission was made by the *Scipion*, the *Queen* was too much disabled to take possession, and before her consorts could come up and secure the prize, the Frenchman had been towed off. The *Queen's* loss was not so heavy as might have been expected, her killed numbering fourteen seamen and marines, and her wounded four officers and thirty-six seamen and marines—a total of fifty-four. The French estimate of the *Scipion's* loss was sixty-four men killed, and one hundred and fifty-one wounded. Seventeen of

her guns were dismantled, and her furnaces were knocked down, the hot shot in them being scattered about the ship and putting her in great danger of destruction by fire. According to the French account, the *Scipion* discharged from her first and second batteries alone no fewer than fourteen hundred and forty round shot.

The *Defence*, Captain Gambier, and the *Marlborough*, Captain Berkeley, both of seventy-four guns, each carrying six hundred men, suffered very heavy loss. Each was totally dismasted, the *Marlborough's* loss being no fewer than one hundred and fifteen killed and wounded. Gambier was a man of strict moral and religious principles. When two of the *Defence's* masts had been shot away, the *Républicain* was seen bearing down upon her. The lieutenant of the after-part of the main-deck, seeing the towering opponent approaching, dashed to the quarter-deck, and exclaimed to Gambier,

‘Damn my eyes, sir, but here’s a whole mountain coming upon us! What shall we do?’

The captain solemnly replied,

‘How dare you, sir, at this awful moment, come to me with an oath in your mouth? Go down, sir, and encourage your men to stand to their guns like brave British seamen.’

The three-decker came up and shot away the fore

mast of the *Defence*, the only mast she had left. The *Defence* was ultimately forced to signal for help, and she was taken in tow by the *Phæton*, a frigate. When the fight was over a rollicking Irishman, Captain Pakenham, of the *Invincible*, a seventy-four, who had himself lost fourteen killed, and thirty-one wounded, hailed Gambier as he passed with,

‘Well, Jimmy, I see you’re pretty well mauled
But never mind, Jimmy—Whom the Lord loveth He
chasteneth.’

Of this same Pakenham, Lady Mary Howe, the earl’s second daughter, has told with the most delightful simplicity that Tom, having ‘fired away in a very rude style’ on one of the French men-of-war, and observing that they did not answer the compliment in the way he expected, stopped his fire, and wished to know if the ship had struck. Upon receiving a negative answer, honest Tom shouted wrathfully,

‘Then, damn ye, why don’t ye fire?’

This firebrand also bore down on another Frenchman, and gave him a broadside for having had the effrontery to shoot away the topmasts of a ship commanded by a bosom friend. Pakenham, with an oath—they were fond of swearing in those days—said,

‘I’ll pay you for that,’ and he bore down and paid accordingly.

One of the most curious incidents of the day occurred on board the *Marlborough*. It is said that when the gallant ship was lying dismasted, and the captain and second lieutenant had been severely wounded, a whisper of surrender was heard. Lieutenant Monckton overheard the murmur, and swore that the ship should never surrender, and that he would nail her colours to the stump of a mast. At this critical moment a cock which had been liberated from a wrecked coop suddenly appeared, perched himself on the stump of the main-mast, and crowed exultantly. Instantly loud cheers rang throughout the *Marlborough*, and nothing more was heard of surrender. The ship was almost at this moment towed off to a position of safety by the *Aquilon* frigate. The historic fowl was preciously cared for and taken home, where he lived in honourable retirement for some years, undisturbed by thoughts of appeasing the appetite of man.

Some other curious particulars relating to the 1st are given in a letter, written a month after the action, by Lady Mary Howe to her sister, Lady Altamont. Her ladyship's letter is amusing, if not quite accurate, and is at times somewhat imaginative. For instance, she says that the French fleet had four hundred and seventy guns more than the English, whereas James's estimate shows that the number was not more than

sixty. Lady Mary's vivacious account states that at one time the *Marlborough* was so close to two of the enemy's vessels, that one of the sailors said he would go and visit some of the Frenchmen on board their own ships. When he was about to leap over, one of his comrades told him to take a cutlass, but he refused to do so, saying that he should 'find one there.' The bold tar after his unceremonious visit returned in triumph with two French cutlasses in his possession. The story savours somewhat of tallness, but it may well be true, for, according to the captain's own account, the *Marlborough* was engaged for twenty minutes with the *Impétueux*, which lay exposed to such a severe fire, that every creature was driven from her decks.

'Some of my men boarded her,' says Captain Berkeley, 'but were called back.'

The horrors of the cockpits of the *Queen* and the *Invincible* were somewhat relieved by the conduct of the men who had been in the engagement of the 29th of May, and had had their arms cut off. These brave fellows went below to help the surgeons and encourage the wounded who were to undergo the same operation, by assuring them that the amputation was much less painful than it seemed to be, and that they themselves felt no pain from their wounds.

Those were rude times, and there is truth as well

as humour in some lines published in the *Naval Chronicle*, entitled 'The Mistake,' which are appended.

' A cannon-hall, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away ;
And, as on his comrade's back he made off,
Another fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carried him pick-back to the surgeons ;
" Zounds !" cried the doctor, " are yon drunk
To bring me here a headless trunk ?"
" A lying dog !" cries Jack, " he said
His leg was off, and not his head." '

Some strange tales were set afloat by French writers concerning the action. One of the most singular of these created much talk at the time, and threw an entirely new light on Howe's character. According to that veracious narrative an aspiring young gentleman of the name of Bouvet, who had already received three wounds, and whose left arm was suspended in a sling, asked leave, when the *Charlotte* was re-advancing to attack the *Montagne*, to sweep the English admiral from the deck. The permission was given, and the young gentleman, although peppered from the *Charlotte's* tops, his garments riddled with bullets, his hat pierced in three places, and having received five fresh wounds as the price of his temerity, discharged a thirty-six-pounder carronade, and had the joy of beholding Lord Howe fly from the spot as fast as he could, making the sig-

nal for the rest of his ships to follow. The French account does not explain how M. Bouvet managed when he appears to have been more like a sieve than anything else, to discharge the weapon, but the writer adds that it was ordered that three hundred francs should be paid to him as a 'national recompense' for his courage and his wounds. A paltry sum like that was surely a low estimate of the worth of such distinguished valour.

The victory of the First of June cannot be regarded by Englishmen with unalloyed satisfaction, for on that memorable occasion many of the British ships behaved badly. There was, according to one officer high in command, a good deal of misconduct and disobedience to orders, by several of the captains. Time, however, seemed to show that this unfortunate state of things arose not from cowardice or wilful neglect to obey orders, but from the inability of some of the captains, owing to the bad sailing of their ships, to do as Howe commanded them. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Captain Molloy, of the *Cæsar*, having, owing to the unfavourable criticism passed upon his conduct, demanded a court-martial, was dismissed from the command of the *Cæsar*. It is only fair to add that the finding of the court was that on this, as in many previous actions, Molloy's personal courage was unimpeachable.

The *Cæsar*, in the skirmish of 29th of May, was appointed to lead the van in the order of battle. This was done at the special request of Sir Roger Curtis, the captain of the *Queen Charlotte*, but much against the opinion of Howe. In the course of the day Howe, in view of certain things which had happened, nominated another ship to take the place of the *Cæsar*, but Curtis pleaded that Molloy should have another trial, and Howe, ever anxious to avoid harsh treatment of his subordinates, consented, saying, however, 'You have mistaken your man; I have not.'

On the 1st, the *Cæsar* hauled up instead of, according to the order of the commander-in-chief, going through the enemy's line. Howe, who saw from the poop of the *Charlotte* what Molloy had done, tapped Curtis on the shoulder, and pointing to the *Cæsar* said :

'Look, Curtis, there goes your friend. Who is mistaken now?'

James points out that thirteen or fourteen English line-of-battle-ships had not even a top-gallant mast shot away in the action, and that some of these vessels ought to have secured at least four of the dismasted Frenchmen. As things were, the French admiral recovered his four crippled ships, and by 6.15 p.m. he was completely out of sight, with the exception of a frigate that had been left to reconnoitre. Howe could not make sail until the morning of

the 3rd of June. His voyage home was uneventful, and he anchored with his prizes at Spithead on the morning of the 13th.

The action of the 1st of June has probably formed the subject of more paintings and drawings than any other British naval victory except Trafalgar.

THE RAMILLIES AND ADMIRAL BYNG.

CONCERNING the *Ramillies*, which was the flag-ship of Admiral Byng when he committed the error of judgment for which he suffered death, there is not so much material available as is accessible with regard to other battle-ships that have figured in less tragic history. She was a three-decker of seventeen hundred and forty tons, carrying ninety guns and seven hundred and eighty men. On the lower deck were twenty-six thirty-two-pounders, on the middle deck twenty-six eighteen-pounders, on the upper deck twenty-six twelve-pounders, on the quarter-deck ten guns, and on the fore-castle two six-pounders. These ninety guns fired a broadside of six hundred and eighty-six pounds.

In the affair as the result of which Byng was shot the *Ramillies* stood towards the French fleet, of which the *Foudroyant* was the flag-ship. The *Foudroyant*, carrying the flag of the French admiral, was an

eighty-four-gun ship, but her tonnage—nineteen hundred and seventy-seven—was larger than that of the *Ramillies*, and she could discharge a much heavier broadside—eleven hundred and fifty-nine pounds, compared with the six hundred and eighty-six pounds of Byng's vessel. Of her eighty-four guns thirty were forty-pounders. The *Foudroyant* escaped for the time, but afterwards she fell a prey to the British. On February 28th, 1758, the *Monmouth*, of sixty-four guns, with a total broadside of five hundred and forty pounds, pursued the *Foudroyant*, and after a hard fight captured her. The *Monmouth* had her captain and twenty-seven men killed and seventy-nine wounded, while the Frenchman lost one hundred and ninety killed and wounded. The *Monmouth* was commanded by Captain Gardiner, who was Byng's flag-captain in the action off Minorca, and it is told that he vowed that if ever he fell in with the *Foudroyant*, in whatever ship he might be, he would at all costs attack her, even though he might die in the attempt to take her. An hour after the first shot was fired Gardiner was mortally wounded in the forehead by a musket-ball. The Frenchmen fought bravely, and only surrendered when the seventy-four gun ship *Swiftsure*, one of the *Monmouth's* consorts, came up. By that time, however, her fire had ceased, and when the captain did surrender it was to the *Monmouth*, to whose lieutenant, Carket, he pre-

sented his sword. In the action the *Monmouth* fired fifteen hundred and forty-six round shot, five hundred and forty grape, and one hundred and fifty-six double-headed shot, and expended eighty barrels of powder—nearly four tons. The *Foudroyant* was for many years the finest ship in our navy, exceeding, by twelve feet, the largest of the British first-rates. All her guns abaft the main mast were of brass. A model of her was carried to Russia by Sir C. Knowles as a present from the English Government. The *Foudroyant* with which our own generation is familiar as a floating show was built at Plymouth in 1798, the same year as the old fighting *Téméraire*, her dimensions being—tonnage, two thousand and fifty-five; length of gun-deck, one hundred and eighty-four feet; keel, one hundred and fifty-one feet, five and five-eighths inches; breadth, fifty feet, six inches; depth, twenty-two feet, six inches.

A curious incident is related of the *Ramillies*. When Byng was executed she was riding at her anchors in Portsmouth Harbour. A heavy gale was blowing, and half-an-hour before the fatal volley was fired she broke her mooring chain, holding only by her bridle. This was looked upon by the superstitious as a strange occurrence. They apparently forgot, for the time at any rate, the violence of wind and wave.

Two melancholy circumstances connected with Byng may also be narrated. On his arrival at Portsmouth to take his trial his youngest brother, Colonel the Hon. Edward Byng, hurried to meet him. He was of a very delicate constitution, and was so much distressed by the mob's imprecations on his brother that he died in convulsions on the following day. In the same month of June when Byng was brought home for trial a nephew of his, Robert Byng, perished in the Black Hole of Calcutta, through the treachery of Surajah Dowlah.

Byng came of a distinguished fighting family, and in days when so much honour was lavished on relatives of successful soldiers and sailors he deserved a better fate than was meted out to him, if only in consideration of the services which his own people had given to their king and country. In his case, however, gratitude was absolutely dead, and in defiance of the recommendation to mercy by the court-martial, and the strenuous efforts of members of that body to save his life, he suffered death.

The admiral was born in 1704, and having entered the navy at an early age rose speedily to the rank of admiral of the white. From the time he joined the navy under the auspices of his father he saw a fair amount of active service, and conducted himself with zeal and courage at all times.

In 1745 he was given the command of a squadron off the coast of Scotland, and in that historic year prevented any supplies of importance from being landed for the use of the Pretender and those who believed in his claims. Ten years later the admiral commanded a fleet of twenty-two ships of the line, two frigates, and two sloops, the object of which was to intercept a French squadron returning from America. In this Byng was not successful, but he acted with judgment and discretion in the matter, and admittedly selected first-rate stations for his fleet. The public at that time did not blame the admiral, but his want of brilliant success was remembered in the following year, when he was subjected to the greatest ignominy by the whole nation, largely on shadowy reports of incompetence and lack of courage which were industriously set afloat by the enemy, and zealously fanned into a dangerous flame by 'all the little attorneys on the circuit,'—to use the words of Walpole.

On April 18th, 1756, the French invaded Minorca, which was then a British possession, and war was declared between the two nations—a war which was to give so many glorious naval triumphs to England. The conduct of the ministry at this time was weak and culpable to a degree, and although it was long clear that Minorca was the object of the French

attack no steps were taken to protect the island. The deputy-governor, General Blakeney, repeatedly made known the weakness of the garrison he commanded in St. Philip's Castle, the principal fortress of Minorca, but nothing was done, until too late, to strengthen it. When it was known beyond all dispute that the French fleet was destined for Minorca, the ministry lost its head, and acted in a manner that was attended by the most deplorable results. Smollett, writing at a time when it was impossible for a just estimate of the character of the unfortunate admiral to be made, says, 'Instead of detaching a squadron that in all respects should be superior to the French fleet in the Mediterranean, and bestowing the command of it upon an officer of approved courage and ability, they allotted no more than ten ships of the line for this service, vesting the command of them in Admiral Byng, who had never met with any occasion to signalise his courage, and whose character was not very popular in the navy; but Mr. West, the second in command, was a gentleman universally respected for his probity, ability, and resolution. The ten ships destined for this expedition were in but indifferent order, poorly manned, and unprovided with either hospital or fire-ship. They sailed from Spithead on the 17th day of April, 1756, having on board, as part of their complement, a regi-

ment of soldiers to be landed at Gibraltar, with Major General Stuart, Lord Effingham, and Colonel Cornwallis, whose regiments were in garrison at Minorca, about forty inferior officers, and nearly one hundred recruits, as a reinforcement to St. Philip's fortress.

The force given to Byng was undoubtedly not equal to the important service of which he had charge, and considering that when at last he did sail—he was detained at Portsmouth for a month after receiving his appointment before the ships, being short of their complement of men, could be got ready for sea—it seemed as if the Admiralty had deliberately sent him forth in a condition in which he could not hope to meet an enemy with success. 'He was,' says another writer, 'an officer by no means popular, he was a strict disciplinarian, and of a haughty manner; but no one ever accused him of being deficient in personal spirit, and that intrepidity necessary to form a great commander.'

Byng did not hesitate to make known his feelings to the Lords of the Admiralty, to whom, after his arrival at Gibraltar, he complained strongly of the whole of the preparations made there for the relief of Minorca. Not only did he do this, but he also said he thought it would be very impolitic, if not impracticable, to throw any more men into St. Philip's Castle. By this time he had been informed that a

descent had been made upon Minorca by the French in large force. But the Lords of the Admiralty were not likely to accept any blame on their own account, and it is supposed that they were so much irritated by Byng's action that they prepared forthwith to cast all blame for whatever might happen upon some subordinate, and that subordinate happened to be the admiral.

Byng sailed from Gibraltar, and finding that Minorca was hard pressed by the French he did not make any attempt to land troops. On the 20th of May, however, the English and French naval forces met and fought. Each squadron consisted of a dozen line-of-battle-ships, with smaller vessels; but the French had twenty-four guns and two thousand six hundred men more than the English. The fight was stubborn, and lasted about four hours. The British loss was forty-three killed and one hundred and sixty-eight wounded, the French losing thirty-eight killed and one hundred and eighty wounded. It was found that the *Captain*, *Intrepid* and *Defiance* were so badly damaged as to be unfit, with safety, to remain at sea, that the crews were in a sickly state, and that there was no ship which could answer the purposes of a hospital. Byng accordingly summoned a council of war. That council was unanimously of opinion that in view of the superiority of the enemy it was

not practicable to relieve St. Philip's, and it was resolved to return to Gibraltar. The English ships sailed away, to the amazement of the heroic garrison of three thousand, who, the French fleet having returned to its old station, were, after a protracted resistance, in which a loss of some five thousand was inflicted upon the besiegers, forced to capitulate.

Admirals Hawke and Saunders were ordered to supersede Byng and West at Gibraltar, to put them under arrest, and to send them home to England. When Byng reached his native land he was subjected to the most outrageous treatment. He could not have been more harshly treated while awaiting trial, even in those days, if he had been a common felon. He was thrown into a garret at Greenwich, whither he had been taken from Portsmouth, and precautions were taken by a very zealous governor to prevent him from escaping which could not have been more stringent had the admiral been Jack Sheppard.

The court-martial which was to try him assembled on board the *St. George* in Portsmouth Harbour on December 28th, 1756, and was held daily, Sundays excepted, until January 27, 1757—a month.

Of that famous court-martial the president was Vice-Admiral Thomas Smith, who was known as 'Tom of Ten Thousand,' a nickname which was given to him when he was first lieutenant of the *Gosport*.

It happened, the story goes, that when the captain was on shore, the *Gosport* being then in Plymouth Sound, a French frigate passed and omitted to pay the usual compliment to the British flag. Smith accordingly ordered a shot to be fired at the frigate, and compelled her to strike her flag and fire a salute. The French captain considered that this was an insult to his colours, and lodged a complaint. The French ambassador took the matter up, and Smith was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be dismissed the service. The sentence, however, was a mere farce, for both the king and the nation looked upon the lieutenant's act as a very spirited performance, and he was actually promoted to the rank of post-captain without being troubled to pass the intermediate station of a master and commander. Smith rose to the rank of admiral in 1757, and his lucky deed in Plymouth Sound stood him in better stead than the long years of hard service and stern fighting through which many an officer quite as bold and good went without ever receiving promotion or tasting the sweets of glory.

This interesting story, according to Captain Burrows, is not quite correct. 'Smith only threatened to fire; was broke by order of the government, not by court-martial; was not reinstated for a year, nor, though repeatedly promoted, did he skip over the

rank of commander.' Smith never attained distinction, although much was expected of him; and his reputation rested solely on the *Gosport* incident.

There were three rear-admirals and nine captains on the court-martial, the junior of the latter being the Hon. Augustus Keppel, subsequently Admiral Viscount Keppel, who himself, twenty-two years later, was tried by court-martial for an offence similar to Byng's; but he was more fortunate than Byng, and was acquitted with honour.

Admiral West was one of the most important witnesses called. He stated that the wind was very calm, and the weather was exceedingly fine. He could keep his own lower ports open, and knew of but one ship that could not—the *Deptford*, which lowered her ports occasionally. In answer to Byng he said he believed the forces on board the fleet could not have relieved Minorca. Some of the ships were deficient in their complement of men, and were out of repair, while the fleet itself, in point of force, was inferior to the enemy.

General Lord Blakeney, then eighty-seven years old, who had been made an Irish peer for his defence of St. Philip's Castle, said in reply to Byng that he thought the forces the admiral had with him could very easily have been landed at Minorca, and that as to the landing of the troops, the enemy were in such

distress for want of ammunition on the 20th that they fired stones at the garrison. The old general also said in response to the admiral's questions that the officers and men on board the fleet could certainly have been of great service, for he was obliged, at the time, to set a great number of his men to plaster the breaches.

Byng asked,—‘If I had landed the troops, do you think it could have saved St. Philip's from falling into the hands of the enemy?’

The general answered—‘It is impossible for me to pretend to answer that question with any certainty; but really I am of opinion that, if they had been landed, it would have enabled me to hold out the siege till Sir Edward Hawke had come to my relief.’

Lord Robert Bertie, a military officer, who was on the quarter-deck with Byng, distinctly told the court that he did not think the landing of the officers and recruits who were intended for Minorca would have saved Port Philip. He thought they were of greater service on board the fleet. Far from seeing any signs of fear in the admiral, Byng ‘expressed an impatience to engage the enemy.’ Other officers spoke to the same effect, and proved that the admiral's behaviour showed quite the reverse of fear, and that nothing could be alleged against his personal conduct.

In his own defence Byng said that his character, his property, and even his life were at stake, and he

would indeed have great reason to be alarmed were he not conscious of his innocence, and fully persuaded of the justice and equity of the court. Then he went on to defend his conduct, and to urge that from the inferiority of the English nothing could be reasonably expected but misfortune and disgrace in the event of acting otherwise than he did, and that even in the improbable event of victory no advantage could have arisen, since the only result would have been a prolongation of the siege, without the least probability of raising it, because the fleet, unable to keep the seas, must have retreated to Gibraltar.

The court unanimously found Byng guilty of not doing his utmost to relieve St. Philip's Castle, and not doing his utmost to take, seize, and destroy the ships of the French king, which it was his duty to have engaged, and to assist such of his Majesty's ships as were engaged in fight with the French ships; and as the article under which he was charged prescribed death, 'without any alternative left to the discretion of the court under any variation of circumstance, the court do thereby unanimously adjudge the said General John Byng to be shot to death at such time and on board such ship as the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty shall direct.'

The statute law under which Byng was found

guilty left absolutely no alternative to a sentence of death. It was the twelfth article of the 22 George II, cap. 33, and enacted that 'every person in the fleet who, through cowardice, negligence, or disaffection, shall in time of action withdraw, keep back, or not come into the fight or engagement, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship which it shall be his duty to engage and to assist all and every of his Majesty's ships or those of his allies, which it shall be his duty to assist or relieve, every such person so offending, and being convicted thereof by the sentence of a court-martial, shall suffer death.' This rigorous article was by the 19 George III., cap. 17, section 3, amended by the addition after the word 'death' of 'or such other punishment as the offence may deserve.'

The court strongly recommended Byng to mercy and the admiral's sister herself wrote a long and affecting letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, imploring them to recommend the king to exercise the royal prerogative of mercy. 'Why, my lords,' she asked, 'should my poor brother suffer, when both the sentence by which he is condemned, and the letter to your lordships, by which he is so strongly recommended to his Majesty's mercy, fully prove that his judges did not deem him deserving the punishment

they thought themselves obliged to sentence him to ? . . . His case appears to be uncommonly hard, and well deserving that mercy to which his judges have so earnestly recommended him.'

Of this letter their lordships, as leaden-headed as they were flinty-hearted, took no notice, nor did they deign to pay regard to the intercession of Voltaire and the Duke of Richelieu, to the latter of whom Blakeney had honourably capitulated. Voltaire, writing in English to 'the Hon. J. Byng, Esq.,' enclosing the duke's letter, which was in French, said that this 'noble and unexpected testimony from one of the most candid, as well as the most generous of my countrymen, makes me presume your judges will do you the same justice.' Richelieu, with the chivalrous regard of one brave man for another, said that Byng, having done all that man could reasonably expect of him, ought not to be censured for suffering a defeat; that he was persuaded, and it was the generally received opinion, that if the English had obstinately continued their engagement, their whole fleet would have been destroyed.

The execution was carried out on board the *Monarque* in Portsmouth Harbour, on the morning of the 14th of March. That was Monday. On the previous day a warrant was received from Admiral Boscawen for the execution, and was read to Byng by the

Marshal of the High Court of Admiralty. Byng listened with calmness to the marshal, but when the warrant had been read, observed somewhat warmly that the appointed place of death was the fore-castle. Was not this, he asked his assembled friends, putting him upon the footing of a common seaman condemned to be shot, and an indignity to his birth, his family, and his rank in the service? 'I think,' he added, and we can imagine the bitterness of his tones as he spoke the words, 'I have not been treated like an officer in any instance since I was disgraced, excepting in that of being ordered to be shot.'

His friends feared that the warrant, which expressly stated the fore-castle as the place of death, would not be altered, and they therefore pointed out to him that the place was immaterial and beneath his notice, and implored him not to let the circumstance disturb his peace of mind. The admiral resumed his composure, and observed that it was true that the manner or place was of no great importance to him, but that he thought living admirals should for their own sakes consult the dignity of the rank. 'I cannot plead a precedent,' he said, 'there is no precedent of an admiral, or a general officer in the army, being shot. They make a precedent of me, such as admirals hereafter may feel the effects of.'

On the eve of his death he dined with a small

party of friends, and afterwards drank their health in a glass of punch, having helped them all to glasses. Having set down his own glass, he said,

‘I am to die to-morrow; and as my country requires my blood, I am ready to resign it, though I do not as yet know what my crime is. I think my judges, in justice to posterity and to officers who come after me, should have explained my crime a little more, and pointed out the way to avoid falling into the same error that I did. As the sentence and resolutions now stand, I am persuaded no admiral will be wiser hereafter by them, or know better how to conduct himself on the like occasion.’

On the Monday morning Byng spent some time in his state-room alone, after which he breakfasted with the marshal: He was wearing a plain cloth suit of a light grey mixture. Such clothes he had worn constantly since he was suspended at Gibraltar, where, upon reading the order of suspension, he took off his uniform and cast it into the sea.

A storm was raging when Byng went forth to meet his death. A strong wind blew, and the sea ran high. It had been decided after all that he should die upon the quarter-deck of the *Monarque*, and just before noon the admiral stepped out of the great cabin in that part of the ship and took his place on the port

side. He was then wearing the grey suit, a white waistcoat, white stockings, and a large white wig, and in each hand he carried a white handkerchief. He was accompanied by a clergyman and two male relatives, one of whom attended him to a cushion on which he was to kneel. Byng threw his hat on the deck before kneeling. The friend offered to tie the bandage over his eyes, but the admiral smiled, having a white handkerchief ready folded in his hand, and said,

‘I am obliged to you, sir,—I thank God I can do it myself; I think I can—I am sure I can.’

Not the words of a coward, these; not the act of a poltroon, this.

The admiral himself tied the handkerchief behind his head, and then dropped the other as a signal. Instantly the six marines composing the firing-party discharged their muskets. Of the bullets five went through the admiral, the sixth going over his head. Byng died on the spot, not more than two minutes having passed after he left his cabin till he fell on his side a corpse.

There is in existence a bronze medal which shows how deep was the general hatred of Byng at the time he committed his unfortunate error of judgment. The medal represents the admiral receiving a bag of

gold, and on one side are the words, 'Was Minorca sold by B. for French gold?' On the other is the doggerel, 'Brave Blakeney reward, but to B. give a cord.'

THE SHANNON AND CAPTAIN BROKE.

EXACTLY nineteen years after the defeat of the French off Ushant by Lord Howe, another 'Glorious First of June' was put on record by the fight between the British frigate *Shannon* and the American frigate *Chesapeake*, in Boston Bay. The action was one of the most notable in our naval annals. The ships and crews were pretty equally matched, and they met each other with the most resolute determination to secure victory. The Americans, especially, were so sure of the result of the battle that they had stowed away, in a puncheon with the head off, three hundred and sixty irons for the wrists of the *Shannon's* crew when they had taken the vessel. It was the fortune of war that the manacles should be put on their own wrists by the triumphant foe.

This famous duel lasted only fifteen minutes. In that time, of a total of seven hundred and sixteen men and boys engaged, no fewer than seventy-one

were killed and one hundred and fifty-eight wounded, and many of the latter subsequently died. On board the *Shannon* the captain was severely wounded, the boatswain and a midshipman were mortally hurt, and the first lieutenant, the purser, and the captain's clerk were amongst the killed. The captain, first lieutenant, and the boatswain of the *Chesapeake* were mortally wounded; and the fourth lieutenant, the master, a lieutenant of marines and three midshipmen were killed. The two ships were considerably knocked about by the shot, but neither was so much damaged that she could not have repaired without going into port. Each vessel carried twenty-five broadside guns, but in weight of metal the *Chesapeake* had a slight advantage. The *Shannon* had on board three hundred and six men, compared with three hundred and seventy-six on the American frigate, while her size in tons was one thousand and sixty-six, the *Chesapeake* being eleven hundred and thirty-five tons.

This meeting was as curious as it was deadly. Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, had long yearned to meet a ship belonging to the enemy that was worthy of his attention, and such a vessel he knew the *Chesapeake* to be. The *Chesapeake* was in Boston Harbour, having just completed a hundred and fifteen days' cruise, during which she had captured

four merchant vessels and retaken one, while she had been chased by a British seventy-four and a frigate, and had herself spent two days in trying to overhaul a British brig-sloop. The *Chesapeake* was undergoing repairs, and while the work was being done Broke was cruising off Boston.

The British captain sent several verbal messages to the American commander begging him to put to sea and fight him. Whether the messages were delivered or not seems doubtful, but at last Broke sent a written challenge to the American—not the challenge of a filibuster or a bully, but the courteous invitation to combat of a chivalrous and high-spirited English gentleman.

‘As the *Chesapeake* seems now ready for sea,’ wrote Captain Broke, ‘I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags.’

Like the honourable man he was, Broke described the *Shannon’s* force and her crew, and fixed the place of meeting and provided against all interruption of the fight. He entreated the American not to suppose that he was urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*.

‘Favour me with a speedy reply,’ he concluded. ‘We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay here long.’

The letter was given to a discharged American prisoner, Captain Slocum, for conveyance to the captain of the *Chesapeake*; and soon afterwards Broke stood in close to Boston lighthouse and lay to, the colours of the *Shannon* flying. The *Chesapeake* was seen at anchor, apparently all ready for sea, and very soon she was standing out to meet the Englishman, in company with numerous pleasure-sailing vessels and a large schooner gunboat.

Broke sent off his letter early in the morning, and the *Chesapeake* was under way at half-past twelve, while the men of the *Shannon* were at dinner. Captain Slocum left the *Shannon* in his own boat for Marblehead, a few miles north of Boston, and from her mast-head Broke saw that the little craft had not reached shore soon enough for the challenge to be delivered to Captain Lawrence, the commander of the *Chesapeake*. James observes, however, that there cannot be a doubt that Lawrence had obtained consent to sail as soon as his ship was ready for sea, and attack the *Shannon*, in accordance with one or more of the verbal messages which Broke had dispatched.

When Broke saw his opponent coming he stood out from the land under easy sail, the *Chesapeake*, at one o'clock rounding the lighthouse under all sail. By five o'clock the lighthouse was about six leagues away,

and half-an-hour later the American steered straight for the *Shannon's* starboard quarter. She sailed up in gallant array, with three ensigns flying, while at her fore was a large white flag bearing the motto, 'Sailors' rights and Free Trade,'—rather a curious mixture of demands, but characteristically Yankee. Her general smartness was in strange contrast to the condition of her opponent. Broke had been long at sea, and his ship externally was of shabby aspect. But everything within was in its place, and there were grinning guns that the men had been taught to use after the best traditions of the British navy. Since the days of Trafalgar gunnery had been, with rare exceptions, sadly neglected by Englishmen afloat, and the hard school of the fighting sailor had given place to men who knew better how to keep brass bright and decks clean than to send the shot singing over the waters and crashing through the enemy's hull and spars.

The captain of the *Shannon* had seen to his duty in this respect, and had done everything in his power to make his crew an efficient fighting machine. In his seven years' command of the ship he had got her into perfect fighting trim. It was his custom to exercise his crew every morning at the guns for an hour and a half, whenever he could do so; and in the use of the musket, pike, and broadsword in the after-

noon for a similar period ; while twice a week his men fired, both with great guns and muskets, at targets. Under such a chief there was plenty of honest emulation, but in order still further to incite his crew Broke made a practice of giving a pound of tobacco to every man who put a shot through the bull's-eye. His ship was always clear for action, and had on deck ammunition enough for two or three broadsides, so that it was out of the question for the *Shannon* to be taken by surprise. Had other captains done as Broke did there would not have been the sorry defeats that were endured by British ships not long after the fight in Trafalgar Bay. Only a few weeks before the *Chesapeake* fell a prize to the *Shannon*, the British brig *Peacock*, of three hundred and eighty-six tons, nine guns, and one hundred and ten men, was sunk by the American brig *Hornet*, of ten guns, four hundred and sixty tons, and one hundred and sixty-two men, then commanded by Lawrence. Perhaps the odds in favour of the American were enough in themselves to secure victory, but the real cause of the Englishman's defeat was his unpreparedness for war. So tasteful were the arrangements of the *Peacock*, and so spick and span was her condition and appearance generally, that she had obtained the name of 'The Yacht.' She fought with desperate valour, but succumbed, all the same, before the superior gunnery of Captain Lawrence's men.

Lawrence, then, in the *Chesapeake*, fresh from his conquest of the English brig, and doubtless smarting under the repeated challenges from Broke, sailed up to the shabby *Shannon* with a joyous expectation of teaching him the folly of masquerading off Boston in sight of all the good citizens. Captain Lawrence was a brave officer and a good seaman, despite the legend as to sailors' right and free trade, and when he had got within about fifty yards of the *Shannon* his men gave three cheers. He had need to be a brave man and have brave followers stoutly to endure the reception that was given him.

The *Shannon's* guns were charged in deadly fashion. On the main-deck one weapon was loaded with two round shot and a keg containing one hundred and fifty musket-balls, while the next gun had one round shot and one double-headed shot, and so on alternately. The Englishman was the first to fire, and so excellent was the aim, and so telling were the round shot, double-headed shot, and hail of musket-balls, that the *Chesapeake* was straightway badly crippled. The man at the wheel was shot dead, and the helm being temporarily left to itself the American's stern and quarter became exposed to the *Shannon's* broadside. Now came a furious and fatal cannonade. The shot from the aftermost guns of the *Shannon* swept diagonally along the *Chesapeake's* decks,

clearing the men from their quarters and smashing in her stern ports, while the shot from her foremost guns entered the American's ports and caused great loss and damage. An open cask of musket cartridges, which was standing on the cabin skylight of the *Chesapeake* for the use of the marines, caught fire, and blew up with a loud report. Singularly enough, no injury at all was done by the explosion.

For some six minutes the two ships kept side by side, separated only by a few yards, then the *Chesapeake's* quarter-port hooked the fluke of one of the *Shannon's* anchors. Seeing what had happened Broke ran forward and ordered the ships to be lashed together, and the great guns to cease firing. By this time the men at the quarter-deck guns of the *Chesapeake* were deserting their quarters, and Broke ordered his first lieutenant to bring up the quarter-deck men, who were all boarders.

One little incident shows how desperate was the work of securing the *Chesapeake* when she had hooked on to the *Shannon*. While helping to make the American frigate fast Stevens, the *Shannon's* boatswain, had his left arm hacked off by sabre cuts, and he was mortally wounded by musket-balls. Nothing, however, stopped Broke's determined work of boarding, and the vessels having been lashed together he gained the quarter-deck of the *Chesapeake*, accom-

panied by twenty of his crew. Not an officer or man was visible in this part of the *Chesapeake*, but a couple of dozen Americans were in her gangways. This band made some show of resistance, but they were soon driven towards the fore-castle, where a strange thing happened. A few of the Americans tried to escape down the fore hatchway, but so eager were they all to get away from the *Shannon's* men that they prevented each other from securing temporary refuge below. Finding it impossible to seek cover a few of the men dashed over the bows of the *Chesapeake*, and some gained the main-deck by going through the bridle-ports. Others, it is believed, jumped overboard. All who had not fled quietly surrendered to the victorious Englishmen.

Having overcome the Americans on the fore-castle, Broke placed a sentry over them, and ordered the greater number of his party to go aft, where some keen fighting was in progress. Broke was giving an order to some of his crew when he heard warning shouts from the sentry, and turning quickly round he saw that three of the Americans who had just submitted were about to attack him, the vanquished having re-armed themselves, seeing that they outnumbered the men who had been left to guard them.

The captain was in sore straits, and he had a stern

fight for life. The middle man of the three assailants attacked him with a pike, but Broke parried the blow, and managed to wound him in the face. At the same moment his skull was bared by a blow from the butt-end of a musket carried by a man on the pike-man's right, and Broke was nearly stunned. He might well have thought that now the end had come, for while his senses were leaving him he was cut down by the broadsword of the third assailant. At this great crisis William Mindham, the captain of the fourteenth gun on the *Shannon*, which was the first to be fired in the engagement, dashed up to succour his chief, and he cut down the wielder of the broadsword. Through this act of treachery by men who had surrendered, and had actually laid down their arms, Captain Broke was severely wounded, and one of his men was killed, two or three more being badly hurt. In the excitement of battle, when this breach of faith became known, there could be only one result, and that result was brought about in this case. All who had offended were put to death by the infuriated men of the *Shannon*, and it was all Broke could do to protect a little midshipman of the *Chesapeake*, who slid down a rope from the foretop and implored him to save him.

In the meantime all trouble at the fore-part of the American frigate had not passed. The men who had

scuttled below, and were now in the comparative safety of the hold, opened fire unexpectedly, and killed a British marine. Instantly three or four muskets were discharged into the midst of the men in hiding, and Broke gave the order for the Americans to be told to surrender if they wished for quarter. The order was obeyed, and the Americans having answered that they surrendered, hostilities ceased.

By this time the English ensign was floating over the Stars and Stripes, but at the very moment of victory a deplorable calamity arose from a very trifling cause. Lieutenant Watt hauled down the American flag, so that he could hoist the ensign of his own country, but owing to a tangling of the halliards he bent the English below the American flag. The Stars and Stripes consequently went up first. By this time the two ships had separated, and the *Shannon's* crew, seeing the American flag going up over that of the English, re-opened fire. The upper part of Watt's head was taken off by a grape shot, and four or five of his men were also killed. The flags, of course, were soon lowered and hoisted properly, but for the men of the *Shannon* who had unwittingly caused the death of their brave first lieutenant and their own comrades there was little satisfaction in seeing the signal of triumph flutter out in the breeze.

While a handkerchief was being bound round Captain Broke's head, Mindham, who for the moment had forsaken the rôle of the slaughterer for that of the nurse, pointed aft, and said,

‘There, sir, there goes up the old ensign over the Yankee colours.’

Broke saw his beloved flag hoisted, and was at once led to the quarter-deck of the *Chesapeake*, where he took a seat upon one of the carronade-slides. From this place he had strength enough left to give orders to enable the *Shannon*, which was now a hundred yards away, to come up, then his wound overcame him, and he fainted from loss of blood. A few minutes afterwards the gallant officer was conveyed on board his own ship in the *Shannon's* jolly-boat, which had just reached the *Chesapeake* with a fresh supply of men.

The phrase ‘a bad quarter of an hour’ is familiar enough to all. Where can we find an instance of a worse fifteen minutes than this, so far as the vanquished were concerned? Think of the contrast between the *Chesapeake* as she sailed majestically up to meet the *Shannon*, and the same ship as she lay alongside her captor. Her brave and noble captain is on board, at death's door, and several of the officers are already dead, while the killed and wounded are lying thickly about everywhere. She is badly bat-

tered in her hull, and generally is far different in appearance from the vessel that swept past the lighthouse out of Boston Bay in the goodly company of pleasure-boats and a schooner-gunboat. It is, of course, the fortune of war, but the result is none the less bitter to those who have left their native shore in such high spirits and the anticipation of returning with the captured Englishman. What of the wives and sweethearts who are anxiously waiting only a few leagues away, and what of the nation itself? Who is to tell the people of the overwhelming reverse which has befallen them? They will wait for a few days until the news of the defeat has reached them, but long before that time has elapsed they will know the worst. Almost their greatest comfort, meanwhile, will be to think that the fight has been so desperate and prolonged that the ships have sunk at each other's side rather than strike their colours.

To such a meeting as this there is always a grimly pathetic side, but in the case of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* that grim pathos is more accentuated than usual, for it was really a fight between people of the same nation. The men who jumped into the sea over the bows of the *Chesapeake* when Broke and his little party boarded her, were in all probability renegade English sailors, men who had deserted from British ships-of-war and taken service under

the American flag. When one of the *Shannon's* men was about to cut down one of the crew of the *Chesapeake* he was stopped by hearing the words,

‘Would you, Bill?’

‘What, Jack!’ he exclaimed.

Jack answered, sadly,

‘Ay, Bill, but it won’t do.’

With that he sprang overboard, and was drowned. It is known that this man had deserted from the *Shannon* eight months before. No fewer than thirty-two of the crew of the American frigate were recognised, when the lists of names were examined, as British seamen.

Unslaked lime is scarcely what one would expect to find employed on board of a man-of-war as a means of defence; and yet for such a use was a caskful intended on the *Chesapeake*. A hogshead of the stuff, with the head open, was placed on the fore-castle, so that it might be scattered over the Englishmen in case they boarded. A bag of lime was also put in the foretop, from which it could have been showered with a good deal of effect. There was no chance, however, of putting the material to this unnatural use, for one of the *Shannon's* first shots struck the cask and sent the contents over the faces and into the eyes of the Americans. James, who saw the remains of the lime on the *Chesapeake's* fore-

castle, expressed the opinion that Lawrence had not a hand in this contrivance, nor is it difficult to believe that the American captain would hold aloof from pursuing such unwarlike tactics.

In the direction of more legitimate articles of war the *Chesapeake* was furnished with canister-shot containing jagged pieces of iron and copper, broken bolts and nails. Each musket-cartridge contained three buck-shot loose in the powder, so that from gun and musket the Americans were in a position to discharge a miscellaneous but deadly assortment of small projectiles by way of defence from boarding. In the direction of attack their means were not less singular. A great many double-headed shot were found, as well as bars of wrought iron, about twelve inches long, connected by links. These bars formed an extended length of six feet when discharged from the gun. Other bars, two feet in length, varying in number from three to six, and connected at one end by a ring, expanded in four points as they left the gun. After the fight it was found that a bar-shot had entered the *Shannon* a little below the water-mark, leaving one end sticking out to the extent of twelve or eighteen inches. The purpose of these strange missiles was to destroy the rigging and ensure the speedy fall of the masts of the enemy, the plan being to open the fight with the bar and chain shot.

The masts gone, it would be an easy matter, of course, to complete the work, and either sink the foe or compel him to surrender.

In overhauling the *Chesapeake* some valuable papers were found which have been carefully preserved. A private and confidential letter to the commander was discovered, telling him that for the present American vessels of war would be known by an American ensign hoisted at each mast-head, and a large black ball, either suspended at the flying jib-boom end, or the mizen peak, as could be most readily distinguished. Another letter from the Navigation Department instructed the captain that he was not to interrupt any British unarmed vessel. One of the most valuable 'finds' was a book of signals relating to public and armed private ships. The signals were 'strictly confidential,' and the commanders of private armed vessels were instructed to keep this paper connected with a piece of lead or other weight, and to throw the whole overboard before striking the flag, so that they might be sunk. When the book was taken possession of by the *Shannon's* people bullets were attached to it for the purpose of sinking it. Instead of going to the bottom of the sea the 'strictly confidential' signals were laid at our Naval Exhibition for the curious inspection of thousands of

people from all parts of the world. They now rest in peace at the Royal United Service Institution.

Eight months before the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* met, a bard who was gifted with more of the prophetic spirit than falls to the lot of the average poet, wrote, presumably in the excess of his patriotism and belief in Broke, as follows:—

‘ And, as the war they did provoke,
We’ll pay them with our cannon ;
The first to do it will be Broke,
In the gallant ship the *Shannon*.’

At first sight we have a suspicion, from the quality of the verse, that the poet was in sore straits for rhymes, and accordingly fixed gladly on Broke and his ship ; but whether that was the case or not he proved a true prophet, and as such is entitled to the respectful admiration of posterity. The poet who dropped into verse after the event was on safer ground, although his production was not of a very high order. He said:—

‘ The British frigate’s name
Which for the purpose came
Of cooling Yankee courage, neat and handy, oh !
Was the *Shannon*, Captain Broke ;
All her crew were Hearts of Oak,
And at fighting they’re allowed to be the dandy, oh !’

When he was recovering from his wounds, Broke

wrote a letter to his wife with his left hand—his right having been disabled by wounds—announcing the victory. He gave her the joyful news that he was fast getting better, and hoped to be quite well in a week. Broke, however, never really got over the effects of the wounds he received, and he did nothing more in the way of fighting for the rest of his days. For his services he was made a baronet shortly after the battle. Two years later he became a K.C.B., and in 1830 he was made rear-admiral. He died in 1841. Although Broke did not take part in any fighting after he captured the *Chesapeake*, he saw a tolerable amount of service prior to 1813. He entered the navy in 1793, served in different ships in the Mediterranean, and was present at Hotham's victory off Genoa in 1795, and at the battle of Cape St. Vincent two years later.

It seems only yesterday that we had with us Wallis, who was Broke's first lieutenant, and who took charge of the *Shannon* when his captain fell. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, G.C.B., who died on February 13th, 1892, at the age of one hundred years, was the man who eighty years before had played so great a part in the duel in Boston Bay. Amongst the admiral's most cherished possessions were a piece of the wood of the *Chesapeake* and a portrait of her brave commander. These relics

were shown at the Royal Naval Exhibition in 1891, as well as a box made of the wood of the *Shannon*, her figure-head, and the log of the *Chesapeake*. In the Naval College at Greenwich and the Royal United Service Institution there are many mementoes of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*.

The honoured name of *Shannon* has been preserved in the British navy. More than one vessel of the name has been built since Broke's old ship was broken up at Chatham in 1859, and to-day the name is borne by a first-class armoured cruiser.

THE VICTORY AND LORD NELSON.

It is something to be thankful for that the matchless relic of our greatest and most glorious naval fight should still be visible to all good Englishmen who have the means and time to run and see her as she lies in Portsmouth Harbour. Since such things happened on board as the killing of eight marines by a double-headed shot, and the reported killing of a man simply by the wind of a round shot, there have been many changes in Nelson's famous ship. She has been nearly renewed internally, for the hand of decay has rested heavily upon her; but the old *Victory* is there, and the old romance and fascination are about her still. On October 21st in every year the mast-heads are crowned with laurel, in remembrance of her last great fight at sea. It happened on October 21st in 1844 that the *Queen* while passing through the harbour saw the decoration. She went on board, and after seeing the quarter-deck where Nelson fell and

the cock-pit where he died her Majesty plucked some leaves from the wreath enshrining the words on the poop—‘England expects every man will do his duty’—and took them with her as a memento of her visit.

It is told of the *Victory* that amongst her injuries at Trafalgar her figure-head, a coat-of-arms supported by a sailor on one side and a marine on the other, was struck by a shot which carried away the legs of the soldier and the arm of the sailor; and further, that all the men who lost legs in the fight were marines and those who lost arms were sailors. The figure-head is still the same, except that the supporters are now two little boys who lean affectionately on the shield.

The last living link with the *Victory* of old was severed by death in August, 1896. This was John Charles Blackett, of Thorpe, Surrey, third son of Sir William Blackett, Bart., of Matten, Northumberland. Mr. Blackett, who was eighty-three years old, was the last survivor of the *Victory*, of which he was signal midshipman. He entered the navy in 1827, and served in the last commission of Nelson’s flag-ship.

For two years, less ten days, Nelson never set foot out of the *Victory*, and the time of the imprisonment was not long passed before he fell upon her quarter-deck, never to rise again. He had a strong foreboding

of the end. When Blackwood, captain of the frigate *Euryalus*, shook hands with him before he went to deliver instructions to the line-of-battle ships at Trafalgar, he said he hoped on his return to the *Victory* to find Nelson well and in possession of twenty prizes. Nelson answered, 'God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again.' Not much more than three hours later he died in the cock-pit, murmuring, 'I have done my duty; I praise God for it.'

The suffering of wounded men in the cock-pit in the days of Nelson is known by what has been put on record concerning other battles. In some fights struggling wretches were seized and held upon a table while a leg or arm was taken off by surgeons who worked like butchers in a slaughter-house. The severed limbs were thrown over-board, and it frequently happened that men whose cases were known to be hopeless were cast into the sea as an act of mercy and humanity. Nelson was sinking fast when he sent for Captain Hardy to visit him.

'I am a dead man, Hardy,' he said, when the captain came below. 'I am going fast. It will all be over with me soon.'

Just after Hardy returned on deck the firing so affected the dying chief that he groaned: 'O, *Victory*, *Victory*, how you distract my poor brain!' Shortly afterwards he said: 'How dear is life to all men!'

Nelson endured the agonies of thirst in addition to the pain of his mortal wound. He called repeatedly for drink, and asked to be fanned with paper, saying : ' Fan, fan,' and ' Drink, drink.'

His only covering was a sheet, and this he so often pushed away that it was the sole care of an attendant to put it over his body again. From what Nelson suffered, in spite of all the attention that could be given to him, and of every effort made to soothe his pain, one can imagine, but scarcely realise, the agonies endured by the rank and file, to whom in the stress of battle it was impossible to do more than give the merest necessary aid.

Napoleon—' that vain fool,' Nelson called him—died at St. Helena during a great storm, murmuring, ' Head of the Army ;' the man who had done so much to crush his power passed away as the last roars of the English, French, and Spanish guns re-echoed over the waters of Trafalgar Bay. The day of the battle itself was calm, but with the night a gale arose, and in the midst of the wind, rain, and lightning the souls of many men joined that of their great commander. The bodies of the two mighty combatants were borne over the same seas to their last resting-places, the one in St. Paul's and the other in the Church of the Invalides, ' on the banks of the Seine, among the people whom he had loved so well.'

Nelson's body was the first by thirty-five years to make the journey. It was preserved in brandy, and the *Victory*, flying the hero's flag at half-mast, carried it to England. Two days before Christmas an Admiralty yacht received it for conveyance to Chatham, and as the famous coffin was lowered the stout three-decker struck his lordship's flag for the last time at the fore, and it was hoisted half-mast high on board the yacht. With the solemn ceremony the end came to the connection between the *Victory* and Nelson.

An incident of the voyage home from Trafalgar which was long regarded as a fable has unfortunately been stamped as truthful by the *Victory's* log. This record shows that two or three men received eighty lashes each for having abstracted and drunk some of the spirit in which Nelson's body was preserved. The log shows also how stringent was the discipline even on the verge of certain battle. On the very day before Trafalgar several men received eighty lashes each on board the *Victory*, the punishment having been inflicted on one of the crew simply for fighting with a fellow sailor.

The *Victory* was launched at Chatham in 1765, and was a three-decked line-of-battle ship of one hundred guns, the heaviest of which was a forty-two-pounder. She is one hundred and eighty-six feet long and fifty-two feet, four inches broad, two thousand one

hundred and sixty-four tons burden, and carried eight hundred and fifty men. There was another *Victory* before her, a three-decker of rather more than a thousand tons, which was built at Portsmouth in 1737. She foundered in the English Channel in the night between October 4th and 5th, 1744, carrying with her Admiral Balchen and his crew of more than one thousand men.

Balchin, to adopt the spelling on his portrait at Greenwich, rose from great obscurity to the high rank he held at his death. His origin reminds one of the story which is told of Peter Hein, a Dutch admiral, who attained that rank from the position of cabin-boy. He was killed in an action at the moment his fleet triumphed over the Spaniards. A deputation was sent to his mother at Delft to condole with her on the loss of her son. In reply to the visitors the uncompromising old lady, who retained all her original humility, said,

‘I always foretold that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch that he was ; he loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he’s received the reward of his folly.’

The worn and slender figure of Nelson has been made familiar to us all by his portraits, as well as the pictures which have been painted of the scene on the quarter-deck and in the cock-pit of the *Victory*

and of some of the chief fights in which he took part. He himself, in 1804, best summed up his condition. 'When I run over the undermentioned wounds,' he wrote—'eye in Corsica, belly off Cape St. Vincent, arm at Teneriffe and head in Egypt—I ought to be thankful for what I am.' Nelson was disposed to make somewhat light of his injuries, as the foregoing letter, as well as the first he wrote with his left hand, will show. In 1797, having lost his right arm, he wrote to Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, saying, 'I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the remains of my carcass to England,' and adding at the end, 'You will excuse my scrawl, considering it is my first attempt.' One of Nelson's last requests was that his 'carcass' might be sent to England, and not thrown overboard.

In killed alone the *Victory* was the heaviest sufferer of the English ships at Trafalgar, the number being fifty-seven. The *Royal Sovereign* and the *Téméraire* had each forty-seven killed, but the *Colossus* had the largest total of killed and wounded—two hundred, of whom one hundred and sixty were wounded. All the *Victory's* rigging was cut to pieces, and her spars were so much smashed by shot that they were not fit to use; her mizentopmast was shot away, and her fore and mainmasts and their yards, the bowsprit, the jib-boom, the maintopmast, cap and fore-and-

main-tops were badly damaged. Her hull was much damaged, and she received some shot between wind and water. Several beams, knees, and riders were injured, and ports and port timbers were knocked off, while the starboard cat-head was shot away, and the starboard bower and spare anchor completely disabled. Of the dead, the most curious case was that of the captain's clerk, Thomas Whipple, who was 'killed by the wind of a round shot.' When examined no wound or scratch of any kind was found on the body.

But statements such as this were errors, as Samuel Cooper in his *Elements of Surgery* showed. 'A cannon-ball,' he said, 'especially when nearly spent, frequently strikes the surface of a body or a limb obliquely, and is reflected without breaking the skin. A soldier may be killed in this way without any appearance of external violence. His comrades supposed therefore that he had been killed by the *wind of a ball!* But the error of this opinion is immediately manifest when it is remembered that cannon-balls often carry away a part of the dress without doing any harm to the person.'

It has been said of some famous ships—notably the *Royal George*—that the number of relics made out of them would be enough to build a vessel two or three times over. It would be interesting to know how many

'relics' of the *Victory* have been made of wood that never formed part either of the *Victory* or any other war-ship. There are, however, a very large number of authentic relics of Nelson and his chief flag-ship. Between March, 1814, and January, 1815, the *Victory* was undergoing extensive repairs, and part of the wood in the midshipmen's berth against which Nelson leaned when he died was preserved. From that wood a box was made; a box was made from that portion of the deck on which Nelson fell, and an arm-chair was made of oak taken from the *Victory* when she was repaired, and given to the second Earl of Chatham, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty. A tooth-pick case has been produced from a splinter from the quarter-deck, and whenever possible bits of the old ship have been seized upon and secured for longer preservation than might be the case on the salt water. In 1890, when the *Victory* was in dry dock, a piece of timber was taken from her and went into the possession of a private firm holding many interesting relics.

Of other mementoes relating to the *Victory* there are to-day many in existence. Every little thing concerning Nelson has been seized and proudly held. The Queen has the bullet which killed him, and many who read this article will have seen that wonderfully interesting missile. Numerous small locks of the

admiral's hair have been preserved, and even some of the spirit in which his body was brought to England has been kept and publicly shown. Much of the clothing worn by him, and many articles known to have been used by him, have been got together, and there is now a really national collection in the Painted Hall at Greenwich.

A piece of 'top-lining' of the foresail which took the *Victory* into action at Trafalgar was accidentally discovered stowed away in a long disused sail-room in Chatham Dockyard more than sixty-five years after the battle. When it was opened out it was found to be much torn by shot and stained with blood. Part of the Union Jack of the *Victory*, which was carried in the procession at Nelson's funeral, and which it was intended should be lowered into the grave, but which was torn up and distributed by the sailors, is in the possession of the Royal United Service Institution, and that society also has amongst its treasures the laurel ornaments from Nelson's state coffin, one of Nelson's cocked hats, two lava buttons worn by him, and some gold lace from the coat he wore when he lost his arm. The institution also has a model of Nelson's coffin, made partly of wood from the *Royal George* and partly of wood from the *Victory*, as well as a pin-cushion embroidered by Lady Nelson. This article was begun while she was attending Nelson during his suffer-

ing consequent on the amputation of his arm, a was finished while he was absent at the battle of Nile. A private owner has the Nelson cenotaph made of the eighty-four guineas found in Nelson's purse at the time he was mortally wounded at Trafalgar. The guineas, as well as the rest of the effects of the dead admiral, were sent to Davis, Nelson's close friend and agent, and he had the coins worked into the cenotaph. The handles are modelled from the stern and prow of the barge in which Nelson's body was conveyed from Greenwich to Whitehall previous to the funeral. The barge, which was built in the reign of George III., is preserved on board the *Victory*, and its history is briefly told by a plate attached to a beam in the deck above. A lady of noble title possesses Nelson's arm-chair which was in the cabin of the *Victory* at Trafalgar. The chair was shattered by a round shot during the battle, and now held together with iron bands. The decanter and wine-glasses used by Nelson on the eve of Trafalgar have been preserved, as well as a bottle of port which was on board during the fight. The saucer used by him on the morning of the day which he met his death, which was taken from Nelson's cabin by a midshipman, has been safely handed down to the present generation.

At Burnham Thorpe, Nelson's birthplace, there is

the church of which his father was rector, a lectern made from wood of the *Victory*.

Nelson, like many other distinguished officers, never forgot a service that was done to him. When, some time after the affair at Teneriffe, he was passing through Salisbury, he recognised in the immense and enthusiastic crowd a man who had assisted at the amputation of his right arm, and afterwards attended him. He beckoned to him to come up the stairs of the council house, and in remembrance of his services at the time made him a present. The man took from his bosom a piece of lace which he had torn from the sleeve of the amputated limb, and said that he had preserved it, and ever would preserve it, in memory of his old commander. Nelson suffered long and severely from the effects of the amputation, and for three months after his return to England there was scarcely any intermission of his agony. One night, after a day of incessant pain, he went to bed early, in the hope of enjoying some respite by means of laudanum. Soon there was a violent knocking at the door by the mob, who wanted to know why the house was not illuminated in honour of Duncan's victory off Camperdown. The mob were told that Admiral Nelson lay there in bed, badly wounded, and the leader replied at once :

‘ You shall hear no more of us to-night.’

Notwithstanding the confusion and exultation of such a time, the news that Nelson lay ill spread far and wide, and the house in which he lodged was not again disturbed.

When Nelson had completely recovered from the loss of his arm, he went to receive a year's pay as 'smart' money, on account of the loss of his eye at Calvi. But he could not obtain payment, as he had neglected to bring a surgeon's certificate that the sight was actually destroyed. He went away somewhat nettled that in his case, when the loss of his eye was known throughout the land, the form should be insisted upon; and when procuring the certificate for the eye, he got one for his arm also, saying that the authorities might just as well doubt the one as the other. On his return to the office, the clerk whom he saw, finding that all Nelson was entitled to was the annual pay of a captain, remarked that he thought it had been more. Nelson answered,

'Oh, this is only for an eye. In a few days I shall come for an arm; and in a little time longer, God knows, probably for a leg.'

He soon after went for the 'smart' money for his arm, and with the utmost good-humour showed the certificate which he had obtained.

Never were Nelson's qualities as a dashing naval chief more clearly shown than at Copenhagen on

April 2nd, 1801. He was in a desperate situation, and his commander-in-chief, knowing this, threw out the signal to discontinue the action. Nelson was by this time in the heat of battle, hoping for nothing and caring for nothing but victory. He was pacing the quarter-deck of the *Elephant*, a seventy-four gun ship. Southey tells the story—

‘About this time the signal-lieutenant called out that No. 39 (the signal for discontinuing action) was thrown out by the commander-in-chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal-officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it.

‘“No,” he replied, “acknowledge it.”

‘Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted, and being answered in the affirmative, said,

‘“Mind you keep it so.”

‘He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion.

‘“Do you know?” said he to Mr. Fergusson, “what is shown on board the commander-in-chief? Number thirty-nine!”

‘Mr. Fergusson asked him what that meant.

‘“Why, to leave off action!” Then shrugging his shoulders, he repeated his words,—“Leave off action!”

Now, damn me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes;" and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, "Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!"

It is but common justice, the editor of James's *Naval History* has pointed out, to state that the commander-in-chief, Sir Hyde Parker, made the signal to discontinue the action so that Nelson might withdraw from the contest, if, owing to the different ships being unable to reach their stations, some being aground, he felt that his force was insufficient to maintain the attack; for it was clear that the commander-in-chief could not proffer the least assistance. The signal was made with a generous intention.

At Copenhagen, Captain Henry Riou, commanding the thirty-eight gun frigate *Amazon*, had two more frigates, two sloops, and a couple of fire-ships given to him with a special command to act as circumstances might require. Every other ship had her appointed station. Riou saw the signal of recall, his little squadron being nearest the commander-in-chief, and his ships hauled off from a most unequal encounter. The *Amazon* had been firing for a long time, and was enveloped in smoke. Riou told his men to stand

fast and let the smoke clear off, so they could see what they were doing. The order proved fatal, for getting a clear view of the *Amazon* from their batteries, the Danes poured so heavy a fire upon her that she and her consort were only saved from destruction by obeying the signal to discontinue. Riou drew off unwillingly, saying :

‘What will Nelson think of us?’

He had been wounded already, and was sitting on a gun encouraging his men, when the *Amazon* unavoidably presented her stern to the Trekroner batteries. Riou’s clerk was killed by his side by a shot, and another shot killed several men who were hauling in the main brace. The brave Riou exclaimed:

‘Come then, my boys, let us all die together!’

He had scarcely uttered the words when a shot cut him in two. Nelson never met Riou until the time of the expedition against Copenhagen, but he saw and understood the captain’s worth at once, and his death was a severe blow to him. The total British loss at Copenhagen was three hundred and fifty killed and mortally wounded, and eight hundred and fifty recoverably and slightly wounded.

Copenhagen was the hundred and fifth engagement in which Nelson had taken part, but he told the Crown Prince of Denmark that that was the most tremendous of them all.

‘The French,’ he said, ‘fought bravely; but they could not have stood for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four.’

During the battle a lad of seventeen, named Villemoes, distinguished himself in such a way as to excite Nelson’s warmest admiration, and Nelson afterwards, when on shore, requested that the youth might be introduced to him. His wish was gratified, and shaking hands with Villemoes, he told the prince that he ought to be made an admiral.

‘If, my lord,’ said the prince, ‘I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service.’

Nelson’s coolness in the hour of danger was strikingly exemplified at the close of this great fight. He wrote, in the stern gallery of the *Elephant*, his famous letter to the Crown Prince with respect to the armistice—the letter in which he said,

‘The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English.’

A wafer was given to him, but he refused to use it to seal the letter. He ordered a candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than usual.

‘This is no time,’ he said, ‘to appear hurried and informal.’

It is related as a curious chance that the post-

boy who rode the wheelers of the Duke of Wellington's chaise when he left London for Vienna, prior to the battle of Waterloo, also rode those of Lord Nelson when he set out to join the fleet before Trafalgar. The post-boy lived to a good old age.

The adventure of Nelson with the Polar bear is better known than his escape from death by snake-bite. In April, 1780, at the Island of St. Bartolomeo, while carrying out some military operations, Nelson, being greatly fatigued, was sleeping in a hammock which had been slung under some trees. While he slept a monitory lizard passed across his face. The Indians saw the creature, and knowing what it indicated they awoke him. Nelson started up, and found one of the deadliest serpents of the country coiled up at his feet. It is to be assumed that the reptile was killed on the spot, although the account of the escape says nothing on this point. Just before this happened, one of the men of the expedition was bitten under the eye by a snake which darted at him from the bough of a tree. He was not able to proceed, owing to the pain of the bite, and when some of his comrades were sent back to his assistance, they found that he was dead, and the body already putrid.

Another of Nelson's narrow escapes was at the Battle of the Nile, where he received a severe wound

on the head from a piece of langridge shot. As he was falling, Captain Berry caught him in his arms. So great was the effusion of blood, that Nelson, as well as others, thought the injury was mortal. He was in total darkness, one eye being blind, and a large piece of skin and flesh from the forehead having fallen over the other. When he was taken into the cockpit, the surgeon quitted the man whose wounds he was then attending, so that he might see to the admiral.

‘No,’ said Nelson, ‘I will take my turn with my brave fellows.’

He kept his word, and refused to have his wound examined until every man who had been previously hurt had received attention. So convinced was Nelson that the injury was mortal, that he asked the chaplain to deliver his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson, and took other steps to have what he supposed were his dying wishes carried out.

Soon after Nelson learned that his wound was not mortal, the cry was raised on board that the *Orient* was on fire. In the awful confusion of that moment, Nelson, unassisted and unnoticed, found his way on deck, and, suffering though he was, at once gave orders that the boats should be sent to relieve the enemy. The alarm was raised at nine o'clock at night, and an hour later the French ship blew up

with an awful sound. The explosion was succeeded by perfect stillness, the firing on each side having instantly ceased. That silence was only broken by the sound of the riven timbers of the line-of-battle ship as they plunged into the water from the tremendous height to which they had been blown. Part of one of the *Orient's* masts is preserved at the Royal United Service Institution.

With the name of the *Orient* the story of Nelson's coffin will ever be called to mind. The *Swiftsure* picked up part of the *Orient's* mainmast, and Captain Hallowell ordered his carpenter to make a coffin out of it. The iron, as well as the wood, was taken from the wreck of the *Orient*, and when it was finished Hallowell sent it to Nelson with the following letter :

‘SIR,

‘I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin, made from the mainmast of *L'Orient*, that when you have finished your military career in this world you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend,

‘BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.’

Nelson took the offering as it was meant, and had the coffin placed upright in his cabin. The article,

however, did not commend itself to all people as it did to Nelson, and finally, at the earnest entreaty of an old and faithful attendant, he consented to have the coffin removed below. He gave strict orders, however, that special care should be taken of it, so that it might fulfil the purpose of its donor. In that coffin Nelson lies buried in St. Paul's.

Take a bird's-eye view of Nelson's career, and see what a life it was—what a time of battle, what a list of triumphs. St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar—four of England's most glorious naval combats, and he was the central figure of the three greatest. His rise in the service was rapid, but not more rapid than his merits warranted. Born in 1758, he was a lieutenant in 1777, and a commander in 1778. At the age of twenty-one he was a captain, and before he was twenty-two he had attained the rank that put within his reach all the honours of the service. Prince William Henry, who became such a firm friend of Nelson, described him as looking the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed as he was in a full-laced uniform, an old-fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and his lank, unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length. Yet this was the man who could wait on a general officer and say, when he was told that old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young

gentlemen, 'Sir, I am as old as the Prime Minister of England, and think myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as that minister is of governing the state.' To continue our survey: he commanded the *Agamemnon*, his favourite ship,— 'poor *Agamemnon*,' he was accustomed to say, 'was as nearly worn out as her captain; and both must soon be laid up to repair,'—at the reduction of Corsica in 1794, losing his eye at the siege of Calvi. He was commodore at St. Vincent on February 14th, 1797, and became rear-admiral in the same year. In that year also he lost his arm in the unsuccessful attack on Teneriffe. In 1798 he commanded a detached squadron in the Mediterranean, and won the battle of the Nile on August 1st and 2nd. He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, and in 1799 the King of Naples raised him to the title of Duke of Bronte in Sicily. He commanded a detachment of the fleet in the Baltic, and won the battle of Copenhagen on April 2nd, 1801. He was made Viscount Nelson, and from 1803 to 1805 was commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean. In the hour of victory he met his death at Trafalgar, nearly a month after his forty-seventh birthday.

Nelson believed that he would live to do mighty things before death claimed him. After his visit to the region of the North Pole he was sent to the East

Indies, where a stay of eighteen months so seriously affected him that he was almost reduced to a skeleton, and nearly lost the use of his limbs. His only hope of recovery was a voyage home, and that voyage he made. So depressed was he that he felt that he would never rise in his profession.

‘I could,’ he said, ‘discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. “Well, then,” I exclaimed, “I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!”’

He was gloomy and discouraged at a later period also, and was actually upon the point of quitting the service. For five months he seldom or never left the *Boreas*, which he then commanded, and which was kept at the Nore from the end of June until the end of November as a sloop and receiving ship. Nelson was intensely indignant at this treatment, which he considered unworthy of the country for which he had already done so much; and when orders were received for the *Boreas* to be prepared for being paid off he expressed his joy, and told another officer that it was his firm and unalterable determination never again to set foot on board a king’s ship, and that as soon as he reached London he would resign his commission.

Nelson, however, got better treatment, and the navy kept him as its own. Not long after this he said,

‘My fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the service ; so much for serving my country . . . I have invariably laid down, and followed close, a plan of what ought to be uppermost in the breast of an officer—that it is much better to serve an ungrateful country than to give up his own fame.’

After the fall of Calvi he again felt that he was neglected, and he complained that he had not had justice done to him, although men had been praised who, while he had been wounded, were actually in bed and far from the scene of action.

‘They have not done me justice,’ he said ; ‘but never mind, I’ll have a “Gazette” of my own.’

When Nelson made that prophecy he doubtless believed that what he had said would come to pass ; but he could not have known that the ‘Gazette’ would be such as to keep his memory fresh in the hearts of Englishmen for ever.

THE TRIUMPH AND ADMIRAL BLAKE.

IF there are not many details in existence concerning the *Triumph*, which bore Blake's flag in his victory over the Dutch in 1653, there is at any rate no difficulty in knowing what sort of craft were those in which the great admiral of the Commonwealth and his fellows fought such bloody and desperate battles. When the Armada was defeated nearly a hundred years before that time, the *Triumph* was the only ship of the thirty-eight composing the Queen's navy that reached one thousand tons. The *Triumph* then carried the flag of Captain Frobisher, who had with him seven hundred and eighty men, of whom four hundred and fifty were mariners, fifty gunners, and two hundred and eighty soldiers. The 'furniture' requisite for her setting forth included two hundred and fifty harquebuses, fifty bows, one hundred sheaves of arrows, two hundred pikes and one hundred corslets. Frobisher did such excellent service against

the Armada that he was one of the few knights made by the Lord High Admiral after the battle. Blake's *Triumph* was of sixty guns, and on board of her he did many glorious things.

It is a curious coincidence that Blake, the greatest admiral before Nelson, for a time, in 1651, hoisted his flag in the *Victory* of his day; and that in his fight with De Ruytor off the Kentish Knock on September 28th, 1652, Penn, his second in command, flew his flag on board the *Royal Sovereign*—the predecessor of the *Royal Sovereign* bearing Collingwood's flag at Trafalgar. Penn's ship was at that time called the *Sovereign*, her original title being the *Sovraigne of the Seas*. She was the famous and gorgeous vessel which Peter Pett designed and which did stout service for sixty years. She became renowned even amongst the Dutch, who are said to have called her the 'Yellow Devil,' in allusion, doubtless, to her splendid decoration—she was gorgeously ornamented with carving and gilt, and no other colour but gold and black were to be seen about her. As she was actually under Blake's command, and was the crack ship of her day, a short account of her may be given—she represents, with modifications, the *Triumph* herself. The *Sovraigne of the Seas* is said to have been the first three-decked ship in our navy. She was built in 1637 at Woolwich Yard. She was of nearly

seventeen hundred tons, and the total number of the guns she was destined to carry was one hundred and twenty-six; but she actually mounted one hundred. Her length of gun-deck is said to have been one hundred and seventy-three feet, and her greatest breadth fifty feet. Her usual length from the 'fore-end to the stern' was two hundred and thirty-two feet. From the 'bottom of her keele to the top of her lanthorne' she was seventy-six feet high. She bore five lanthornes, the largest of which would hold ten persons to stand upright, 'without shouldering or pressing one on the other.' The ship had three flush decks, a fore-castle, a half-deck, a quarter-deck and a round-house. She carried demi cannon, whole cannon, demi culverin and whole culverin, as well as other ordnance; and had thirteen or fourteen ports for 'murdering' or in-board pieces, besides a great many loop-holes out of the cabin for musket shot. The vessel had eleven anchors, one of which weighed four thousand four hundred pounds. In 1684 she was cut down to a two-decker, and in 1696 was laid up at Chatham in order to be rebuilt. She was, however, accidentally burned on January 27th in that year.

The ships with which Blake fought carried from seventy to thirty-six guns, ranging from forty-eight to six pounders, the ordnance being of high character. They were better built and stronger than the Dutch

men-of-war, and drew more water, the foreigners being constructed specially with a view to navigate the shallow waters of Holland. The *Souveraine of the Seas*—she became *Sovereign* and subsequently *Royal Sovereign*—was, after the custom of the age, magnificently carved and ornamented, this decoration forming a serious item in her cost. There was a close similarity between the general dimensions and form of the bottom of the *Royal Sovereign* and the dimensions and form of line-of-battle ships constructed at the close of the eighteenth century.

So much for the kind of ship in which our second greatest admiral fought and conquered. That things were not quite as splendid as they seemed is shown by contemporary documents. On August 5th, 1653, Captain Roger Martin sent a letter to the commissioners of the Admiralty, from the '*Bristol frigott*,' complaining that he had neither a pilot on board 'nor any beare but what doth stincke.' Two years after Blake died Captain Abra. Allgate, and six other officers of the *Drake* in Barnstaple Bay, sent home an account of the sad condition of their ship, arising from the great haste with which she had been sent to sea. 'It is difficult to keep her together,' they said, 'and all her timbers being defective, most of her gunpowder has been spoiled by the wet, and if any storm should overtake her they doubt the con-

sequences. If they are to stay out, they must have a main-course, but she is unfit to keep the sea.' This was the sort of thing against which British commanders in those days had to fight, as well as against the enemy. The miseries of Anson in the *Centurion* have been told elsewhere in this volume. Hawke had to complain of his ship, the *Portland*, in 1739, that she leaked so badly that 'whenever it rains there is not a man in the ship that has even a dry place to sleep in, she being what the carpenters call "iron-sick,"'—an expression no doubt signifying that the wood was so rotten that it would not hold the iron bolts. Heavy weather came on, and in order to save the crazy *Portland* it was necessary to cut the masts away. With the utmost difficulty she was got into a place of safety, and then it was found that her masts were so rotten that the stumps crumbled to powder when taken out, and a stick was driven a full yard into the foremast.

The days of Blake were days of death and no surrender. When a fight took place at all it was one to the bitter end—those who had fought against their own flesh and blood were not likely to be tender of mercy or have much compassion. Blake had admirals like Martin Tromp to meet, the representatives of a warlike nation that was not disposed in quietness to let England have the sovereignty of the seas ;

and barbarians like the Algerines to bring to something like submission. It was an age when every ship that sailed the ocean was ready to take the offensive or defensive, whichever suited her purpose best, and when crowds of adventurous fellows left England with little hope of seeing it again.

How desperately men of the same kin fought against each other is shown by a letter from Plymouth, dated March 16th, 1648, containing particulars of ‘a great fight at sea.’

‘Sir,’ (said the scribe,) ‘On the 17th of this instant, here arrived a Frigate, who upon casting anchor, immediately manned a long Boat to the shore, the Mariners purporting that there hath been lately a Great Fight at sea between Captain *Moulton* and Prince *Rupert* near the Western point, and that after a bloody fight it pleased God to crown the said Captain *Moulton* with Victory, and to sink two of the enemies’ ships, *viz.* the *Leopard* (formerly called by the name of the *King’s Royal Swallow*) carrying 40 pieces of Ordnance, and the *Patrick of Ireland*, carrying 24. This fight continued for about the space of two hours, being with great gallantry disputed by both parties; and after the exchange of several dreadful Vollies, the enemy perceiving two of their ships bequeathing themselves to the merciless waves, held off, and with a fair gale launched off into the

Ocean : it is said the loss is very great on both sides, many being slain and wounded, yet the Mariners in the said Frigate make mention, that the loss of the enemy doth far exceed ours, by reason of above 80 being drowned at the sinking of the aforesaid ships. Captain Moulton's Squadron consisted of about twelve ships, Prince Rupert's four and twenty. Some of ours are exceedingly torn and battered, but since repaired and made whole ; it's further intimated, that in this fight there were between two and three hundred killed and wounded, the prince's men began to moulder away, and die apace, the bloody fluxe, and other diseases being very briefe amongst them (*a just judgment to all perfidious Christians,*) if the parliament's Summer's Fleet be but expedited to sea, and timely assistance sent unto Captain Moulton, no doubt he will be able to give a good accompt of this Summer's Expedition. *Oh! what a sad thing it is, that a handfull should perish at sea, when thousands may be spared at Land.'*

'Reader,' the careful printer adds, 'there is a mistake in the foregoing page, *viz.* the word *Leopard* for *Swallow*.'

When Tromp hoisted his historic broom at the mainmast head of his flag-ship—we are to understand now that he never did this, and that the whole story was a joke—and sailed in his swaggering glory along

the Channel, as a preliminary to sweeping the English from the seas, he had fought the first round of his famous duel with Blake. But the Englishman did not know any more than the Dutchman when he was beaten, and he replied by hoisting a whiplash as a sign that he would yet thrash the enemy. Mr. Hamilton Williams points out that the whiplash in the form of a pendant remains as the distinguishing mark of a man-of-war, and that the broom, hoisted at the masthead of a boat by our coast sailors, shows an approaching change of ownership. Blake and Tromp met off Dungeness on November 30th, 1652, Blake, in the *Triumph*, having only forty-two ships against Tromp's fleet of ninety sail. For a long time the English fought against these overwhelming odds, the *Triumph*, with two other ships, being on one occasion engaged with a score of the Dutchmen. Three times the English flag-ship was boarded, and as often her decks were cleared at the point of pike and cutlass. For five hours that fierce conflict lasted, and when at last night put an end to it Blake had blown up one of the Dutch ships, and had himself lost five vessels, three of which sank, shattered to pieces, and two were captured. For this doubtful triumph the broom was borne aloft, but so far were those at home from thinking that Blake had been defeated that he was thanked by the Council of State, and at the be-

ginning of the following February he was off Portland in command of seventy ships, ready to renew hostilities. Tromp came valiantly up for the fray. On Friday, February 18th, he was seen in the Channel convoying an immense fleet of merchantmen. Once more Blake threw himself into the fight against tremendous odds. He could not get his ships together in time to oppose his greatest strength to the Dutchmen ; nevertheless, he fought from 8 a.m. for many hours, with only a dozen ships to meet the onslaught of the enemy. On board the *Triumph* alone a hundred men were slain or wounded ; her captain and the admiral's secretary were killed on deck, and Blake was wounded by a splinter in the thigh. When at last her consorts came up the flagship was a wreck in hull and rigging, but she hammered away with her guns until darkness separated the combatants. On Saturday the battle was renewed, and victory at last was showing for the English. Like hounds after their quarry they tried to seize the merchantmen, which now began to cast their cargoes into the sea so that they might the more swiftly escape. The ship which carried the flag of the Dutch rear-admiral surrendered to Captain Lawson, of the *Fairfax*. Tromp, in spite of his bombastic boast, saw that for the present the fortune of war had turned against him, and began to seek refuge in the

shallows near Calais. When the first day closed in, a Dutch ship had gone down with all on board, another that was boarded was found not to have a living creature left, and altogether half-a-dozen of the Dutchmen had been either sunk or captured. At the end of the second day, Blake had five more of their war vessels and sixteen of their merchantmen, and when the third day was finished other men-of-war had been taken and fifty more merchant ships. After those three days of blood the English made ready for renewing the fight on the morrow, but when the Sunday night had passed it was found that Tromp had got away with the battered remnant of his forces.

Tromp was not finally beaten until 1653. On June 2nd another fierce battle was fought off the coast of Essex between his ninety-eight ships of the line and ninety-five with which Monk, Deane, Lawson and Penn had sailed from Yarmouth. Deane was killed by the first Dutch broadside, a chain-shot, then a new missile, cutting him in two ; but Monk covered his body with a cloak, so that it should not be seen. At the end of the first day, Tromp had had the worst of matters, but he renewed the conflict at eight o'clock next morning, and with the most resolute courage continued it until Blake came up at two p.m. with eighteen fresh ships. Still the Dutchman refused to

yield, and the fight went on till his flag-ship exploded, leaving him, however, unhurt. At last he was forced to retire, and the English were victors, having sunk or burned nine of his ships and taken eleven prizes. For the last time the Dutchman put to sea to meet the foe that could not be beaten. This was in July, 1653. Blake's wound prevented him from being in at the death, and the command fell upon Monk. Once more the Sabbath was the day of battle, the rival fleets, almost equal in force, meeting off the Dutch coast on the 31st. It was a fight to the death. 'No quarter!' 'No captives!' said Monk, sternly, and both orders were only too well obeyed. Tromp was shot through the heart at noon, and from that time the victory of England was assured. With the downfall of their valiant leader the Dutch lost courage, and it was then a case of saving himself who could. But only part of the fine fleet which had sailed forth ever again reached the shelter of the Texel. Twenty-six of the Dutch vessels were burned and half-a-dozen were sunk, while some five thousand men were killed. The Dutch at last were humbled and defeated, and Britain's supremacy at sea was confirmed.

Of his reduction of the Mediterranean pirates Blake wrote to Cromwell saying that a council of war having resolved to try and fire the enemy's ships at Porto

Farino they arrived there on April 3rd, and early next morning the fleet entered the harbour and anchored before their castles. 'The Lord being pleased to favour us with a gentle gale off the sea, which cast all our smoke upon them and made our work the more easy, for after some hours' dispute we set on fire all their ships, which were nine in number, and, the same favourable gale still continuing, we retreated out again into the roads. We had twenty-five men slain, and about forty hurt, with very little other loss. We are even now setting sail to go to Algiers, that being the only place that can afford us a considerable supply of bread and flesh if they will.'

It was while going home after this undertaking that the most famous of the stories about Blake arose. While at Malaga one of the sailors, who had gone ashore on leave with his comrades, insulted one of the Spaniards' religious processions, and the man was knocked about a good deal at the instigation of a certain monk. The sailor complained of his treatment to Blake, who demanded that the cleric should be punished. To this the viceroy answered that over the church the civil authorities had no power, whereupon the admiral said that if the monk was not delivered up to him he would open fire on Malaga.

It was not until the fleet had cleared for action that the trembling offender against England's unyielding representative was sent off in a shore boat. When the monk stood before him on the quarter-deck of the *George* the admiral told him that he would not hang him, as his act of submission was enough, that if the viceroy had complained he himself would have punished the sailor, but that the Spaniards having taken the law into their own hands must be made to know that Englishmen only were to judge Englishmen. After this harangue the monk was returned to his people. It was upon hearing of the act of his bold commander—an act so dear to his own heart—that Cromwell exclaimed in his delight, 'I will make the name of Englishman to be as much dreaded as ever was the name of *civis Romanus*.'

The rest of Blake's career was to be spent in seeking to destroy or capture the treasure-ships of Spain, and many long weary months he kept at sea in the hope that the galleons with their precious freight would fall into his hands. He cruised with orders from the Protector to inform himself, by the best means he could, concerning the going of the King of Spain's fleet for the West Indies, 'and shall, according to such information as you gain, use your best endeavour to intercept at sea and fight with and

take them, or otherwise to fire and sink them ; as also any other of his ships which you shall understand to be bound to the West Indies with provisions of war for the aid and assistance of the ships there ; carrying yourself towards others of his ships and people as you are directed by your general instructions.'

For more than two years Blake cruised between two given points, with little to break the awful monotony of the work. He was at last rewarded at Santa Cruz de Teneriffe by seeing a treasure-fleet at anchor. The galleons were themselves strongly armed, and in addition were protected by powerful batteries on shore, and within a retreat the security of which justified them in believing that even the English adventurers, reckless as they were, would not attempt to molest them.

It is reported that when the Spanish governor heard that Blake meant to try and capture or destroy the treasure-ships he said,

'Let Blake come if he dare.'

The great admiral had the audacity to go, and when he had paid his visit the galleons had been either burned or sunk. Santa Cruz de Teneriffe lies in a deeply-indented bay, and when Blake determined to attack it the anchorage was flanked by forts the guns of which were only a few feet from the surface

of the water, and therefore in a position to hull the English ships as they approached. The assault on the batteries was so bold, the odds were so enormous against the admiral, and the enterprise seemed so desperate and hopeless that the admiral's victory astonished even those who had most faith in his intrepidity, and believed that what it was possible for mortal man to do he could fittingly accomplish. Brave as Blake was, he ignored no point that could make his triumph certain. Before he blazed away at the Spanish guns he roughly surveyed the position of the galleons and made careful calculation of the chances in his favour. That there was a large element of hazard in the undertaking he knew, but like the men of his day and generation he did his best, and left the rest to Providence. In four hours he had battered down the forts, and in two more he had boarded and set on fire four of the galleons and sunk the other two.

When Blake entered the anchorage he had the advantage of a good breeze from the northward; when he had done his work the wind changed to the south-west, and enabled him to get his vessels out of range of the guns which the Spaniards still had available. Well might such rare and providential circumstance convince the puritanical seamen that God

indeed was on their side and against the unbelieving heretic. In the attack on Santa Cruz Blake had forty-eight men killed and one hundred and twenty wounded—trifling casualties indeed when the dangerous nature of the enterprise is remembered.

The admiral knew that his life's work was now done, for disease had marked him for its own. But he hoped to live to die in the beloved country from which he had been so long separated. The victorious ships were headed for home—not much richer, except in reputation, for their work; but they had dealt a paralysing blow at Spain in destroying so much of her treasure and so many of her finest ships. It was not until nearly four months after Santa Cruz that the fleet entered Plymouth, but before the anchor of his flag-ship was dropped, Blake was dead.

To some of the most cherished stories and traditions concerning Blake, Professor J. K. Laughton, with the ruthless hand of a rigid and impartial historian, has given the death-blow. We are no longer to believe that in his wrath during his first encounter with Tromp, the admiral curled his whiskers, for the very sufficient reason that, being clean-shaven, he had none to curl. Nor are we to place credence on the picturesque story of Blake's meeting with a French ship of war in the Mediterranean, whose captain he com-

manded to come on board, and asked if he was willing to lay down his sword.

‘No,’ replied the captain, stoutly—though in what language does not appear.

Thereupon Blake bade him return to his ship and fight it out as long as he was able, which the obliging Frenchman did. At the end of a couple of hours’ fighting he submitted and went on board Blake’s ship and delivered his sword to him, first kissing it. After which he was sent with his ship and the rest to England.

The professor says this story is so evidently absurd in every particular that it would not be worth repeating were it not strictly contemporary; although he admits that in spite of it being mere gossip it is evidence of the peculiarly chivalrous character which popular opinion attributed to Blake. Even the cherished saying of the admiral, ‘I will have you know, and the whole world know, that none but an Englishman shall chastise an Englishman,’ resting as it does only on the unsupported evidence of a bishop, cannot be accepted. Notwithstanding all this there is little doubt that Englishmen at large will cling tenaciously, after the manner of their race, to all the best known stories of the great admiral of the Commonwealth.

There is a *Triumph* in the British navy to-day ; there was one in the victory which Duncan gained over the Dutch at Camperdown. As for the name of Blake, it is kept alive by one of the finest cruisers in the world.

THE VICTORY AND LORD ST. VINCENT.

BECAUSE of her associations with Nelson we are apt to forget that the *Victory*, quite apart from Trafalgar, has a record which makes a lasting reputation for her. Launched in 1765, she had thirteen years of peace before becoming the flag-ship of Admiral Keppel, who commanded the British fleet in the indecisive action off Ushant on July 27th, 1778; she was for a time the flag-ship of Admiral Geary, Rear-Admiral Drake, and Vice-Admiral Hyde Parker; and not long before he went down in the *Royal George* Kempenfelt for a short period hoisted his flag on board of her. Howe himself did the same when he sailed for the relief of Gibraltar, and again in 1790. Subsequently Hood hoisted his flag in the *Victory*, and she was the flag-ship of Sir John Jervis, afterwards Lord St. Vincent, in the battle of St. Vincent on February 14th, 1797, when Nelson, on board the *Captain*, one of the smallest

seventy-fours in the navy, took the *San Josef* and the *San Nicolas*; she was Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar, and brought his body to Dover after the victory. She has thus been the flag-ship of many of England's most famous naval heroes. Keppel himself was a good seaman and fighter, and would have been worthy of remembrance if only for his voyage as midshipman in the *Centurion* with Anson. But he is remembered largely because of his trial by court-martial on charges of misconduct brought against him by Sir Hugh Palliser, the second in command off Ushant. The admiral was honourably acquitted after a trial lasting thirty-two days, the court finding that the charges were 'malicious and ill-founded.' Keppel, at all times well liked, was to the day of his death in 1782 a popular man. Burke described him as one of the greatest and best men of his age, while to such a degree had he won the respect and affection of the British seamen that they spoke of him as 'Jack's Protector.'

In the affair off Ushant the *Victory* was badly damaged; she did not escape scot free at St. Vincent, and at Trafalgar she received the injuries which have been described elsewhere. Since she was first constructed she has in the natural course of things had to be almost rebuilt, and the day must come when, owing to renewals and repairs necessitated by decay,

nothing of the original fabric will be left. When that time comes peculiar interest will attach to relics such as that in the British Museum—a round shot fired by one of the enemy's ships at Trafalgar, embedded in the timber of the flag-ship's bows, where it remained. The ball and the piece of timber in which it found a home are preserved in a glass-case at the Museum, and an inspection of them gives a good idea of the effect of a shot of this description.

There is in Greenwich College a model of the *Victory* as she was in 1765. She was considerably altered and repaired in 1803.

It is somewhat curious that the *Victory* should have carried the flags of so many men who were held in so much esteem by the officers and men of the navy. Nelson, beloved by all; Keppel, 'Jack's Protector;' and St. Vincent, feared as much liked, but liked all the same; Kempenfelt, the able tactician and clever signaller; Howe, the hero of the Glorious First of June; Hood, second under Rodney at the defeat of De Grasse in 1782; and Geary, who, if he did not achieve any brilliant victory, worked laboriously and continuously during the war of the Austrian succession and the Seven Years' War. This was before Trafalgar. After that time she was—in 1808—the flag-ship of Sir James Saumarez, and in 1812 the *Victory* was the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Sir J. S. Yorke. In 1815 half-a-

dozen admirals sought the honour of hoisting their flags in her, but the period of her active service had now ended, and ten years later she became the flagship of Portsmouth Harbour.

To mention St. Vincent is to recall the year of mutinies and the part the stern old admiral took in suppressing some of the mischief arising out of that memorable and far-reaching outbreak. About six months after the victory for which Jervis was created Lord St. Vincent disaffection broke out in his fleet. The crew of the *St. George* mutinied, but the admiral strangled the outbreak at its very birth by the adoption of measures from which many commanders would have shrunk. Without a suspicion of faltering he took his steps to kill the rising. The ringleaders were arrested, tried at once, found guilty and condemned to death, and next day—Sunday—were hanged by their own shipmates—‘contrary to all use and custom.’ On board the *Defence*, where there had been a rising also, and where the chief movers in the mischief had been found guilty, their shipmates refused to hang them. St. Vincent thereupon ordered the ship to be surrounded with launches, each being armed with a heavy carronade, and swore that at the first sign of disobedience the *Defence* should be blown out of the water. The crew were indeed between the devil and the deep sea, and when

the signal for execution was given the wrongdoers were hanged without more ado.

In connection with the outbreak on board the *St. George* the conduct of the captain is worthy of being held in lasting remembrance. Three men who were to suffer death were on board, and the crew drew up a petition in their favour and begged the captain, Shuldham Peard, to intercede with St. Vincent on behalf of the condemned. The admiral, however, said that the conviction was based on solid justice and imperious necessity, and refused to alter the sentence. Upon this the crew showed strong disaffection, but Peard carefully watched their movements, and learned from one of the seamen that it was their intention to seize the ship and free the prisoners. The rising was to take place on the evening of the day fixed for the execution. Peard saw the crew assembled in the waist of the ship, and boldly approached them, told them he knew their intentions and would oppose them at the risk of his life, that he knew the ringleaders and would bring them to justice, and commanded them to disperse and return to their duty.

This speech had not the desired effect, whereupon the undaunted captain, and Hatley, his first lieutenant, rushed amongst the crew, seized the two chief ringleaders, dragged them out there and then, and

put them in irons, the crew, amazed, offering no opposition.

The three mutineers who were already condemned were hanged from the fore-yardarm of the *St. George* on the 7th, and two days later the two whom Peard and Hatley had seized were executed in the same manner, having been tried and found guilty the day before.

So did the inflexible commander stamp out what might have been the worst of the many dangerous outbreaks of the series of mutinies which included Spithead and the Nore.

The grim old admiral had his humorous and romantic side. On November 6th, 1789, he wrote from Brentwood to Mr. D. Serres saying, 'As I came through the City yesterday in my chaise, I thought I saw the landing of Charles II. at Dover, and Oliver Cromwell removing the mace from the table of the House of Commons, hanging in Boydell's window; if so, I hope Mr. West has taken care of me.'

During the blockade of Cadiz Sir John had on board the *Ville de Paris* a Captain Mansfield and his wife. Writing on May 11th, 1797, to Sir James Saumarez, Jervis said that he had a beautiful woman on board, who with her husband were very desirous to see Cadiz before they went to England, and he would be very much obliged if Don Josef would

permit them to land for a few days and return to him. Don Josef, however gallant he might have been at other times, was not so on this occasion, and he refused to allow the lady and her husband to land for the purpose of seeing the sights. One is bound to say that he had reason to refuse. The visitors might have seen a good deal more than the sights, and the captain could scarcely have been blamed if he had taken minute stock of the place and made a specially careful mental note of any weak spot in the defensive precautions which he might have seen.

That St. Vincent bore no malice over the incident is shown by his conduct in 1798, when he issued a passport, dated June 15th, for Pope Pius VI., who was escorted by a small Spanish squadron, to pass from Leghorn to a Spanish port, while England and Spain were at war. The passport bears the original signature of Nelson, then Sir Horatio.

There has been preserved the original draft of the bet which St. Vincent and Sir James Saumarez made with regard to the conclusion of peace in 1797. It is dated August 12th of that year, and is to the effect that 'preliminaries for peace are at this moment signed, four o'clock in the afternoon, and that hostilities will cease between the belligerent powers on or before the 12th day of September next.' Peace was signed, and Saumarez won the bet.

St. Vincent and Nelson had of necessity much to do with each other, and the earl lived to see his splendid supporter at his greatest battle reach a pinnacle of glory never before attained by any naval commander. In June, 1797, six weeks before he lost his arm, Nelson wrote to the admiral saying, ‘I have given out a line of battle, myself to lead, and you may rest assured I will make a vigorous attack upon them the moment their noses are outside the Diamond.’

The admiral knew his man, and had assurance enough that he would do his duty. When men were to be trusted he knew how to repose confidence in them. He had faith in himself, and faith in the best of his subordinates. On September 15th, 1800, he wrote, while on board the *Ville de Paris*, to Saumarez, then commanding the advanced squadron, blockading Brest, ‘I repose such unbounded confidence in your zeal and judgment, that I sleep as sound as if I had the keys of Brest in my possession.’

Of what may be called general or miscellaneous stories, many are on record concerning St. Vincent. He commanded the *Alarm*, which, in 1761, was copied by way of experiment, being the first vessel in the navy to be so treated. She suffered some damage on rocks in 1772, and sank at her anchors in Marseilles harbour. The French officers volunteered Jervis

every help in raising his ship, but he declined all assistance. Calling his crew together, he told them that they were in a foreign port, and that he had refused the offer of any number of men which the Intendant had made for the purpose of weighing the *Alarm*.

‘It is necessary *here* to show what we are able to do,’ he said. ‘We must weigh her ourselves.’

And they did. This incident goes far to indicate the spirit of both the captain and his crew, and one can readily believe that when Jervis commanded the *Foudroyant*, the discipline and order of the ship were such that when distinguished persons visited the fleet to which she belonged, she was the first vessel to be inspected by them.

St. Vincent knew that after the executions which had been carried out for mutiny, the sailors would brood over the severity of the punishment, while engaged in the weary duty of blockading Cadiz, and he determined to adopt some means of keeping their thoughts from wandering in so dangerous a channel. Accordingly he ordered the boats from all the ships of the fleet, well armed and manned, to be divided into three parts, each taking its turn, commanded by a lieutenant of the flag-ship, to row guard during the night, under the very walls of the garrison, a constant fire being meanwhile kept up on the place from

a bomb-vessel, the mortar-boats, and launches with heavy carronades. This active employment had the desired effect.

While blockading Cadiz, a fierce storm arose one night and threatened to destroy some, at least, of the anchored ships. The only way of escaping the danger was to veer away more cable, but no night signal being then established for such a purpose, the command could not at once be given. St. Vincent, however, was equal to the occasion. He called for the boatswain and all his mates, and having stationed them on the poop, gangway, and forecastle, ordered them to pipe together loudly, as when veering cable. This was done, and the shrill piping being heard on board the neighbouring ships, the captains, assuming that the admiral was veering cable, directed this to be done on board their own vessels. The result was that the entire fleet safely rode out the gale.

No ill-will was afterwards shown to the admiral for the severity which he had been bound to show towards mutineers. This was proved by the presentation to him by the crew of the *Ville de Paris*, in which ship his flag had been hoisted, of a beautiful banner, in the centre of which his arms had been embroidered. The upper division contained the words, 'God save the King,' and 'Long live Earl St. Vincent,' while in the lower was inscribed the words,

‘ This flag is presented to Earl St. Vincent, as a humble testimony of gratitude and respect, by the crew of His Majesty’s ship *Ville de Paris*.’

The *Ville de Paris*, successor to Rodney’s famous trophy, was a ship of one hundred and ten guns. She was built at Chatham, and launched in 1795. Her length from head to stern was two hundred and thirty feet, and her breadth fifty-three feet, and she was of two thousand three hundred and thirty-two tons.

Jervis was a man of boundless energy, and this he never showed more distinctly than in 1798 when he was superintending the repair of the ships at Gibraltar, which had been damaged in the battle of the Nile. St. Vincent required the military and civil authorities to allow the artificers to work at daylight—five o’clock—but he was told that the dockyard gates were not opened until an hour later. He therefore applied to the governor for an alteration of the time to be made, so that work could be begun earlier. The governor said that the men would not be able to see.

‘ Perhaps not,’ said St. Vincent, ‘ but they can hear me.’

The alteration was made, and the admiral was always at his post at daybreak, directing the operations with a loud voice. This early rising, and the

fact that he always wore the insignia of his rank, obtained for him the nickname of 'The Morning Star.'

As to his outspokenness, a couple of instances may be given. A complaint was made by letter to him by the commander of a frigate lying at Gibraltar, saying that the governor of the garrison there had taken some soldiers who were serving on board as marines. St. Vincent answered sharply, by letter also, saying that he would have had a better opinion of the commander if he had not sent him a crying letter.

'There are men enough to be got at Gibraltar,' he said, 'and you and your officers would have been much better employed in picking them up, than in lying on your backs, and roaring like so many bull-calves.'

Not even the awful respectability of the House of Lords curbed the earl's tongue when the spirit moved him to express his feelings. On many occasions in the upper house the old seaman, having nothing better to do than spend his time there, spoke with great frankness and effect. He was particularly angry at the Convention of Cintra, and the employment of British ships to transport French troops to their own country, and he gave utterance to his indignation by saying,

‘These transports were at last employed to convey the rascally ruffians whom Junot commanded to that part of France which was nearest the boundary of Spain, that they might as speedily as possible be brought into action with more effect against our soldiers, and thus,’—here his lordship raised his voice,—‘these devils are at this moment harassing the rear of our retreating army!’

Jervis was one of the very last of the old admirals who made British ships of war victorious whenever they met the enemy. He was born in 1735, and became commander in 1759, and captain in 1760. He commanded the *Foudroyant* in Keppel’s action in 1778, and in the same ship took the French seventy-four-gun ship *Pégase*, in 1782, an act for which he was made a knight of the Bath. Jervis was present in Lord Howe’s fleet at the relief of Gibraltar. In 1789 he became rear-admiral and vice-admiral in 1793. The following year he commanded the naval forces at the reduction of the French West Indies, became admiral in 1795, and in the same year was made commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean. On February 14th, 1797, he engaged and defeated the Spanish off Cape St. Vincent, for which service he was made an earl, and was presented with a gold chain and medal and a pension of three thousand pounds a

year. He remained in command of the Mediterranean until 1799, and in 1800 was appointed commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet and made lieutenant-general of marines. He was first lord of the Admiralty from 1801 to 1804, and commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet again from 1806 till 1807. In 1814 he became general of marines, and attained the rank of admiral of the fleet in 1821. He died in 1823, on March 15th, a monument being erected to his memory in St. Paul's. Such is a skeleton outline of the life of one who did so much to uphold the naval supremacy of Britain.

. St. Valentine's Day, 1797, was a day of sorrow and disaster to the Spaniards. It was then that the English and Spanish fleets met off Cape St. Vincent, and the English, with fifteen line-of-battle ships, three frigates, and three smaller vessels, defeated twenty-seven sail of the line, a dozen frigates, and a brig. The Spanish fleet contained the gigantic *Santisima Trinidad*, of four decks and one hundred and thirty guns. James says of her that she was built at Havana in 1769 as a one hundred and twelve gun-ship, similar to the *San Josef* or *Salvador del Mundo*, except probably in possessing rather more breadth of beam. (The *San Josef* was of two thousand four hundred and fifty-seven tons, length of

gun-deck, one hundred and ninety-four feet three inches, extreme breadth fifty-four feet three inches, depth of hold, twenty-four feet five and a half inches; the *Salvador del Mundo* was of two thousand three hundred and ninety-eight tons, her gun-deck being one hundred and ninety feet long, her extreme breadth was fifty-four feet three and a half inches, and depth of hold twenty-three feet three inches.)

Some time between the beginning of 1793 and the end of 1796 the quarter-deck and the forecastle of the *Santisima Trinidad* were formed into a whole deck, barricades being built up along her gangways and ports cut through them, in order to make the total number of eight-pounders on that deck equal in number to the twelves on the deck next below it. This accounts for one hundred and twenty-six guns, the remaining four, presumably, being mounted on the poop. The *Santisima Trinidad* was therefore a flush four-decker, which exceeded the three one hundred and twelves in force only by fourteen eight-pounders, and four pieces of a still smaller calibre. This explanation by James is worthy of attention, since it is such a common error to assume that a vessel is powerful in proportion to her size. The colossal proportions of some of the Spanish ships of war very frequently proved fatal to them, their bulk

offering a noble target to the enemy, and their unwieldiness making it impossible to manœuvre them effectively and easily.

Before dealing shortly with the battle it may be well to point out that the Spanish crews were composed of pressed landsmen and soldiers of the new levies, with only from sixty to eighty seamen in each ship. Lieutenant-Colonel Drinkwater, in his 'Narrative of the Proceedings of the British Fleet, commanded by Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.C.B.,' says that the poor panic-stricken wretches, when called upon to go aloft to repair the injured rigging, fell immediately on their knees, and in that posture cried out that they preferred being sacrificed on the spot to performing a duty in the execution of which they considered death as inevitable.

As to their general unreadiness for battle, some of the Spaniards' guns were found at the close of the fight with their tompons in—from which the only natural inference is that these particular weapons were not used at all that day. So far as medical comforts and necessaries went the Spanish Government had despatched the fleet to sea in an utterly unprovided state, the chests of the surgeons wanting almost every necessary. At the end of the fight the British surgeons humanely attended to the wounds which had been inflicted upon the Spanish crews

by the missiles and weapons of the British fleet.

Captain Brenton in his naval history said of the battle that there was little credit to be gained in conquering such antagonists, but James describes Brenton's account of the action as the most imperfect that had been published. James himself, however, says that if the Spaniards were in confusion at the commencement, they were still more so during the progress of the action.

'Their ships were so huddled together, that, if a shot did not strike one, it was almost sure to strike another; and many of the ships were unable to fire at all, without firing, as they frequently did, into their comrades. All this disorder infused additional confidence into the British; and they "rattled through" the business, more as if it were a game of harmless sport, than one in which the hazard thrown was for life or death. At length the separated divisions got together, and the Spanish admiral formed his ships in line. Instantly the British admiral assembled his scattered ships, and soon formed them in equal, if not better order. Each party then drew off, the one to lament, the other to exult, over the occurrences of the day.'

But when every allowance is made for the inefficiency and want of readiness for war of the Spaniards, St. Vincent was a glorious British victory.

In five short hours Jervis had broken up a fleet which in guns alone mounted over a thousand more than he did. He knew, when entering the battle, that the odds were greatly against him, but, undaunted, he pushed on, declaring with a grim and stubborn courage that he would fight them if they had even fifty sail of the line to pit against his own fifteen. It was from the very outset a bold and audacious struggle on the part of the English, and boldness won the day.

The two fleets on that dark and hazy morning of the 14th were eight leagues distant from Cape St. Vincent, the British being formed into two compact divisions, while the Spanish main body were formed in a square, and were running before the wind under all sail. Some of the ships had been allowed to separate from the main body, and these Jervis determined to try and capture before they could re-join their companions. So that he might not only cut off these half-dozen stragglers, but also be prepared for the nineteen sail of the line which were bearing down towards him, Jervis ordered his fleet to form in line of battle ahead and astern, as most convenient, and to steer south-south-west. This was soon after eleven a.m., by which time the *Culloden*, seventy-four, was the leading ship. Led by this vessel, the British steered straight for the wide opening which there

still was between the two divisions of the enemy. The *Culloden* soon came abreast of the most leeward of the Spanish weather division, and in passing them opened fire with her starboard broadside, followed by the *Blenheim*, ninety-eight, which gave and took a distant fire. By one o'clock the battle had become general, and very soon after that hour Nelson in the *Captain* began his memorable conflict with the huge ships of Spain.

Nelson, emulating his chief, set himself to prevent some of the leading ships of the Spanish main body from joining the other division. In doing this Nelson for awhile had to bear alone the fire of five, or as some accounts say, of seven, of the largest of the Spanish ships, amongst them being the *Santisima Trinidad*. The fight of the little seventy-four with the great craft that clustered round her is one of the most notable and stirring combats recorded in naval history. The *Captain's* wheel was shot away, her sails, shrouds, and rigging were cut up, and she was crippled and ungovernable. By this time Nelson was foul of the *San Nicolas*, which again was entangled with the *San Josef*. Nelson had no option but to board, and board he did, his men being assisted by the soldiers of the 69th Foot; 'and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Span-

iards.' From the *San Nicolas* Nelson and his people forced their way to the *San Josef* and took her also. Such a triumph won for him the ringing cheers of the *Victory* and every ship of the fleet as they passed.

Meanwhile the rest of the British ships, with the exception of the *Britannia*, were hard at work also. The *Victory* blazed away at the *Salvador del Mundo*, which soon hauled down her colours, and the *Santisima Trinidad* was so severely mauled that but for the timely help which was given to her she must have become a British prize. According to the Spaniards' own account the four-decker had more than two hundred killed and wounded.

When, shortly after four o'clock, darkness put a stop to the engagement, Jervis was a victor with four fine prizes—the *San Josef*, the *Salvador del Mundo*, the *San Nicolas*, and the *San Ysidro*. These four ships' crews numbered very nearly three thousand. On board the four prizes alone two hundred and sixty-one officers and men were killed, and three hundred and forty-two wounded.

The total Spanish loss, according to the most careful calculations, was eight hundred and three, but James says that when the whole was computed the number of killed and wounded could not be far short of one thousand.

The total British loss was seventy-three killed and

two hundred and twenty-seven wounded, according to the returns at the time, but it subsequently appeared that the loss was greater than this, and probably reached four hundred. The *Victory* had only one seaman killed and two seamen and three marines wounded. The *Culloden* had one lieutenant of marines, seven seamen, and two marines killed, and thirty-nine seamen and eight marines wounded; the *Blenheim*, ten seamen and two soldiers killed, one lieutenant, one master's mate, her boatswain and thirty-nine seamen and seven soldiers wounded; the *Captain*, one major of marines, one midshipman, nineteen seamen, and three soldiers killed, the commodore (Nelson), the boatswain, one midshipman, forty-nine seamen, and four soldiers wounded. Not a man was hurt on the *Egmont*, and the *Britannia*—which, next to the *Victory*, was the finest three-decker in the fleet—had only one man injured; but her bad sailing prevented her from getting into action until a few minutes before it ended.

The *Captain* was the only British ship dismasted, her foretopmast being carried away, while her hull was much damaged by the enemy's shot. The *Culloden* was at the close of the fight in the worst state of any of the British ships. Her hull was pierced with shot and her boats were cut to pieces, her masts and rigging were badly damaged, and five of her

guns were dismounted. The *Blenheim* received one hundred and five round shot in the hull, many of them being near the water's edge, and the two foremost ports on the port side were knocked into one. At one time during the action she had five of the Spanish vessels pounding at her at once. The *Captain* used one hundred and forty-six barrels of powder, and fired more shot than was usually supplied to a ship of her class. When round shot or grape were needed for her thirty-two-pounder caronades the sailors used seven nine-pound shot as a substitute—a deadly charge, and one that did great mischief at close quarters. The *Culloden* used one hundred and seventy barrels of powder, the *Prince George* one hundred and ninety-seven, and the *Blenheim* one hundred and eighty.

The huge *Santisima Trinidad* almost fell a prize to the English soon after the battle. For several weeks she knocked about in her attempts to reach Cadiz. The lumbering craft was on the 20th of February seen, twenty-seven leagues off Cape St. Vincent, in tow of a frigate, with a brig in company. She was under her mainsail, with a jury mizenmast. A British squadron of three frigates and two sloops saw her and gave chase, whereupon the frigates cast the four-decker off, and looked to their own safety. The signal was made to the British ships to prepare for

battle, and at six p.m. the Spaniard was only three miles away. For some extraordinary reason the commodore did not come to an engagement, and the *Santisima Trinidad* escaped, the brig, however, being captured.

A task which apparently a squadron did not care to undertake was accepted by a single vessel, the *Terpsichore*, a twelve-pounder thirty-two gun frigate, commanded by Captain Richard Bowen. On the 28th, when the *Trinidad* was trying to make the coast, from which she had been driven by a gale, she was fallen in with by the frigate, and on March 1st, being then about three miles off, the gallant little *Terpsichore* cleared for action and bore bravely down towards her tremendous opponent. From ten a.m. until after midnight she shot around and about her, keeping out of the way of the Spanish guns and doing all the mischief she could with her own. The *Terpsichore* had no men lost, but the *Trinidad* had nine men killed and wounded, Throughout the morning of the next day Bowen hung on to his quarry, but at noon he had to make good his escape, as a dozen Spanish man-of-war appeared in sight. The *Trinidad* did not reach Cadiz until the end of the month, after partly refitting in Algesiras.

While honours were showered upon Jervis and his officers and men, the unlucky Spaniards, having

suffered much already, were made to feel a country's displeasure. The admiral, Don Josef de Cordova, was not only deprived of all his offices, but was also declared to be unfit ever again to serve in any rank, and was forbidden to appear at Court, or in any of the principal towns of the maritime coasts. Count Morales de los Rios, the second in command, was deprived of his rank, as well as the captains, who were declared to be unfit in future to hold any other office; other officers were deprived of their posts for a certain period, and some were publicly reprimanded.

Two years after the battle the *Salvador del Mundo*, the *San Nicolas*, and the *San Ysidro*, were employed as prison-ships at Plymouth, where the *San Josef* was being repaired. The first-named ship was broken up at Plymouth in 1815. The officers of the 2nd Battalion Welsh Regiment (late 69th Foot) have a picture of Nelson on board the *San Josef*, after St. Vincent, the frame of which is made of timber of that vessel.

No fewer than fifteen admirals served in the *Victory* afloat. These were—the Hon. A. Keppel, Sir C. Hardy, F. Geary, F. W. Drake, Sir H. Parker, J. Elliot, Kempenfelt, Lord Howe, Lord Hood, R. Man, R. Linzee, Lord St. Vincent, Lord Nelson, Sir J. Saumarez and Sir T. S. Yorke.

THE ROYAL GEORGE AND ADMIRAL KEMPENFELT.

EVER since war-ships sailed the seas, there have been those who believe that, for good or evil, their names have not been without effect. Individuals have owed much to a name, and active, if not very acute thinkers have boldly set themselves to show that for a ship of war to bear a royal name is as fatal a thing as it is for a person to form one of a party of thirteen diners. The degree of fatality varies, of course, with the individual, its lowest point being reached in the man who would cheerfully, if he had the chance, form one of thirteen at dinner three hundred and sixty-five times a year, always provided that he was bidden to the feast.

There are many unfathomable mysteries in the world, and not the least amongst them, to the minds of some people, are those surrounding the loss of

vessels bearing royal names. Why should the *Victoria* have been lost, and not another ship? Why should so many vessels christened after rulers and members of their families, in the history of the British navy, have come to grief? Why did the *Royal George* heel over and sink, with an army of men, women, and children? Why did the *Queen Charlotte* take fire and blow up off Leghorn, killing and drowning most of her crew? Why did the *Royal James*, in 1672, explode, with the loss of nearly the whole of her crew? Why did De Ruyter, sailing unchallenged up the Thames, carry the *Royal Charles* away to Holland? To such a string of questions these individuals would doubtless answer that all these calamities were due to the circumstance that the vessels in their christening were unfortunate, just as surely as certain distinguished men and women must suffer because they have had the misfortune to be born on an unlucky day.

To adopt such a point of view is, of course, a mere freak of fancy. There is bound to be a certain loss of vessels with illustrious names, since these craft are so numerous, and a careful calculation would show that the destruction of ships royally named is not greater in proportion than that of any other class. All the same, it is an interesting fact that within the last two centuries or so, some of the most appalling

of our maritime disasters have befallen ships with royal titles.

Of these the most famous by far is the *Royal George*, whose loss to this day is the most dramatic of the losses of the British navy. A three-decker of a hundred guns, a stout and stately structure, she descended to the great ships' burial ground of the bed of the sea, not through stress of storm or battle, but owing to an accident which the wit of man could scarcely foresee. On August 29th, 1782, at Spithead, the ship was heeled over to admit of slight repairs. Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt was on board at the time, and he and the greater part of the crew, with many visitors, including women young and old, and children, were drowned like rats in a hole.

‘ His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

 Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.’

So sang Cowper, but the *Royal George* was never raised. In 1839 many of the guns—the heaviest of which was a forty-two-pounder—and stores were recovered, and in 1840 the hull was blown to pieces

by means of wrought iron cylinders, some of which contained more than a ton of gunpowder. These were lowered to the wreck and fired by means of electricity, the flag-ship being shattered piece by piece.

We are not without genuine remembrances of this most awful tragedy, although 'relics' of the vessel have been turned out which at a moderate computation must have been equal to two or three vessels the size of the *Royal George*, big as she was. From a timber of the ship, a small round box and other articles were made and presented to the children of Sir Robert Seppings, the famous naval architect; a bottle of wine, with the seal unbroken, taken from the wreck has been preserved; two small bronze guns, mounted on oak carriages constructed from the wood of the vessel, which are believed to have been used in Kempenfelt's barge, and which went down with the *Royal George*, were recovered by the divers; a poker was forged from an iron bolt recovered from the wreck; an iron bolt with a guinea attached was found in 1840; an anchor and a buoy were made of materials from the wreck, and Lord Charles Beresford has a small box made of wood from the *Victory* and the *Centurion*, containing a pipe which was blown up from the *Royal George*. One of the most celebrated relics of the flag-ship is in the

billiard-room at Windsor Castle, where the table is built of oak from the vessel's hull.

When Kempenfelt went down he was sixty-two years old, and had attained the rank of rear-admiral. Born in 1720, he was a captain at the age of thirty-seven. He commanded the *Elizabeth* in Admiral Sir George Pocock's three actions with the French in the East Indies in 1758-59, and was afterwards at Manilla. In 1778 he was captain of the fleet, and became rear-admiral in 1781. While commanding a squadron in December of that year he scattered a French convoy which was escorted by a powerful fleet, and captured several of the merchant ships. Only eight months later, when the brave officer, having already seen much service, was on the point of putting to sea again to meet the enemy, he came to his unexpected end. The *Royal George* was one of the fleet of thirty-eight ships of the line under Lord Howe, and was rapidly fitting out at Portsmouth for the relief, for the third time, of Gibraltar.

The sinking of the *Royal George* could not claim much notice in histories dealing with the most active period of the British navy, and Allen dismisses the event as follows—'On the 29th of August, the one hundred-gun ship *Royal George*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt, overset and sank at Spithead

whereby near eight hundred human beings perished. Captain Martin Waghorn, Lieutenant P.C.C.H. Durham, and about two hundred of her crew only, were picked up.'

Judging from his portraits Kempenfelt looked more like a melancholy judge of assize than a British admiral. He had a long judicial cast of countenance, and the wig he wore made the resemblance to a legal luminary all the more pronounced. When the picture of him which adorns one of Allen's volumes was taken he might have been a Chancery judge sitting for his portrait, with a due appreciation of the gravity of the proceeding. Kempenfelt looked a precise and careful man, and the assumption that he was such is confirmed by the clearness and calmness of his signature, which the veriest schoolboy might read with ease. So it was with Monk, Collingwood, and Exmouth; while other distinguished naval commanders, if they did not write so clearly, at least appended their signatures in a way that could be translated by the reader of average intelligence, without a great expenditure of time or labour.

A second *Royal George* was launched in 1788, she also being a wooden three-decker line-of-battle ship. She was built at Chatham, and was broken up at Devonport in 1822. It is curious that her only sister,

the *Queen Charlotte*, Lord Howe's flag-ship on the Glorious First of June, should have met with such a mournful fate off Leghorn.

Kempenfelt, as his name implies, was not so much an Englishman as his more famous comrades in arms. He was the son of Colonel Kempenfelt, a native of Sweden, to whom Queen Anne granted a colonel's commission in the British army. The elder Kempenfelt had the honour of being immortalised in the *Spectator* by Addison, under the name of Captain Sentry. Admiral Kempenfelt was born at Westminster in October, 1718, and when only ten years of age, entered the navy as a midshipman. On the 14th of January, 1741, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, which he held for many years, being made master and commander in 1756. On January 15th, 1757, he was appointed to the *Elizabeth*, of sixty-four guns, forming one of the vessels of a small squadron whose destination was the East Indies. In April, 1758, the squadron met and fought a French squadron under Comte D'Achê, and Kempenfelt bore himself with such bravery as to win the commendation of the commodore, who, in his official report of the affair, spoke of him in the warmest terms. A few weeks after this, the captain was removed to the frigate *Queenborough*, in order to convoy the *Revenge*, an Indiaman, to Madras. The *Revenge* had on board

a large body of troops for the relief of Madras, which the French were then besieging. This duty Kempenfelt performed with the greatest smartness and expedition, landing the soldiers in perfect order, and without the loss of a single man. One result of this celerity was that the French were forced to raise the siege.

Kempenfelt took part in the last action between the English and French in the Indian seas, and some months afterwards he sailed with the expedition against Manilla. The manner in which he had landed the troops at Madras was remembered, and he was selected to superintend the landing of the soldiers now. This difficult and important work he again carried out with despatch and success, and for the second time contributed materially to a British victory. Manilla having been reduced, Kempenfelt was sent with a line-of-battle ship and two frigates to take possession of Port Cavite, which had been included in the capitulation. By way of showing the estimation in which he was held by his superior officers, it may be noted that Sir William Draper, commanding the land forces, appointed him to act as governor of the fort. This mark of approbation was conferred upon him 'as a small acknowledgment of the great services which the whole army had received from him.' Sir William said he was assured

that no one could discharge that trust with greater ability than Kempenfelt. This appointment he held for but a short period, being sent to England with despatches.

Kempenfelt returned to India in 1762, but owing to the peace of the following year, the fleet on the India station was ordered to England, where on arrival it was paid off. During the peace, Kempenfelt made a point of spending some time in France, so that he might study ship-building there, an art in which at that time the French admittedly excelled.

It was in September, 1779, that Kempenfelt was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue. By this time his reputation as a thorough seaman and a capable tactician was generally recognised, and Campbell says of him that his skill in naval tactics was equalled only by that of Hawke and one or two more distinguished officers. Kempenfelt was particularly proficient in signalling, his knowledge of which was superior to that of any other officer in the British navy. To this branch of his training he devoted special study, and left a code of numerical signals which showed that he possessed a strong inventive faculty. Hawke had a high regard for Kempenfelt, which in itself is proof of

the abilities of the rear-admiral as a seaman and a commander.

In 1781 Kempenfelt was appointed to the command of a squadron consisting of a dozen line-of-battle ships, a ship of fifty guns, four frigates, and a fire-ship. With his flag on board the *Victory*—Nelson's *Victory*—Kempenfelt sailed to intercept a superior French force under De Guichen—Rodney settled with him afterwards—who had just sailed from Brest in order to join De Grasse—another of Rodney's opponents—in the West Indies. Kempenfelt met the French fleet early on December 12th, when he found that it consisted of no fewer than nineteen sail of the line, two sixty-four-gun ships, and several frigates. Obviously the odds were too much against him to justify him in coming to an engagement with the enemy; all the same, having the weather gauge, he resolved, as soon as he saw a chance, to swoop down and cut off the convoy. This bold project met with suitable reward, for within a few hours the convoy had fallen greatly to leeward, and was protected only by four or five frigates. Kempenfelt at once bore up, and engaged the enemy's rear with his van. The rest of the fleet passed to leeward, and cut off and took the whole of the convoy, numbering fifteen sail, and sank four of the frigates which had

bravely but rashly sought to protect them. Kempenfelt took advantage of the wind, which was blowing fair for the English coast, and having formed his fleet into two divisions, the first took the captured ships in tow, and the second maintained a running fight with the French ships of war, which had now come up to the rescue. In spite of the utmost endeavours by the French either to take back their own or to seize the English ships, the admiral pressed on, and succeeded in carrying the whole of his prizes into Plymouth. The convoy was laden with naval and military stores, and had on board about a thousand soldiers who were being sent to reinforce the garrison in the French West Indies. This achievement is one of the most brilliant in our naval annals, and the skill with which it was carried out shows that had Kempenfelt lived his genius would have raised him to a very high place amongst the most distinguished of British admirals.

In 1782 Kempenfelt sailed in the *Royal George* as second in command to Admiral Barrington. The fleet, which was a small one, was sent to intercept a French squadron which was on the point of sailing from Brest for the East Indies. Barrington and Kempenfelt a few days after their arrival off the French coast were fortunate enough to meet the enemy. They gave chase, and after a short resist-

ance took two of his line-of-battle ships and eleven transports.

Only one more chance had Kempenfelt of meeting the enemy before he sank in the waters of his native land. That was shortly after his return from the cruise just mentioned. He was at once despatched with the *Royal George* to join the Channel fleet, which was then cruising off Ushant under Lord Howe. The French fleet was met, but so much superior to the English was it that Howe did not give battle, and no action was fought. Kempenfelt, however, had a final opportunity of displaying his tactical skill, and he succeeded in saving some ships which had fallen out of their places, and which were in great danger of being cut off by the enemy's van.

Now comes the closing chapter of this brave seaman's life. The *Royal George* was found to be leaking badly, and Kempenfelt was ordered to Spithead to get her repaired. So that the work could be done as rapidly as possible, the *Royal George* was careened in order that her seams could be caulked while she lay at anchor, and without having to go into harbour. At six o'clock on the morning of the 29th August, the weather being fine and a moderate wind blowing, it was thought that the opportunity was favourable, and accordingly orders were given to heel the ship

over. By ten o'clock the *Royal George* had been careened to a degree which enabled the workmen to reach the leaking parts of the hull, but in order that the work might be done as effectively as possible the ship was further heeled to the extent of two feet. This having been done, the crew went to dinner, the carpenters and caulkers proceeded with their work. The *Royal George* had been nearly repaired when she was struck on the raised side by a sudden squall. The lower deck ports to leeward had been left open, and through these great apertures water rushed in very large quantities. So sudden was the disaster that in less than eight minutes the *Royal George* had filled, and the officers, in the confusion and excitement which prevailed, made no signal of distress. Even if they had done so it would have been impossible, the lower deck ports being open as they were, to save the vessel.

There were more than twelve hundred people, including three hundred women, on board the *Royal George* when she heeled over, and the struggle for life which took place was one of the most awful ever put on record. Through the open ports which were yawning to the calm sky men and women made every effort to fight to gain the vessel's side, so that they might seek refuge in the rigging, or at any rate cast themselves overboard in the hope of being picked up

boats or neighbouring vessels. The ports were very pits of death, and many a man and woman who, after struggling, got a hand or head into the open air was mercilessly dashed back into the crowd of struggling beings who were pinned below the decks without hope of escape, and perished. The watch on deck, numbering more than two hundred, saved themselves by going out on the topsail yards, which remained above water after the vessel reached the bottom, and boats from the other ships at Spithead—amongst which was the *Victory*—picked up seventy more, amongst them being eleven women and four officers.

Kempenfelt and the rest of the officers, and more than eight hundred souls, were drowned.

For a long time after the disaster, the masts of the *Royal George* remained standing, and until the hull was covered with sand, parts of it were visible at low water. Attempts were made repeatedly to raise the vessel, but for many years they were all in vain. When at last the *Royal George* was seen by the divers before she was destroyed, she presented a wonderfully beautiful appearance, for countless numbers of barnacles had attached themselves to the brave old hull, and in the dull light at the bed of the sea she looked like some phantom ship at rest for ever.

Early in 1783, a monument was erected in Portsea churchyard to the memory of those who were lost with the *Royal George*, and upon it was inscribed :

‘Reader, with solemn thought survey this grave, and reflect on the untimely death of thy fellow mortals ; and whilst, as a Briton and a patriot, thou read’st the melancholy narrative, drop a tear for the country’s loss.’

Another inscription states :

‘On the 29th day of August, 1782, his Majesty’s ship the *Royal George*, being on the heel at Spithead, overset and sunk, by which fatal accident about nine hundred persons were instantly launched into eternity, among whom was that brave and experienced officer Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt. Nine days after, many bodies of the unfortunate floated, thirty-five of whom were interred in one grave near this monument, which is erected by the parish of Portsea, as a grateful tribute to the memory of that great commander and his fellow-sufferers.’

Written in gold letters upon a pedestal was the epitaph :

‘Tis not this stone, regretted chief, thy name,
Thy worth, and merits shall extend thy fame.
Brilliant achievements have thy name imprest
In lasting characters on Albion’s breast.’

It is worthy of bearing in mind that the *Victory*, in addition to being present at the sinking of the *Royal George*, was, on May 1st, 1795, a spectator of the destruction of the *Boyne*, ninety-eight guns, which caught fire and blew up at Spithead.

The naval relics at Chatham Dockyard include a portion of the keel of the *Royal George*, and the purser's candle which was recovered from the wreck in 1839, having remained under water nearly half a century.

THE FORMIDABLE AND LORD RODNEY.

‘THE greatest of English seamen save Nelson and Blake,’ Admiral Lord Rodney, had a glorious record of service at sea, and his achievements in battle may well be allowed to act as an impenetrable curtain over some of the indiscretions he committed. Rodney’s character as a man is by no means perfect, but viewed simply as a commander, one whose word is law and must be obeyed, he was well-nigh faultless. It is difficult to compare him with any other great British admiral. He was unlike Blake, and differed altogether from Nelson. The victor at Trafalgar understood not only how to command, but also how to get men to obey him; Rodney was able to extract implicit adherence to his will, but he never possessed the happy quality of gaining, as Nelson gained, the love of his subordinates. He was a man who stood alone and acted alone, and knew well

how to preserve that great gulf which in his time yawned between the head of a fleet and the inferior officers. It was Nelson's plan to explain his intentions to his officers, and to take them fully into his confidence, and that custom has been followed with the happiest effects since his time, both on land and sea. Rodney never acted in this spirit, and one result was that some of his officers forsook him at a critical period, and embittered him towards them to the end of his days. He began his career when naval commanders fought according to established rules, when a system prevailed which had no elasticity, and when a man knew that the punishment of death might be inflicted upon him if he deviated from the plans that were laid down for his guidance. But once, at any rate, Rodney allowed himself to be urged to take a course which was against all precedent. That was at the most critical stage of his last and greatest fight, when his flag-captain, Douglas, approached him and implored him to take a step which he was certain would ensure the destruction of the enemy. Rodney looked fiercely at the man who had dared even for an instant to forget their relative positions; then he saw that what was said to him was good, and he acted upon the suggestion, although there is every reason to believe that in due course he would have taken the step which Douglas

urged. Only once did Rodney hold a council of war, a fact which shows how great was his confidence in his own judgment and abilities. In battle he always sought and kept the foremost place.

‘Master,’ he said, when beginning his fight with the Spanish under Laranga, ‘this ship is not to pay any attention to the merchantmen or the small ships of war. Lay me alongside the biggest ship you can see, or the admiral, if there be one.’

An interesting circumstance about Rodney is that he was the last of those officers who entered the navy by means of a letter-of-service; in other words, he was the last to join under the old system of special patronage, which was supposed to ensure, and as a rule did ensure, the getting of a commission.

Rodney was fortunate, in addition to having the advantage of the letter-of-service, in being the son of the commander of the royal yacht. His father obtained this desirable berth through the influence of his kinsman the Duke of Chandos, who usually accompanied George I. on his journeys between England and the continent. Rodney’s father, being asked on one of the trips what mark of kindness he would like the king to confer upon him answered, that his Majesty would stand sponsor for his son. The wish was gratified by the monarch, and the lad was named

George Brydges, after the king and the nobleman to whom he was related.

Rodney went to sea with Admiral Medley, and for six years served on the Newfoundland station. In 1742, being then twenty-four years old, he was appointed to the *Plymouth*, of sixty-four guns, and was sent from the Mediterranean to England with a convoy of three hundred vessels. This large fleet he carried in safety through a French fleet which was cruising in the chops of the Channel for the express purpose of intercepting them. It was a smart as well as lucky piece of work for Rodney, who was warmly thanked by the merchants whose property he had preserved, while his rank of captain, then but temporary, was confirmed by the Admiralty.

Two years later he had another bit of good fortune. He was then commanding the *Eagle*, a new ship of sixty guns, employed as a cruiser on the Irish station. When thus engaged Rodney captured two privateers, one a Spaniard and the other a Frenchman; while the year after he was with the squadron which was sent to intercept a fleet of homeward-bound French merchantmen from St. Domingo. The fleet consisted of one hundred and seventy vessels, carrying cargoes of great value, and convoyed by four ships of war. The English squadron, of five sail

of the line, a frigate, and two fire-ships, on seeing the French, gave chase, but the ships were foul, and the men-of-war made good their escape. The hapless merchantmen fell an easy prey, no fewer than forty-eight being secured, while the rest were so dispersed that several were afterwards taken by British cruisers. Rodney, in the *Eagle*, captured half-a-dozen of the forty-eight.

In October, 1747, Rodney took part under Hawke in the defeat of De Letenduer's squadron, when the English had one hundred and forty-four killed and five hundred and fifty-eight wounded, and the French lost eight hundred men, one hundred being killed and one hundred and forty wounded on board a single ship. In this engagement the *Eagle* fought two ships at once, and suffered serious injury. Her wheel was shot away and all the men at it were killed, and the rigging was so severely damaged that for awhile control of the vessel was altogether lost.

In 1749 Rodney was appointed to the *Rainbow*, a fourth-rate, being shortly afterwards sent out as Governor and Commander-in-chief of Newfoundland.

In the following year he had a mild excitement in the shape of cruising for an island which was supposed to exist nearly a thousand miles to the west of Scilly. For two weeks Rodney sailed about in the hope of discovering the new territory, but al-

though several signs were noticed which usually indicate the proximity of land the island was not sighted—as a matter of fact, it had no existence except in the imagination of the supposed discoverer.

The rank of rear-admiral of the blue was reached by Rodney in May, 1759, when he was given the command of a small squadron for an expedition against Havre de Grace, where a large number of flat-bottomed boats had been collected by the French, presumably for an invasion of England. Rodney set to work with the utmost zeal, and made very good use of the bomb vessels under his command. For a considerable period he was actively employed off Havre, but no occasion arose to call forth the exercise of the uncommon abilities which he possessed as a great commander, nor did such an opportunity arise for several years. Nevertheless Rodney had done such signal service for his country that in January, 1764, he was made a baronet, and in November in the following year was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital, a post which he held for four years. In 1771 he resigned the governorship, having been appointed Commander-in-chief on the Jamaica station. Previous to this Rodney had been engaged in a parliamentary contest which had put him to such ruinous expense that for a very long time he was in greatly embarrassed circumstances, and ulti-

mately he was forced to seek in France refuge from his creditors. It was while undergoing voluntary exile in the French capital that, if the reports concerning the matter be true, advantage was taken of his distressed condition to make him an offer which he scornfully rejected—the offer of a French command.

Concerning this famous story about Rodney, Mr. David Hannay says it is a ‘wild legend which can hardly have even a basis of fact,’ but it should not be forgotten that the tale is told of a time when truth, both in France and England, was often a vast deal stranger than fiction. The tale is that while Rodney was in exile in Paris, because of his pecuniary embarrassments, he was offered the command of the French fleet in the West Indies. He was approached by the Duke de Biron, who had invited the Englishman to spend a few weeks at his house. One morning, while walking in the gardens, the duke sounded his guest on the subject, but so astounding did the whole thing seem to Rodney that he charitably assumed that his grace was wrong in his head. The duke, baffled by the honesty of a man who refused to draw any inferences of his own, was compelled to speak outright, and say that as the king, his royal master, intended that the West Indies should become the theatre of the next war, he was commissioned to

make the most unbounded offers to Rodney if he would quit the English service and accept the command of a French squadron. To this offer it is said that the admiral, while speaking with 'great temper though with considerable emotion,' replied that it was true that his distresses had driven him from his country, but that no temptation whatever could estrange him from her service; that if the offer had been a voluntary one he would have deemed it an insult, but that he was glad to learn it came from a source which 'could do no wrong.' Whereupon his grace was so struck with the patriotic virtue of the British tar that from that moment he became his sincere friend.

Whatever truth there may be in this picturesque story there is no doubt that the duke acted in the most friendly way to the admiral, and it was through the kind instrumentality of his grace that Rodney was able to leave France and escape from his creditors. The duke insisted upon lending Rodney money enough to pay his debts and his expenses to England; and in May, 1778, the admiral yielded to his friend's solicitations, took the thousand louis which he proffered, and left Paris for London.

In those loose and rough and tumble days for a naval officer to be out of sight was to be out of the mind of the Admiralty, and Rodney knew that while

he was in France there could be no hope of further employment at home. So soon as he had reached England he set to work to get engaged once more, and towards the close of 1779 he was appointed to the chief command of the Leeward Island station. He sailed from Spithead on Christmas Day in that year, in command of the *Sandwich*, of ninety guns. King William the Fourth, then a midshipman, was on board the *Prince George*, of ninety-eight guns. Rodney sailed with stores for the relief of Gibraltar, and early in January, when off Cape Finisterre, he captured a large convoy which was taking provisions for the troops then engaged in the siege of Gibraltar. This was an important service, and a few days afterwards one quite as important was performed when Rodney encountered a Spanish force and captured the *Phoenix*, of eighty guns, the Spanish Admiral Laranga's flag-ship, and three seventy-gun ships, while two seventy-gun ships also surrendered, and one of the same size, the *San Domingo*, blew up, and all on board were lost. Two of the prizes were wrecked, the crews being saved, and Rodney was prevented for a while from relieving Gibraltar. But at length the weather became finer, and the starving troops were relieved, the provisions which had been captured from the Spaniards being taken over with a keen appreciation of the misfortune of the Spaniards who

had lost them. In the action with the Spanish the British loss was thirty-two men killed and one hundred and two wounded.

From this stage we can pass to Rodney's memorable action with De Guichen on April 17th, 1780, at Fort Royal. This was the celebrated fight in which several of the British captains, having conceived a personal dislike to the admiral, and acting in concert, either neglected or refused to obey the signals ordering them to come to close action with the enemy. The *Sandwich* on this occasion fired no fewer than three thousand five hundred round shot and used one hundred and sixty barrels of gunpowder, and from beginning to end of the battle she was fought with the utmost stubbornness and bravery. The *Sandwich* suffered terribly, and no fewer than seventy of the men on board were killed and wounded. When the French ships drew off, the *Sandwich* had eighty shots in her hull, three being between wind and water, and her mast, yards, and rigging were cut to pieces, and for twenty-four hours it was with the greatest difficulty that she was kept afloat at all. In this action the British lost, in killed, one hundred and twenty men, and three hundred and fifty-three in wounded.

Rodney himself asserted that but for the disgraceful behaviour of the captains who refused to obey

orders this battle would have been 'the most glorious victory ever obtained by a British fleet over the French.' It is said that the officers on board the frigates on seeing what was being done, wept with indignation, while the enraged admiral publicly announced to his captains that he would hoist his flag on board a frigate and expect, under certain penalty of being superseded, instant and implicit obedience to any signal that was made. This threat had a good effect, and in writing to Lady Rodney the admiral said the captains had become convinced that they had nothing to expect at his hands but instant punishment.

'My eye on them,' he said, 'had more dread than the enemy's fire, and they knew it would be fatal. No regard was paid to rank—admirals as well as captains, if out of their station, were instantly reprimanded by signals or messages sent by frigates; and in spite of themselves I taught them to be, what they had never been before—*officers*; and showed them that an inferior fleet, properly conducted, was more than a match for one far superior; and that France with all her boasting must give up the sovereignty of the seas to Great Britain.'

In another letter Rodney said that if the captains who had disgraced themselves lived to eternity they would never have it in their power to make their

country amends for their behaviour on that 17th of April. He told the captains that he was sure that part of their motive in acting as they did was villainy, with the hope of upsetting the administration. He sent home most of the officers who were with him on that day—one of them was dismissed the service, and another probably would have been had he not been lost in a hurricane—and managed, by the vigorous measures he adopted, to bring his fleet to a high state of discipline and efficiency.

Rodney believed in obedience, particularly when he gave orders. As he himself said in one of his letters, ‘I will be the admiral.’

He showed this after the affair of the 17th more than once, and indeed in view of the many difficult positions in which he was placed it was necessary for him to assert his authority in a manner which showed beyond all doubt that he and he alone was master. At about this period he made a good deal in prize money, and a grateful country conferred on him a pension of two thousand pounds, five hundred pounds on his wife, one thousand pounds on his eldest son, and one hundred pounds each on the younger children, and altogether Rodney was able to get himself into a much better position financially than he had for some time enjoyed. Mr. Hannay, dealing with the question of Rodney and his finances, says he

is afraid it is impossible to acquit him of great want of judgment and inability to resist the temptation to look after his own pocket too eagerly in the course of his transactions with confiscations of property at St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, and that his folly in taking upon himself to decide what was and what was not lawful prize was glaring. The drain which was made upon Rodney's pocket by the claims afterwards made upon him left him a poor man to the end of his days, while the results of the capture of St. Eustatius 'were evil for his fame directly and indirectly.'

Of Rodney's unpopularity in England and the attacks which were made upon him in Parliament it is not necessary to refer here; whatever wrong he did was pretty well made up for by the service he rendered to his country in his last and greatest fight in 1782.

Early in that year Rodney was again in command in the West Indies, having beaten his way out from England in cold and stormy weather, weather in which the waves swept clean over the *Formidable* and other three-deckers of the fleet. Exclusive of smaller vessels, the British fleet consisted of thirty-six ships of the line and the French thirty-four, amongst these being the famous *Ville de Paris*, of one hundred and four guns.

The *Formidable*, ninety-eight guns, was built at Chatham in 1777, and bore Sir H. Palliser's flag in the action of July 27th, in the following year. Her tonnage was nineteen hundred and forty-five; length of gun-deck, one hundred and seventy-seven feet six and three-quarter inches; keel, one hundred and forty-three feet ten inches; breadth, fifty feet five inches; depth in hold, twenty-one feet.

An excellent account of the battle is given by Sir Gilbert Blane, Bart., who accompanied Rodney as his medical attendant when he sailed for the relief of Gibraltar in the winter of 1779-80. Rodney had a high regard for him, and made him admiral physician of the fleet, a novel appointment at that time, but one which was confirmed by the Admiralty—in itself an act of considerable honour to the admiral. Major-General Mundy, Rodney's son-in-law, who edited the admiral's life and correspondence, observes very justly that perfect reliance may be placed upon Blane's narrative, since it was the testimony not of a youth or child, but of an intelligent and observant man whose mental powers were at that period in their utmost vigour.

On the morning of April 8th, says Blane, a signal was made, through a chain of frigates stationed between St. Lucie and Martinique, that the enemy's fleet had unmoored, and were proceeding to sea.

Upon this the British fleet, at that moment in complete readiness, took up their anchors, and in little more than two hours were under weigh, standing towards the enemy with all the sail they could crowd. It was the decided policy of the French commander not on any account to hazard a battle, the sole object of the expedition being that of joining a large sea and land force of the Spaniards, then waiting at Cape François, in order to proceed against Jamaica with their joint armament, amounting to the overwhelming force of near fifty ships of the line, and twenty thousand land troops. This momentous scheme, so hostile to the best interests of the British nation, could not otherwise be disconcerted than by the discomfiture of the armament now rising into full view. In proportion to the greatness of the object was the anxiety of the commander-in-chief to overtake and attack the enemies of his country; and there has seldom occurred in the history of rival nations an occasion in which higher interests or a deeper stake in point of honour were to be contended for, than that which presented itself at this moment. 'We gained so much upon them, that next morning the van and centre of our fleet, including the flag-ship, had got within cannon-shot of our enemy's rear, and a sharp cannonade ensued, which, however, proved partial and indecisive, from the falling of the wind,

and from a great part of our fleet being becalmed under the high lands of Dominique. In the course of the next two days, the enemy, by dint of great efforts, kept far to windward, and would probably have made their escape had they not been brought down on the 11th to save one of their ships which had dropped to leeward, in consequence of being crippled by running foul of another ship in the night. By this casualty, we had the inexpressible pleasure at daybreak, on the 12th, to discover that we were in a situation to weather a large part of the enemy's fleet, which was now reduced to thirty ships, two having been so much damaged by the action of the 9th that they could not resume their place in the line, and one having been rendered inefficient by the accident above mentioned.'

Sir Gilbert goes on to say that the line of battle was formed in an incredibly short time, but to leave him for the moment, and turn to other sources, we learn that just after day broke on that day which was to prove the most famous in Rodney's life Douglas, the captain of the fleet, rushed down into the admiral's cabin and told him that 'God had given him his enemy on the lee bow.' Those were the days when Providence, judging by expressions which were commonly used, was hard on enemies of England. Rodney went on deck, and the glad sight met him of

the French fleet in the direction named by Douglas, and some of the fastest ships of Hood's division were ordered to chase; but shortly afterwards this order was cancelled, the ships were recalled, and eventually Rodney formed his fleet in a line, a cable's length—two hundred yards—separating them. The line when complete covered a distance of more than five miles.

Meanwhile every officer and man of the fleet who could do so set to work to fortify himself for the long and bloody struggle which was near at hand, and breakfast was taken as the French and English drew towards each other. In the admiral's cabin on the *Formidable* Rodney and the small band who messed at his table took the morning meal, Cranstoun, the junior captain, remaining on deck to watch the enemy. When the repast was half finished Cranstoun entered the cabin and reported to the admiral that as the English were then sailing they would cut through the French line; but Rodney, knowing that the French were bound to fight him, made no answer, and he satisfied his hunger before returning to the deck.

The battle opened shortly after seven o'clock, the two fleets being then in long parallel lines, and until noon it was a simple fight of ship with ship. It was one of the fiercest and simplest of our battles. The lines were filing slowly past each other at the rate

of something like three and a half miles an hour, going in opposite directions, and so close were the vessels at times that it would have been possible to throw a cold shot from the *Formidable* on board some of the French ships as they went past her. The French vessels were crowded with troops who had been conveyed to the West Indies for the purpose of conquering Jamaica, and so effectively were the English carronades used that the slaughter of the soldiers was awful. They were thrown overboard to the sharks as they were killed, and the bloody fight went fiercely on. The battle had only lasted an hour when English and French ships were yard-arm by yard-arm, and so dense was the battle-smoke that some of the signals in the fleets could not be seen. At half-past nine the two admirals met, and the *Formidable* and the *Ville de Paris* blazed away at each other in deadly earnest. By this time a chair had been placed on the quarter-deck of the *Formidable* for Rodney, who suffered greatly from gout, and this seat he frequently used, except when he was making his way to the stern-gallery in order that he might see what his ships behind him were doing. The scene on the quarter-deck at this period is one of the most interesting in naval history. Mr. Hannay says,

‘When eighteen of the Frenchmen had gone by, each carrying away marks of the *Formidable’s* broad-

side, the admiral was standing on the quarter-deck and with him was Gilbert Blane. The high bulwarks on either side, and the hammocks stacked across the front of the quarter-deck in a barricade, shut in the view. Rodney wished to take a look at the French line, and, accompanied by Blane, stepped out on the starboard gangway. They had just passed the *Sceptre*, and leaning over the rails of the gangway they saw the *Glorieux*, seventy-four, rolling down on them. She had just taken the fire of Captain Alan Gardner in the *Duke*, ninety-eight, a splendidly-efficient three-decker, and was reeling from the top. Her captain, the Vicomte d'Escars (a name it is now thought correct to spell Des Cars), a gentleman of the house of Fitzjames, had been killed, and hurled overboard to the sharks. His lieutenant, Trogoff de Kerlessi, had nailed the white flag with the golden lilies to the stump of a mast. Rodney and Blane saw the Frenchmen on the upper deck throwing away rammers and sponges, and running from the guns. A glance showed Rodney that the wind was forcing the *Glorieux* down on him, and that she was almost about to touch. His broadsides were being aimed low, but not sufficiently low for that. She had had enough, but she must be crushed, and knocked out of the French line.

“Now,” said Rodney to the doctor, “comes the fight

for the body of Patroclus." He looked round for a messenger. None was at hand, and he turned to Blane saying, "Run down and tell them to elevate their metal!" He ran down with the order—which meant that the muzzles of the guns were to be depressed to fire a sinking broadside—and so deprived posterity of an admirable witness of what happened on the *Formidable's* quarter-deck during the next few minutes.'

According to Rodney's own account the battle began at seven in the morning and continued till sunset, nearly eleven hours, and there was not seven minutes' respite during the engagement, which he regarded as the severest that was ever fought at sea, and the most glorious for England. When he was writing to Lady Rodney telling her of his victory, and that he had taken five ships and sunk another, the Comte de Grasse was sitting in the stern-gallery of the *Formidable*, a state of things which shows the irony of fate when it is remembered that not long before, the French admiral, on receiving an English captain, expressed the hope that ere long Rodney would be with him—as prisoner, of course—on board the *Ville de Paris*. The Comte had told Rodney that he thought the French fleet was superior to the English, although the latter had two ships more in number. Rodney himself was of this opinion, as the

French fleet was composed all of large ships and no fewer than ten of Rodney's were only sixty-fours. The admiral had had no sleep for four nights, but his spirits had risen with the victory, and he reminded his wife that within two years he had taken two Spanish, one French, and one Dutch admiral. 'Providence does it all,' he said, 'or how should I escape the shot of thirty-three sail of the line, every one of which, I believe, attacked me? But the *Formidable* proved herself worthy of her name.' In another letter he said that the battle lasted with unremitting fury from seven in the morning till half-past six in the evening, when the setting sun put an end to the contest. According to this statement the battle lasted eleven and a half hours.

Rodney said that the whole of the enemy's army, consisting of five thousand five hundred men, were on board their ships of war, and that the destruction amongst them must have been prodigious, as for the greatest part of the action every gun told. The *Formidable* alone fired nearly eighty broadsides.

In that engagement the English loss was two hundred and thirty killed, and seven hundred and fifty-nine wounded; the loss of the French, owing to the crowded state of their ships, and the deadly fire of the English, being far heavier. On board the *Formidable*, out of seven hundred and fifty men, fif-

teen were killed and thirty-nine were wounded—the greatest total of any of the British ships engaged, although the *Monarch*, out of six hundred men, had sixteen killed and thirty-three wounded.

As to the French loss, it is believed to have been more than three thousand killed, and twice that number wounded. This loss included the *Cæsar*, of seventy-four guns. Before the prisoners could be taken from her, she was seen to be on fire, and before anything could be done to save either her or her crew, she blew up with a frightful explosion.

The *Glorieux* suffered terribly. When the *Formidable* broke through the French line, she passed within pistol-shot of that vessel, and saw that she was shorn of all her masts, bowsprit, and ensign staff, but with the white flag nailed to the stump of one of her masts, ‘breathing defiance as it were,’ says Blane, ‘in her last moments.’ A mere hulk, she presented ‘a spectacle which struck our admiral’s fancy as not unlike the remains of a fallen hero, for being an indefatigable reader of Homer, he exclaimed, that now was to be the contest for the body of Patroclus; but the contest was already at an end, for the enemy’s fleet, being separated, fell into confusion, a total rout ensued, and victory was no longer doubtful.’

As the *Formidable* passed, the cannoniers of the *Glorieux* were seen throwing away their sponges

and handspikes in order to save themselves by running below. They had reason to fear the murderous effect of the English guns, which were particularly deadly at such close quarters.

Among the prisoners of the *Glorieux* were many persons of distinguished birth. She was commanded by Vicomte d'Escars, a man who was as remarkable for bravery as for his hatred of everything English. When the British boarded her, they found that d'Escars had been killed in the battle, and they were shown the stains of blood on the gunnel where his body had been thrown overboard. The *Glorieux* presented a scene of horror. So great was the number of her killed, that the survivors had ceased to throw the bodies overboard, and the decks were covered with the blood and mangled limbs of the dead, as well as with the wounded and dying.

Although victory was assured the moment the *Formidable* broke the French line, the effect of it on the spirit of the fleet was not complete until the *Ville de Paris* struck her colours. By this time the French flag-ship, which had thirteen hundred men on board, had lost in killed and wounded about three hundred. She had innumerable shot in her sides, many having entered in a raking direction, while her rigging was so badly torn that she had not a sail left nor a mast fit to carry one.

The *Ville de Paris* was a magnificent vessel, which, at a cost of nearly two hundred thousand pounds, had been presented by the city of Paris to Louis XV. The king gave her her name in compliment to the donors. She carried one hundred and six guns, was copper-bottomed, and was the finest national trophy ever won at sea.

After being repaired, a prize crew were put on board, and she was despatched to England, but never reached the land of her conquerors. She is supposed to have foundered at sea. Mementoes of her are still preserved. The Royal United Service Institution possess the bell of the private chapel of the ship, and a clock-face which was taken from the break of the poop, the hand of which was turned by the sentinel at the end of each hour. A private collector has a lantern taken from the stern of the flag-ship. On board the *Ville de Paris* were found thirty-six chests of money for the purpose of paying the troops engaged in the projected attack on Jamaica. In 1797, at the time of Jervis's victory off St. Vincent, the largest English built ship was called the *Ville de Paris*. The length of her gun-deck was one hundred and ninety feet two inches, her extreme breadth was fifty-three feet two inches, and the depth of her hold was twenty-two feet two inches. She was of two thousand three hundred and fifty-two tons.

The *Glorieux* also foundered on her passage to Europe. All that was known of either her or the French flag-ship was that a seaman named Wilson, who was picked up by a Danish vessel, floating on a piece of wreck, said that he belonged to the *Ville de Paris*, and that when she went down he clung to a piece of wreck. He was so overcome with terror that he could not remember anything else, except that he saw the *Glorieux* founder on the day before that on which the *Ville de Paris* was lost.

Another of the French ships which was lost, the *Cæsar*, of seventy-four guns, was reckoned one of the best vessels in the French navy. On the night of the action she took fire and blew up, and more than four hundred men, with an English lieutenant and fifty-eight seamen who had been put on board from the *Centaur*, perished with her, in spite of all efforts to save them. The accident, according to Rodney, was owing to 'the extreme bad discipline of the French seamen, all of whom, upon their ship's striking, were guilty of every enormity and disobedience to their officers.'

Rodney estimated the enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners to be at least fifteen thousand men. The number of prisoners was seven thousand nine hundred and eighty.

The victorious admiral arrived at Kingston,

Jamaica, on the evening of April 29th, 1782, conducting the *Ville de Paris* and the rest of the prizes. In recording the arrival the *Jamaica Gazette* stated that Rodney in the *Formidable*, for three hours, while pouring destruction into the bosoms of the enemy, was involved in so thick a cloud of smoke that he and his ship were invisible to the rest of the officers and men of his fleet, who, during that time, were under the most fearful apprehensions of his fate. No other signal was made on that ever memorable and glorious day, said the *Gazette*, but the general one for action and that for close fight.

‘The enemy were so confident that the affair would be no more than a brush, that they did not even remove the live oxen that crowded the decks of several of their ships to prepare for action, many of which, stung to madness by their wounds, and the horrible roaring of the cannon, broke loose, and greatly aggravated the terror and confusion which prevailed amongst their *crest-fallen owners*.’

A victory like this was followed by great rejoicings at home, the city of Bristol being specially prominent amongst the towns that sought to honour the great conqueror. On Friday, November 15th, 1782, Rodney made a state entry, on the invitation of the mayor and the leading citizens, and the cavalcade that was formed was one of the most splendid ever witnessed

in the city. There were many colours decked with laurels, a 'boat with trumpets,' 'boat with drums and fifes,' 'boat with band of music,' 'Frenchmen and Englishmen,'—presumably some French prisoners were temporarily released to add lustre to the procession—'a vessel, named the *Rodney*, manned by eight gentlemen in sailors' habit, and gentlemen on foot and gentlemen on horseback.' There was a figure of Mars, supported by javelin men, and a medallion of his most gracious Majesty, protected by Minerva, and also supported by javelin men. Two men carried a large banner inscribed 'the gallant and victorious Rodney,—saviour of his country, protector of its islands, and scourge of its perfidious foes!' Rodney himself was in an open carriage drawn by six horses, the drivers being dressed as British seamen.

It is pleasant to turn from such pictures as the battle presents to that of 'the little bantam-cock which, in the action of 12th of April, perched himself upon the poop, and, at every broadside poured into the *Ville de Paris*, cheered the crew with his "shrill clarion," and clapped his wings, as if in approbation.' Well might Rodney order this valiant fowl to be 'pampered and protected during life.'

There are many remarkable incidents connected with Rodney's career. When commanding the

Marlborough, he was visited by the Duke of York at Portsmouth. Inspired apparently with a wish to do fit honour to the event, 'a common sailor got upon the top of the vane of the mainmast, and stood upon his head, waving his hat with his foot several times round, to the admiration of his royal highness, who made the fellow a handsome present for his extraordinary dexterity.'

Rodney was at all times solicitous for the welfare of his men, but it happened once that he acted in a way which, although intended for their benefit, met with their disapproval. The admiral made some improvements in the mode of watering in the West Indies. The sailors had been obliged to roll the casks from a very great distance to the ships—in that hot climate a hard and fatiguing task. When Rodney found an easier and speedier method than this they said, 'God bless the admiral;' but on finding that the new plan curtailed their stay on shore, and remembering that the old custom gave them in this respect more freedom, they altered their expression and said, 'The devil take the admiral.'

During the fight with *Laranga* a woman was discovered who, contrary to the rules of the service, had secreted herself in her husband's cabin. She fought a quarter-deck-gun in the room of her husband, who was in the cockpit, wounded. When Rodney

knew of the discovery he severely reprimanded the woman for her breach of orders, but all the same gave her ten guineas on the spot, for having so bravely taken her husband's place.

Collingwood himself did not think more of his wife and daughter when at sea than Rodney did. The admiral's letters are full of references to his girls.

'Our dear girls' pictures are hung up in my cabin,' he says, in one of his epistles to his wife. 'I own it is a very great relief to me when I look at them; at the same time I abuse the painter most heartily. The dog shall never draw mine, he has done so much injustice to them.'

He proposes on one occasion to rechristen one of his prizes *Jane*, after one of the daughters, and hopes she will scratch his Majesty's enemies.

'It was at first proposed to be called the *Lovely Jenny*, but I did not choose that my daughter should allure the enemies of my country, as of all things I should abhor a French son-in-law.'

During his command on the West India station Rodney intimated to one of his captains that for neglect of duty in allowing his ship to get into bad order he would remove him from his command. Before doing so, however, he resolved to inspect the ship himself, and accordingly went on board. When he saw there two pretty and well-behaved girls, and

the cabin fitted in 'the most elegant and superb manner for their accommodation' he could not carry out his design. The youth, beauty, and innocence of the daughters, and the polite behaviour of the mother saved the erring father, and the vessel was permitted to sail for England with the convoy.

It is singular that in all his fights Rodney never received the least wound—a strong contrast with Nelson, who was so often wounded, and who at one time presented a pitiable spectacle as the result of his numerous hurts.

Before Nelson received one thousand pounds a year pension, he had to follow the custom of distinctly stating his services to the king. This was in October, 1797, when Nelson stated he had been actually engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times, and in the service had lost his right eye and arm, and been severely bruised and wounded in the body.

Rodney died full of years and honour. His record may be given in a few sentences. Born in 1718, he was a captain in 1742. He commanded the *Eagle* in Hawke's action in October, 1747, was made Governor of Newfoundland in 1749, and in the following year became rear-admiral. In 1762, in conjunction with the army, he reduced the French West Indies. In 1763 he was made vice-admiral, and

a baronet in 1764. In 1765 he was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital, which post he resigned in 1771 on being made commander-in-chief of the Jamaica station. In 1778 he became admiral, and in 1780 defeated Laranga's fleet and effected the first relief of Gibraltar. Three times in the same year he engaged the French fleet off Martinique, under De Guichen. In 1780 he was made a Knight of the Bath, in 1781 he captured St. Eustatius, in the same year was made Vice-Admiral of England. On April the 12th he obtained his signal victory over De Grasse, for which he was made a peer of the realm, with a pension of two thousand pounds. In 1792 he died, 'in an honourable poverty,' his private fortune having been greatly lessened by the numerous law-suits which he had to defend in the last ten years of his life, as a result of the taking of St. Eustatius. He died without a struggle, after sixty-two years in the navy, more than fifty of which had been in commission—'a period of active service,' says Mundy, 'perhaps unprecedented in the naval annals of his country.'

THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN AND LORD COLLINGWOOD.

THE story has been often told, but it will have to be told many times again before Englishmen are tired of hearing it, of what befell when Nelson and Collingwood went into action in Trafalgar Bay. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee division, and Nelson in the *Victory* led the weather line. The *Royal Sovereign* was newly coppered, and was the fastest of the fifteen ships of her division, and Collingwood was a great deal nearer to the enemy than his chief.

‘See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action. How I envy him!’ exclaimed Nelson, looking at the *Royal Sovereign*.

‘What would Nelson give to be here!’ said Collingwood, almost at the same moment.

No wonder that with such commanders, moved by

such a spirit, the fight off Cape Trafalgar ended as it did end.

It was twenty minutes before noon when Nelson telegraphed his immortal signal—‘England expects every man will do his duty.’ Half an hour later the *Royal Sovereign* fired a double-shotted broadside into the stern of the *Santa Ana* with such deadly effect that fourteen guns were dismantled, and the Spanish officers themselves acknowledged that nearly four hundred of their men had been killed or wounded by the discharge. The *Santa Ana’s* star-board side was nearly beaten in by the shot of the *Royal Sovereign*, which, after firing into the Spaniard’s stern, ranged so close alongside of her that the muzzles of the guns almost touched each other. The Spaniard fought valiantly for a couple of hours, then, with her three masts over her side, and her decks covered with dead and dying, she struck to her conqueror. She was the flag-ship of Admiral Alava, who was himself among the large number of wounded Spanish officers. The *Santa Ana* was of one hundred and twelve guns, and such was the weight of her discharge that her first broadside made the *Royal Sovereign* heel two streaks out of the water.

The grim but splendid example of Collingwood was followed shortly afterwards by the *Victory*. For forty minutes Nelson’s ship sailed slowly towards the

French and Spanish lines, enduring silently such a fire as was hardly ever directed at one ship. She had marked her quarry, the *Bucentaure*, carrying the flag of Admiral Villeneuve, commanding the united fleets of France and Spain, and she rode majestically on through the hail of shot that was sent at her, heedless of the death that played about. Fifty of her men were killed and wounded, her wheel was smashed to pieces, her sails were riddled, and her mizen-top-mast had gone over the side. Still she drifted on, and not until she was so close to the *Bucentaure* that her rigging almost touched the ensign of France did she fire a shot. Then a sixty-eight-pounder carronade, loaded with one round shot and five hundred musket-balls in a keg, roared at the stern windows of the Frenchman, and the hail of metal was followed by every one of the fifty guns on her broadside, all either double-shotted or treble-shotted. Under that storm of lead and iron twenty of the Frenchman's guns went over, and four hundred of his men were killed or wounded. Collingwood and Nelson accounted at the very beginning of the fight for eight hundred of the enemy; while their own combined losses in killed and wounded for the day were about three hundred and thirty.

The secret of the slaughter on the *Santa Ana* and *Bucentaure* was this. In those days the stern of a

war-ship was her most vital part. The sides were stout enough and strong enough, but the stern was completely open to the enemy's fire, being nothing more than a mass of glazed and fancy work. There was nothing whatever to stop the shot of the enemy from entering by the stern and spreading havoc along the decks. The great object, therefore, was to get a ship broadside on to the enemy's stern and rake her. Both Collingwood and Nelson did this at Trafalgar; and the American frigate *United States*, to take another instance from many, did the same to the English frigate *Macedonian* in 1812, just before the *Macedonian* struck to her. The frail and dangerous stern was abolished by Sir Robert Seppings, the famous naval architect, and although the introduction of the round stern gave rise to a fierce controversy still experience showed how vastly superior it was to anything that had gone before.

Collingwood's success in life was closely connected with that of Nelson, the man with whom his friendship was 'a brotherhood of thirty years.' A few words will tell the story of his life. Born in 1750, he served on shore at the battle of Bunker's Hill. At the age of thirty he was a captain, and was flag-captain to Rear-Admiral Bowyer in Howe's action on the Glorious First of June. At the battle of Cape St. Vincent Collingwood commanded the *Excellent*. He had by 1799

attained the rank of rear-admiral, and was vice-admiral in 1804. He was, as all men know, second in command under Nelson at Trafalgar, and for his eminent services was raised to the peerage, with two thousand a year as pension. Collingwood continued to command the Mediterranean fleet until his death, which took place on the 7th of March, 1810. His body was brought to England and buried in the crypt of St. Paul's, where he lies near his friend and comrade Nelson.

Collingwood was not what the world calls a great man, but the memory of him is more refreshing than that of many a soldier and sailor whose deeds are better known. He himself wrote on January 7th, 1806, when his victories had all been won, 'My life has been a continued service at sea, but unmarked by any of those extraordinary events or brilliant scenes which hold men up to particular attention.' We think of Cuthbert Collingwood as a fighting man whose leading wish in life was simply to do his duty ; as a pious man, a true husband and father, and a faithful servant of his country. As a second in command he was admirable. He had not, perhaps, the initiative necessary to the perfect leader ; but once he knew the wishes of his chief no man ever more zealously carried them out. Had it not been for Nelson, Collingwood might never have reached the proud

position he held when he died. He was so placed that he could follow Nelson step by step up the ladder of promotion, and was so intimately connected with all that Nelson did in his later years that he was the only man to take the lead when his chief fell on board the *Victory*.

How greatly Collingwood's services were appreciated all may learn from the manner in which he was treated when he commanded on the Mediterranean station. He asked repeatedly, in view of his failing health, to be relieved, but the authorities said they had no one competent to relieve him, and begged him to continue in his post. He did so, and died in harness, after the life of a slave afloat. Once for a year, and once for twenty-two months, he never dropped anchor.

Collingwood went into action stout of courage and confident of success. There was none of Nelson's exultation and dash about him, and perhaps little of the lust of battle with which Nelson's heart was filled. He never did such things as put a telescope to a blind eye and swear he could not see a signal of recall; nor attempt to kill a Polar bear because he wanted to take the skin home to his father. He was made of different stuff from Nelson, but he was none the less successful as a chief on that account. What

Nelson gained in affection by reason of his brilliance and audacity, Collingwood secured by qualities that may be found in every competent commander. He believed implicitly in his mission, and had faith in his power to fulfil it.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the Glorious First, when Collingwood, in the *Barfleur*, went into action off Ushant, under Lord Howe, he observed to Rear-Admiral Bowyer that about that time their wives were going to church, but that he thought the peal they would ring about the Frenchmen's ears would outdo the parish bells at home. The 1st was the morning of his little daughter's birthday, and Collingwood in one of his letters has told how the night was spent in watching and preparation for the succeeding day, and how he sent forth many a blessing to his Sarah, lest he should never bless her more. After that they got very near indeed to the enemy, and 'then began such a fire as would have done you good to have heard.'

Collingwood was human enough to have his little weaknesses, and like the rest of frail mankind he sometimes cherished gentle malice. But how gentle it was may be known from an incident of the day before Trafalgar. He and his captain, Rotherham, were not on good terms with each other, and this was

made known to Nelson when Collingwood, with some of the captains, had gone on board the *Victory* in order to receive instructions.

‘Terms!’ said Nelson, ‘good terms with each other!’ He at once sent a boat for Rotherham, and as soon as that officer reached the *Victory* led him to Collingwood and said, ‘Look; yonder are the enemy!’ Collingwood and Rotherham thereupon did as Nelson bade them—shook hands like Englishmen.

Some of the last words that Nelson wrote were to his bosom friend. In sending his plan of attack he said,

‘We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend Nelson and Brontë.’

After such noble words of regard well might Collingwood say,

‘My heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend to whom, by many years’ intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which even the glorious occasion

in which he fell does not bring the consolation which perhaps it ought.'

At times, however, in spite of their great intimacy, Nelson and Collingwood were completely opposed to each other in their opinions. The best example of this opposition is given by what took place when Trafalgar had been won. Almost with his last breath Nelson gave orders for the fleet to be anchored.

'Anchor, Hardy, anchor!' he said, emphatically.

Hardy himself, Nelson having passed away, went to tell Collingwood, now commander-in-chief, of Nelson's dying request that the fleet and prizes should be brought to an anchor, so that they might be safe from a lee shore in prospect of the rising gale.

'Anchor the fleet!' exclaimed Collingwood. 'Why, it is the last thing I should have thought of.'

The fleet was not anchored, with the result that all know who have read of Trafalgar. When it was too late Collingwood saw the wisdom of his chief's directions. The battered war-ships of the English were with difficulty saved; several of the hard-won prizes foundered, and the stormy weather continuing, Collingwood destroyed, by scuttling or burning, all but the most sea-worthy of the captured vessels. Of the seventeen prizes three Spanish and one French seventy-four only were brought safely to England. Amongst the lost trophies was the *Santisima Trinidad*,

the famous four-decker, of one hundred and thirty guns, and at that time the largest war-ship in existence.

Collingwood went to sea when he was only eleven years old. We can well believe that he was a 'pretty and gentle boy.' He was a guileless and simple lad, and had a soft heart in his little bosom. When he was first separated from home he sat down on board his ship and wept. Seeing his condition the first lieutenant spoke kindly and encouragingly to him, and so completely won the future admiral's affection that he took him to his box, and in the excess of his gratitude offered him a large piece of plum-cake which his mother had given him.

Such an act on the part of the little fellow was an indication of the generous spirit that filled him throughout his life. He had at home a gardener named Scott, and even in the zenith of his fame he never forgot the old man's claims. In one of his letters he says,

'I should be obliged to you if you would send Scott a guinea for me, for these hard times must pinch the poor old man.'

'Be kind to old Scott,' he wrote at another time, 'and when you see him weeding my oaks, give the old man a shilling.'

In times such as those in which he lived—men

who have known least about them have called them the 'good old times'—when life and liberty were held so cheap even in Christian England, Collingwood saw many sights that deeply touched him, even if familiarity had made others hard and cold respecting them. Some of the most wretched scenes of all arose out of the monstrous system of impressment, to which Collingwood was ever averse, and the admiral himself told how much he felt for one of the victims.

'I have got,' he says, 'a nurseryman here from Brighton. It is a great pity that they should press such a man, because, when he was young, he went to sea for a short time. They have broken up his good business at home, distressed his family, and sent him here, where he is of little or no service. I grieve for him, poor man.'

To his own officers and men Collingwood was at all times kind and considerate. At Trafalgar, William Chalmers, the master of the *Royal Sovereign*, was standing by the admiral when a shot almost cut him in two. The master laid his head on Collingwood's shoulder, and told him he was killed. Collingwood supported him until two men carried him below. The master could say nothing to his chief but bless him, and that he would like to live long enough to read an account of the fight in a newspaper. The master

lay in the cock-pit of the *Royal Sovereign* until the *Santa Ana* struck, and, joining in the cheer which they gave her, died with it on his lips. Collingwood's energy secured from Government an allowance for the master's mother and sisters, who were in great distress, and dependent on him for support; but the admiral was not satisfied, and wrote once more to ask that some little further pension might be given to the unprotected family.

In those days of incessant warfare, when some commanders treated their men more like dogs than human beings, and when the lash was constantly at work on board their ships, Collingwood shrank from corporal punishment, and would never order it to be administered unless he was absolutely forced to do so. He believed that exceptional severity was—to use his own words—'big with the most dangerous consequences, and subversive of all real discipline.' It is said of him that when he had to witness the carrying out of flogging he suffered intense mental pain, and was melancholy and silent for many hours after the infliction of the punishment, sometimes not speaking a word for the rest of the day. One day his friend Lieutenant Clavell, angry because of the way in which some of the men were doing their work, exclaimed,

'I wish I were the captain, for your sakes.'

Some one touched him on the shoulder, and looking round he saw the admiral, who had overheard him.

‘And pray, Clavell,’ said Collingwood, ‘what would you have done if you had been captain?’

‘I would have flogged them well, sir,’ said the lieutenant.

‘No, you would not, Clavell,’ said the admiral, ‘no, you would not; I know you better.’

While a firm disbeliever in unnecessarily severe punishment, Collingwood had nothing of the lax disciplinarian about him. His own methods were gentle and humane, and so successful was he that it was the practice of Earl St. Vincent to send on board of Collingwood’s ship men with whom he could do no good. Where flogging and iron treatment were of no avail Collingwood’s method triumphed. It was his custom to tell his ship’s company that he would have even the youngest midshipman as implicitly obeyed as himself, and that he would severely punish any disobedience to the junior officers. But see how he carried out his threat. There was none of the vulgar shouting and swearing that so many officers in those days affected; everything was done quietly and in order. When a midshipman complained, the man who had offended was ordered by Collingwood for punishment the next day; but in the

meantime Collingwood would see the boy and say that in all probability the fault was his, but that in any case he was sure it would go to his heart to see a man old enough to be his father disgraced and punished on his account. 'It will, therefore,' Collingwood was accustomed to say, 'give me a good opinion of your disposition if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon.'

Such a request, being really an order, was of course always granted, and the youngster would intercede for the man. Collingwood would feign great reluctance to yield, but in the end would say that the young gentleman had pleaded so humanely for the offender, that in the hope that he would feel duly grateful for the benevolence, his fault would be overlooked.

Mild as were the punishments that Collingwood ordered instead of flogging, some of them were more dreaded than the cat itself. One which the men particularly hated was to be excluded from the mess, and employed in any sort of extra duty. This meant that a man was at any moment liable to be called on deck for the meanest service, amid the laughter of the men and boys. So marked was the effect of this punishment upon them that they were frequently heard to say that they would rather have three dozen lashes than endure it. Another plan adopted

by Collingwood was to water the offenders' grog. This never failed to bring them to their senses.

Collingwood had a sharp eye for details. No man was ever more mindful of his country's purse. He was at all times extremely careful of his ship's stores, and an incident which came to notice at St. Vincent was often talked of in the navy. Shortly before the action, the *Excellent* had bent a new fore-topsail, and when she was closely engaged with the *San Ysidro*, Collingwood called out to his boatswain,

‘ Bless me! Mr. Peffers, how came we to forget to bend our *old* topsail? They will quite ruin that new one. It will never be worth a farthing again.’

At Trafalgar he showed the same solicitude. The *Royal Sovereign* was badly cut up in the sails and rigging, and a top-gallant studding sail was hanging over the gangway hammocks. Collingwood called out to Clavell to come and help him to take the sail in, observing that they would want it again some other day. The two officers accordingly rolled it carefully up and placed it in a boat.

No wonder that a man so methodical in the heat of battle should be so considerate and precise as Collingwood was before he went into action at Trafalgar. About daylight on the day of the battle, his confidential servant entered his cabin and found that the admiral was already up and dressing. He

asked the servant if he had seen the French fleet, and on learning that he had not, told him to look out at them, adding that in a very short time they would see a great deal more of them. The servant looked out and saw the enemy's ships, but interesting as the spectacle was, he was far more interested in the admiral, who, during all the time, was shaving with astonishing composure. That morning Collingwood dressed himself with extra care. Soon afterwards, meeting Clavell, he advised him to pull off his boots, saying,

‘You had better put on silk stockings, as I have done, for if one should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon.’

The admiral then visited the decks, and encouraged the men to do their duty. To the officers he said,

‘Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day which the world may talk of hereafter.’

If Collingwood's regard for the *matériel* of the navy was great, it was none the less keen for the *personnel*. An incompetent officer he despised, and if he could by any possibility get rid of him, he would do so. After Trafalgar the British navy got into a bad way, and to the inexperience and ignorance of commanders was very largely due the series of reverses which

were sustained, especially at the hands of the Americans. Writing on November the 1st, 1808, Collingwood complained that the ships had very inexperienced youths for their lieutenants, and that few line-of-battleships had more than two or three officers who were seamen. Nearly two years before this he had sent several captains home, because they were not only of no use, but were also constant plagues.

Collingwood was not present at the battle of the Nile, and how keenly he felt his enforced absence from that great fight is shown in a letter which he sent to a friend.

‘Oh, my dear Ball,’ he wrote, ‘how I have lamented that I was not one of you! . . . I have been almost broken-hearted all the summer. My ship was in as perfect order for any service as those which were sent . . . I saw them preparing to leave us, and to leave me, with pain; but our good chief found employment for me, and to occupy my mind sent me to cruise off St. Laccars, to intercept the poor cabbage carriers. Oh, humiliation! But for the consciousness that I did not deserve degradation from any hand, and that my good estimation would not be depreciated in the minds of honourable men by the caprice of power, I should have died with indignation.’

It is an old story that Collingwood, for some

extraordinary reason, was not mentioned in the despatches of Lord Howe's fight on June 1st; but his conduct at the battle of St. Vincent was such as to make it impossible for him to be overlooked. One of the medals for St. Vincent was tendered to him, but he refused to accept it so long as the medal for the 1st of June was withheld. As a reason for his refusal he said that on the former occasion he was improperly passed over, and that to receive such a distinction now would be to acknowledge the propriety of that injustice.

Lord St. Vincent, to whom this explanation was made, replied,

‘That is precisely the answer I expected from you, Captain Collingwood.’

Subsequently the two medals were transmitted to Collingwood by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Spencer, who said, ‘I congratulate you most sincerely on having had the good fortune to bear so conspicuous a part on two such glorious occasions, and have troubled you with this letter, only to say, that the former medal would have been transmitted to you some months ago, if a proper conveyance had been found for it.’ The apology and explanation of the withholding of the medal were lame enough, in all conscience; but the official mind was satisfied, and Collingwood was too much of a

man to feel at all sore about the exact method of backing out of an awkward position.

Our old friend the colossal *Santisima Trinidad* nearly fell a prize to Collingwood at St. Vincent. He tackled the four-decker valiantly for an hour, after pouring an awful and destructive fire into the *San Nicolas*, of eighty guns, and after he had engaged the *Salvador del Mundo*, of one hundred and twelve guns. The *Santisima Trinidad* did not, however, fall into the hands of England then; although she was badly mauled. According to the Spanish account her loss in the fight was more than two hundred killed and wounded, while that of the *Salvador del Mundo* was more than one hundred and sixty.

Collingwood's elevation to the peerage did not turn either his head or his heart; if anything, it made him humbler than ever, and that is saying a great deal of a man one of whose chief characteristics was a delightful humility. Prior to Trafalgar, when pursuing his weary task of watching and observation off Cadiz, he wrote to his father-in-law saying that Bounce, his dog, was his only pet, 'and he is indeed a good fellow; he sleeps by the side of my cot whenever I lie in one, until the time of tacking, and then marches off, to be out of the hearing of the guns, for he is not reconciled to them yet.' Bounce seems to have sustained his name in noble fashion, and to have

made adequate amends for his master's modesty. Writing after Trafalgar, and when the honour which had been conferred upon him had been made known, Collingwood playfully said, 'I am out of all patience with Bounce. The consequential airs he gives himself since he became a right honourable dog are insufferable. He considers it beneath his dignity to play with commoners' dogs, and, truly, thinks that he does them grace when he condescends to lift up his leg against them. This, I think, is carrying the insolence of rank to the extreme; but he is a dog that does it.'

The blockading duty to which allusion has been made fell largely to Collingwood's lot, as it fell to that of Nelson. His perfect conscientiousness was never better shown than in the remark which his old commander, Admiral Cornwallis, made in the spring of 1803, when Collingwood resumed the blockade of the French fleet at Brest. As he approached, Cornwallis hailed him with—

'Here comes Collingwood—the last to leave, and the first to rejoin me!'

During this weary and anxious duty Collingwood was accustomed to pass the whole night on the quarter-deck, and frequently he and Clavell slept together on a gun, from which from time to time Collingwood would rise and sweep the horizon with

his night-glass, fearful lest the enemy should put to sea and escape in the dark. Sometimes Clavell, sinking under his fatigue, would try to persuade Collingwood that it was not necessary for them to stay on deck, as a good look-out was kept, and Collingwood would tell Clavell to go to bed, as he had need of rest, and he would watch alone.

Collingwood's memory is preserved in the Royal Navy to-day in the first-class twin-screw battle-ship bearing his name, while his best known ship has been succeeded by one of the most powerful ironclads afloat. A wood turret-ship called the *Royal Sovereign* was launched in 1857. She was afterwards converted to an iron-cased turret-ship. This was the first turret-ship in the Royal Navy.

Newcastle has the honour of claiming Collingwood as a native, and the northern city has done its best to perpetuate his memory. The corporation possess a snuff-box made from the timbers of the *Royal Sovereign*, the lid of which contains a lock of Collingwood's hair. Mr. C. Collingwood Denny also has a snuff-box made from a piece of oak of the ship, as well as the swords of the Spanish admiral, rear-admiral, and vice-admiral, which were surrendered to Collingwood at Trafalgar. Mr. Collingwood Denny also has the sword set in diamonds which the City of London Corporation presented to the admiral, the

sword with gold belt and scabbard which he received from the Liverpool Corporation, and the sword, bearing George III.'s initials, which was presented to him by the Duke of Clarence. Of more general interest than these is a piece of the flag flown by the admiral as second in command at Trafalgar, also owned by Mr. Collingwood Denny. The dirk which Collingwood wore when a boy has been handed down and carefully preserved, and altogether a considerable number of relics are in existence to refresh our memories, and bind us closer to one of the noblest and bravest men that ever trod the quarter-deck.

One of the most interesting relics of Collingwood is the telescope which belonged to him at the battle of St. Vincent, when he commanded the *Excellent*. The telescope was shattered by a ball which passed under Collingwood's arm. He handed it to the boatswain, saying that a miss was as good as a mile.

Collingwood, as we have seen, died a martyr to duty. No man ever longed more to forsake his calling and spend the rest of his days with the family he loved so well; but he was never to realise his fondest hope. The sea had claimed him as one of her sons, and she refused to let him go.

'I am an unhappy creature—old and worn out. I am weak and tottering on my legs. It is high time I should return to England; and I hope I shall be

allowed to do it before long. It will otherwise be too late.'

Such was the strain in which Collingwood implored to be relieved of his Mediterranean command. But relief never came, and when at last he surrendered it to Rear-Admiral Martin the hand of death was upon him. When he was told in March, 1810, that he was on his way to England, he said,

'Then I may yet live to meet the French once more.'

The hope speedily vanished, for on the morning of the 7th, when his friend, Captain Thomas, observed that he feared the motion of the vessel—there was a considerable swell on—disturbed him he replied,

'No, Thomas, I am now in a state in which nothing in the world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.'

He told one of his attendants that he had tried, as far as possible, to review all the actions of his past life, and that he had the happiness to say that nothing gave him a moment's uneasiness. He died without a struggle on the evening of that day. Well might he have said, with Nelson, 'I have done my duty.'

THE VENERABLE AND LORD DUNCAN.

THE name of the ship in which Duncan's flag was flying when he won his famous victory is no longer borne in the British navy, but the memory of his greatest achievement is kept green by a battle-ship which has more lasting associations than any other vessel in existence to-day, with one exception. There are other ships with more historic records than the *Camperdown*, but leaving out of consideration the *Victory* not one has a more momentous past. It was the *Camperdown*, as every Englishman knows, which on June 22nd, 1893, collided with the *Victoria*, the finest war-ship then afloat, whilst manœuvring off Tripoli, and with her ram made such a huge rent in the flag-ship's side that in fifteen minutes she turned over and sank in eighty fathoms of water, carrying with her the commander-in-chief and a host of officers and men. The *Venerable*, Duncan's flag-ship at Camper-

down, was a seventy-four-gun ship, built on the Thames in 1784. The length of her gun-deck was one hundred and seventy feet six inches, and of her keel one hundred and thirty-nine feet ten inches; her breadth was forty-seven feet four and three-eighths inches, and depth of hold nineteen feet eleven inches. She was of one thousand six hundred and sixty-nine tons. In January, 1795, Captain W. Hope was appointed to her, and shortly afterwards Duncan hoisted his flag on board. Her successor, for so she may be called, the *Camperdown*, is one of the well-known half-dozen twin-screw barbette armour-clad ships, built of steel, which form the 'Admiral' class—the other five being the *Anson*, *Benbow*, *Collingwood*, *Howe*, and *Rodney*. The *Camperdown* is of ten thousand six hundred tons displacement, with a length of three hundred and thirty feet, and a breadth of sixty-eight feet six inches; and carries five hundred and fifteen men.

Not a dozen years after the victory over the Dutch, the *Venerable*, which was taking part in the disastrous Walcheron expedition, had a narrow escape from a fate almost as bad as that of the *Queen Charlotte*. She got aground off the Dutch coast, not a great distance from the scene of her former triumph, and was so badly knocked about that hope of saving her was abandoned. Her timbers were stove in by the heavy

bumping, and only the stoutness of her build prevented her from being broken to pieces. There were soldiers and women on board. One of the latter counted up to a hundred tremendous thuds on the sands, and then relinquished her labours. Amongst the passengers, who with the crew and ship were saved, was Mrs. Codrington, the wife of the future victor at Navarino, who was then captain of the *Blake*.

Camperdown differs from many British victories in that it was won by a larger force than the enemy possessed. The Dutch had sixteen ships and the English had the same number, but we were superior in guns, aggregate broadside weight of metal, and crews and tonnage. The comparative forces were—British one thousand one hundred and fifty guns; Dutch, one thousand and thirty-four; broadside weight, eleven thousand five hundred and one pounds, British; nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, Dutch; crews, eight thousand two hundred and twenty-one, British; seven thousand one hundred and seventy-five, Dutch; size in tons, twenty-three thousand six hundred and one, and twenty thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven. The Dutch fleet, under Vice-Admiral de Winter, was sailing from the Texel in order to protect a French force in its descent upon Ireland. Duncan met it off Camperdown, gave it

battle, and almost annihilated it, but not until an obstinate and sanguinary engagement, like the Dutch and English fights in the previous century, had taken place.

Writing on board the *Venerable* on October the 12th, 1797, off Camperdown, the victor laconically announced his success to the Admiralty Board :

‘Sir,’ he said, ‘I have the pleasure to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at nine o’clock this morning I got sight of the Dutch fleet; at half-past twelve I passed through their line, and the action commenced, which has been very severe. The admiral’s ship is dismasted, and has struck, as have several others, and one fire. I shall send Captain Fairfax with the particulars the moment I can spare him. I am, etc., Adam Duncan.’

Such was the modest communication of a man who had won a victory with the loss on his own side of two hundred and three killed, and six hundred and twenty-two wounded, and at a cost to the enemy of eleven ships, five hundred and forty officers and men killed, and six hundred and twenty wounded; a triumph which saved his country from a great peril, and sent it into transports of joy. In celebration of the victory London was illuminated, and the mob went

round to see that every householder showed his loyalty and gratitude in fitting style. At the door of one house the windows of which were in darkness they knocked violently and demanded to know why the occupants were not sharing in the universal pleasure. Then they learned that within Nelson lay dying—as was then supposed—of his unhealed wound received at Santa Cruz, that solitary unsuccessful effort of his life. Even then Nelson was the darling of the people, and the mob went off in silence, vowing that he should not be further molested.

The battle lasted from 12.30 until about three p.m. At its close Duncan received, on the quarter-deck of the *Venerable*, the sword of the Dutch admiral, and thus brought to a fitting culmination the somewhat ponderous joke which he had made—‘Gentlemen, here is a severe Winter approaching; I can only advise you to keep up a good fire.’

If the odds before the fight began were in favour of the British, Duncan had not been without his trials. He had long watched De Winter, and in spite of the mutiny at the Nore had prevented him from putting to sea from the Texel. But at last he was forced to return to England to refit and take in fresh provisions, and instantly De Winter sailed for Brest. But the *Active*, frigate, saw what he had done, and bore away

to Yarmouth to warn Duncan. Immediately he hurried his fleet to sea, and on October 11th discovered the Dutchmen off Camperdown, and determined at all costs to give him battle.

The fight was short and desperate. It was a question which side could first utterly smash the other, and to this end broadsides were discharged as fast as the guns could be loaded. At the outset Duncan fastened on to the *Vryheid*, De Winter's flag-ship, and she and the *Venerable* engaged each other in the most deadly earnest. The *Vryheid* fought with a valour that nothing could exceed, and not till she was a dismasted hulk did she surrender. The conflict between the two flag-ships was one of the most stubborn on record. For a while they fired broadside after broadside into each other; time after time the flag of the *Venerable* was shot away, and repeatedly the *Vryheid* was rent by Duncan's broadsides. The *Venerable* herself was a powerful opponent, but she had the help of three consorts, one of which, the *Triumph*, advanced specially to give the *coup de grace*. Still the valiant Dutchman defended himself, and it was not until the ship had borne the united fire of the *Venerable*, *Triumph*, *Ardent*, and *Director* that she struck her colours. By that time all her masts were over the side, her starboard guns were disabled and choked up with wreckage, all her powder had been

thrown overboard to escape explosion by a fire which had broken out, but which was quelled; and those of her crew who were still unhurt were working for dear life at the pumps to keep the shattered hulk afloat.

When the *Vryheid* surrendered the action ceased, and the British were in possession of two seventy-fours, five sixty-fours, two fifties, and a couple of frigates. Early in the fight half-a-dozen of the Dutchmen retreated, and gained protection by getting into shallow water, where the British could not follow them.

So furious had been the cannonade that not one of the eleven trophies was ever fit for service again. On the side of the conquerors two vessels were so badly mauled that it was with difficulty some of them were kept afloat. The *Venerable* was so leaky and shattered that it was with the greatest difficulty she was taken into port, and she had to be dismantled and undergo a thorough repair before she was fit for further service.

The Dutchmen specially directed their shot at the hulls of their opponents, and at the close of the battle the British ships presented an appearance very different from that which was borne when French or Spanish vessels had been met. The masts and rigging were practically unhurt, but the hulls were

riddled with the shot of the enemy. The *Ardent* received ninety-eight round shot in her hull, and the *Venerable*, *Belliqueux*, *Bedford*, and *Monarch* had large numbers. The *Monarch* had two midshipmen and thirty-four seamen killed, and one hundred officers, seamen, and marines wounded, and yet no one viewing her from a distance would have believed that she had been in action. The *Bedford*, the *Ardent*, and the *Belliqueux* also lost very heavily in killed and wounded. On board the flag-ship thirteen seamen and two marines were killed, and six officers, fifty-two seaman and four marines wounded.

When Nelson had gained his victory at Copenhagen on April 2nd, 1801, it was found that the Danes also had made the British hulls their particular targets. In that fight the British loss was two hundred and fifty-five killed and six hundred and eighty-eight wounded; the lowest estimate of the Danish loss being from sixteen hundred to eighteen hundred killed and wounded.

When Duncan gained his great victory over the Dutch fleet he was sixty-six years old; he survived it five years. For the victory he was created a viscount and received the thanks of parliament. While his claim to greatness rests chiefly upon this memorable triumph, yet it was not the first famous fight that he had helped to win. He served under

Keppel, and commanded the *Valiant*, bearing the broad pendant of that officer, then Commodore Keppel, at the reduction of the Havannah, and commanded the *Monarch* at the defeat of the Spanish fleet in the West Indies by Rodney in 1780.

In the year of mutinies Duncan acted with a vigour and humanity that have won for him a place second only to that which Camperdown secured for him. In dealing with that perilous year, a writer in the *Naval Chronicle* feels his susceptible gore rising and says—

‘Let us now turn our minds from a most disgusting subject, and hasten to the account of one of those events which will, to the latest posterity, continue to grace, with the utmost splendour, the page of British naval history—the engagement with the Dutch fleet off Camperdown.’ Why the subject was ‘disgusting’ the writer did not make quite clear. It was, presumably, nothing to him that long and serious wrongs drove men to act as they did act in that gloomy period, and to imperil England as certainly as if she had lost a great fight at sea. Since the writer in the *Chronicle* penned his curious sentence men have come to look upon the doings of Parker, the mutineer leader, and his unhappy fellows, with a calmer and cooler judgment than was possible by their then superiors, and have seen that not with-

out cause was the red flag flown from the king's ships a hundred years ago. Duncan was one of the few officers who saw that the mutineers, however wrong the means they used to gain their ends, were not without good cause for disaffection, and had there been more officers like him there would probably have been no year of mutinies.

But, much as he was liked, Duncan did not escape the general contagion, and the mutiny spread to his own ship the *Venerable*. With this and another vessel he was at one time reduced to resume his station off the Texel. When he learned that there were dangerous men on board he determined to thwart them at all hazards. To what extent the spirit of rebellion prevailed he did not know and could not tell, but he did not flinch from the most awful possibilities.

'My lads,' he is reported to have said, 'I am not, in the smallest degree, apprehensive of any violent measure you may have in contemplation; and though I assure you I would much rather acquire your love than incur your fear, I will, with my own hand, put to death the first man who shall presume to display the slightest symptom of rebellious conduct.'

It is probable that his exact words were not quite so finished as these, but at any rate he turned to one of the mutineers and asked him if he wanted to take the command of the ship out of his hands.

‘Yes, sir,’ replied the sailor, promptly; whereupon the admiral raised his hand, intending to plunge his sword into the imprudent seaman’s breast, but the blow was prevented by the chaplain. Duncan did not try to make a second blow, but wisely asked the crew to show whether they were friends or foes—if friends, to pass over to the starboard side of the vessel. All except the mutinous half-dozen did so. Even these men were afterwards liberated one by one, having shown signs of regret for their dangerous conduct. No wonder that this exhibition of humanity endeared the admiral more than ever to the hearts of his crew. His behaviour is in strong contrast to that of the unbending St. Vincent, who, with less provocation, made death the portion of the mutineers under his command.

There are in existence a chair made from the wood of the *Venerable*, and a couple of chairs constructed of wood taken from the Dutch ships captured at Camperdown. One of the latter relics Duncan himself presented to an official of the Navy Pay Office.

THE SPEEDY AND LORD COCHRANE.

It was the good fortune of Captain Marryat to spend his earlier years at sea under the command of Lord Cochrane, and he gained during that experience some splendid matter for his future stories. Many of the incidents described by the great novelist in his books took place while serving with Cochrane; but not anything that was written even by that master pen exceeds in interest the actual deeds of him who began life as an heir to an ancient earldom, without other expectations than those arising from his own exertions, and whose most wonderful achievements were accomplished in a craft that can scarcely be called anything but a toy war-ship—Cochrane himself described her as a burlesque on a ship of war.

Cochrane, one of the most brilliant and dashing of our naval commanders, and one whose life reads more like romance than truth, would have taken up

the army as a profession if his father's wishes had been carried out. Probably if Cochrane had adopted the sister service he would have been a distinguished ornament of it; but he detested the military calling, and although he had some severe training as a soldier he did not rest content until he had got clear of the land forces. At one and the same time Cochrane was an officer in the army and navy—a state of things which the monstrous jobbery of his age made possible and easy to one in his condition of life.

In spite of his yearning for the sea the lad was sent by his father, the Earl of Dundonald, into the army, a commission being procured for him in the 104th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers. His uncle, however, Captain Alexander Cochrane, subsequently Admiral Sir Alexander, seeing the lad's inclination, and wishing to provide for him in case he should in future seek to join the navy, entered his name on the books of the vessels he from time to time commanded. In this way, before he served at all, Cochrane was nominally an officer of the *Vesuvius*, the *Carolina*, *La Sophie*, and the *Hind*; and when at last he did go afloat he had a considerable amount of sea service to his credit. In a burst of despair caused by the jeering at his outfit by a troop of ragged boys near Charing Cross, Cochrane rushed home and implored his father to let him accompany his

uncle to sea, so that he might be saved from the degradation of 'floured head, pigtail, and yellow breeches.' His father was a determined Whig, and proud of the yellow garments which adorned the youthful limbs, and incensed at the conduct of his offspring with respect to a colour of which he had charged him never to be ashamed, he answered his request by giving him a sound cuffing. It was not for nearly five years that the father, seeing that his son's heart was not in military work, consented that his commission in the 104th Foot should be cancelled, and that Cochrane should accept his uncle's renewed offer to take him on board the frigate he then commanded. It was no easy matter to equip the lad, owing to his father's straitened circumstances; but the difficulty was overcome by the Earl of Hoptown advancing one hundred pounds. His outfit having been obtained, young Cochrane, with his father's gold watch—the only patrimony he ever received—went to sea, and began that marvellous career of daring and adventure which is not excelled by that of any other naval officer who ever lived.

It was on June 27th, 1793, that Cochrane went on board the *Hind* as midshipman. For such a beginner he was much older than usual—seventeen and a half years—and he was distinctly higher in stature, being more than six feet, than the bulk of those aspiring

youths. Cochrane went on board as the 'nephew of his captain, and a lord to boot,' and was introduced to the first lieutenant, Jack Larmour. This honest tar, who had risen to the quarter-deck from before the mast, was attired as a seaman when his lordship stepped on board, and had a marlinspike slung round his neck and a lump of grease in his hat. When the midshipman was introduced to him he paused in his task of setting up the rigging, and showed that he did not think the new-comer a promising subject by bestowing no welcome upon him and curtly ordering him to 'get his traps below.' Almost immediately he grumbled loudly at the size of Cochrane's equipment. 'This Lord Cochrane's chest?' he said. 'Does Lord Cochrane think he's going to bring a cabin aboard? The service is going to the devil! Get it up on the main-deck.' The chest was hauled up, and hearing the sound of sawing, the owner went on deck and found Jack busily superintending the removal of one of the ends, at the same time criticising midshipmen in general and Lord Cochrane in particular. The first lieutenant, when the sawing was over, soothed the owner's wounded feelings by assuring him that the chest was now a good piece of work, inasmuch as the keyhole was where it could be most easily reached—at the end, and not in the middle! This rugged humourist and the lanky youth

soon understood each other perfectly, and the boy lord became firm friends with the fine old sailor whose world was bounded by the taffrail and the bowsprit, and whose only idea of relaxation was to cast aside the dignity of his office as first lieutenant and once more take a spell of able seaman's work.

Cochrane began his naval life under very pleasant circumstances. His first destination was the coast of Norway, where it was expected that French privateers and convoys might be met. This Norwegian trip he describes as a perpetual holiday to the youngsters on board, and of Norse hospitality he speaks in his *Autobiography of a Seaman*. In return for the hospitality of the people the frigate was thrown open to their inspection, and during one of these visits an incident extremely funny to all but the principal actor occurred. There was on board as a pet a parrot which Larmour specially detested, because of the accuracy with which the bird could imitate the boatswain's calls. At times this accomplished fowl would pipe an order so exactly that the whole ship's company were thrown into confusion, and the exasperated first lieutenant would burst into a torrent of wrath and consign Polly 'to a warmer latitude than his native tropical forests.' Several ladies had been hoisted on board one day, by means of the customary 'whip' on the main-yard. The chair had descended for another

'whip,' but no sooner had the occupant been lifted out of the boat alongside than the parrot shouted 'Let go!' The men instantly obeyed what they took to be an order from the boatswain, and the lady, instead of finding herself seated comfortably on deck, like her friends, was plumped overhead in the sea, from which she was raised a bedraggled and no longer smiling creature.

During Cochrane's earlier years at sea, men were not much of gentlemen if they did not drink both long and hard. To the end of Cochrane's days it was his boast that he was never drunk, and this he could say in 1797, when lieutenant on board the *Resolution*, the flag-ship of Admiral Vandeput, then on the North American station. While spending a week on shore with the admiral, who one night was entertaining some neighbours, the bottle circulated rapidly, but Cochrane avoided taking the wine by resting his head on his left hand, and pouring it down his sleeve. His trick was discovered, and the company were on the point of forcing him to drink a whole bottle as a penalty, when he rushed from the room and escaped to a farmhouse, in which he spent the night.

After leaving the North American station, Cochrane came into touch with both Lord St. Vincent and Nelson. With the former he afterwards had dealings

which ended in a famous enmity and embittered his career—a life of which he wrote that it contained a weight of persecution enough to have bowed any man, not supported by a few good friends, to the earth; with the latter he had many conversations at Palermo, and to one of Nelson's oft-repeated injunctions—'Never mind manœuvres, always go at them,'—he was afterwards indebted for success when failure seemed probable. These meetings with the great commander Cochrane cherished to the end of his days.

'The impression left on my mind,' he says, 'during these opportunities of association with Nelson, was that of his being an embodiment of dashing courage, which would not take much trouble to circumvent any enemy, but, being confronted with one, would regard victory so much as a matter of course as hardly to deem the chance of defeat worth consideration.'

At this time Cochrane was serving on board the *Queen Charlotte*, then Lord Keith's flag-ship, and but for the fact that he was placed as prize-master on board the *Généreux*, seventy-four, which had been captured by Nelson's squadron, he would have probably been numbered with the victims who were on board Howe's old ship when she was burned off Leghorn. As it was, Cochrane was in a post of

serious danger. The *Généreux's* crew was made up hastily of sick and invalided men, and on the voyage a gale arose which placed her in a very dangerous position. The rigging had not been properly set up, and to such an extent did the masts sway with the rolling of the vessel, that it was perilous to go aloft. At one time the shrouds would strain almost to breaking-point, and at another, as the masts jerked with the rolling, hang in festoons. The men could only be induced to furl the mainsail by seeing Cochrane and his brother Archibald, who was on board, go aloft. Eventually the weather moderated, and the *Généreux* was put into fairly good order before she reached her destination, Port Mahon. With this excellent behaviour of Cochrane on board the prize Lord Keith was so well pleased that he recommended him to the Admiralty for promotion, and at the same time appointed him to the *Speedy*, variously styled brig and sloop, which was then lying at Port Mahon.

Cochrane had got his command in good time, and, poor as it was it must have aroused the envy of many a man whose heart was sick with hope deferred. The *Speedy* was by courtesy called a man-of-war, but even Cochrane, proud as he was, could not close his eyes to the absurdity of such a description. He calls the *Speedy* a burlesque on a

vessel of war, even for her day and generation, and by way of showing his opinion of the battle power of the little brig and ships of her class, he one day put the shot of a whole broadside in his pocket, and walked the quarter-deck with it. This achievement was not so tremendous as it seems, for the *Speedy's* armament consisted only of fourteen four-pounders, that is to say, of a sort of gun little larger than a blunderbuss. The burden of the *Speedy* was one hundred and fifty-eight tons, and 'she was crowded rather than manned with a crew of eighty-six men and six officers.' So cramped was the space, that although he obtained a couple of twelve pounders, which he intended to use as bow and stern chasers, Cochrane had to return them to the Ordnance Wharf, as there was not room on deck to work them. In addition to this it was found that the timbers of the *Speedy* were too weak to bear the concussion of any heavier guns than her own. At a later stage Cochrane applied for his four-pounders to be exchanged for six-pounders, but even these could not be taken, the *Speedy's* ports being too small. As for her cabin, it was a mere box. There was not room enough in it for a chair, the floor being completely occupied by a little table surrounded with lockers, which served as store-chests and seats combined. With a man of Cochrane's size, it was a hard matter to get seated,

as the ceiling was only five feet high, and that object could only be accomplished by rolling on the locker, a movement which, especially in heavy weather, was sometimes a miserable failure. The most extraordinary performance, however, was gone through when the proud commander wished to shave. This he could only manage to do by removing the skylight, putting his head through the space, and making a toilet-table of his own quarter-deck!

In this insignificant craft Cochrane scoured the seas and did so much mischief that his name was a terror to the enemy, and the *Speedy* became a marked object to the naval authorities in Spain. His first piece of luck was the capture of the *Intrépide*, a French privateer of six guns and forty-eight men. Ordered soon afterwards to cruise off the Spanish coast he parted company with Lord Keith's squadron, and in less than a couple of months anchored with a number of prizes in Leghorn Roads. Once more Cochrane was despatched on a mission of harassing and distressing the enemy off the coast of Spain. He was distinctly cautioned not to engage anything beyond his capacity, but he had his own ideas of what he could do, and acted up to them. Bold and enterprising, Cochrane spared no effort to carry out his orders; but he was not bold to rashness, and did not willingly encounter any vessel whose mere weight in

metal would have blown him out of the water with less than a single broadside. He was a man of ready wit and invention, and more than once was put in positions of danger and difficulty from which only these qualities saved him.

Cruising one day off Plane Island he saw a large ship which he took to be a merchantman, and instantly gave chase. Not until he neared her did he find out her real character. Her ports, which had been closed, were raised, and he saw the grinning muzzles of a formidable broadside, while the decks swarmed with men who had been concealed below. The stranger was a powerful Spanish frigate which was cruising in search of the mischievous little pest that had now been entrapped and delivered up to her, as those on board the stranger thought. But surrender was not to be yet, although as far as one could see Cochrane's escape was hopeless.

To fight was out of the question, and to get away was equally impossible; but there was still that great bulwark of safety, a *ruse de guerre*, to fall back upon. This was what Cochrane did, and thus got clear of the very jaws of death or captivity. He had foreseen that in view of the very close attention which the enemy were paying to him he might some day be put in awkward case, and he had made arrangements accordingly. He had had the *Speedy* painted

like the Danish brig *Clomer*, which was well known on the Spanish coast, and had shipped a Danish quarter-master, being careful that he should have the uniform of an officer of that nation. When she saw what the Spaniard really was, the *Speedy* hoisted Danish colours and spoke her. But the Spaniard was not to be gulled so easily, and sent a boat to board the *Speedy*. Matters were now at a crisis, and it became necessary, to use Cochrane's own effective expression, 'to bring the Danish quarter-master into play in his officer's uniform.'

To make this interesting individual's explanation more forcible the quarantine flag was run up to the fore, the meaning of which was that the plague, which was then prevalent along the Barbary coast, raged on board. That was enough for the men of Spain. They came no nearer than the distance needed to hail the *Speedy*, and having been told by the Danish dignitary that the vessel was two days from Algiers, where the plague was raging, they hastened to the frigate, which wished them a good voyage and made sail. So also did the *Speedy*.

The dare-devil spirit of Cochrane was well illustrated by his performance during a short stay in the *Speedy* at Malta. The officers of a French Royalist regiment there patronized a fancy-dress ball, for which Cochrane bought a ticket. It pleased his lordship

to go in the character of a British seaman—no other, in fact, than that of his friend Jack Larmour, when that excellent officer was in a mood of relaxation, not even the marlinspike or lump of grease in the hat being omitted. Cochrane rightly held that this disguise was as honourable as that of Greek, Turkish, or other oriental character, and quite as picturesque as the garb of an Arcadian shepherd which was affected by some. The elegant patrons, however, thought otherwise, and intimated that Cochrane would not be allowed in the ball-room in such a dress. Cochrane refused to change it, and insisted upon having his money's worth. A French officer came up, and without deigning to hear any explanation, took Cochrane by the collar with the object of turning him out. This insult was met with a 'substantial mark of British indignation, and at the same time an uncomplimentary remark in his own language'—in other words, Cochrane knocked the officer down. The end of it all was a duel in which Cochrane shot his opponent in the thigh, and himself had a very narrow escape, the ball going through his coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and bruising his side. This affair was a lesson to Cochrane never again to do anything which might give even unintentional offence.

It was not long after this that Cochrane won his

famous victory over the Spanish frigate *Gamo*, of thirty-two guns, the vessel which proved to be the one which he had so successfully outwitted in the guise of a plague-stricken Dane. The action was exceptionally brilliant. The *Gamo* was of more than six hundred tons, against the one hundred and fifty-eight of the *Speedy*; and her crew numbered three hundred and nineteen, compared with the fifty-four on Cochrane's vessel, which had by this time been constantly drained to furnish prize-crews. The broadside weight of the *Gamo* was one hundred and ninety pounds, that of the *Speedy* was twenty-eight. The fight with this powerful opponent was brought about by a decoy; but Cochrane did not shrink from it, and orders having been given to pipe all hands and prepare for action, the *Speedy* bore down towards the frigate. The *Gamo* fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours, and in order to puzzle her until he got on the other tack, out of reach of her full broadside, Cochrane ordered American colours to be hoisted. When he had fulfilled his purpose, he ran up the English ensign, and immediately the *Gamo* fired a broadside. This, however, and a second were ineffectual. Cochrane had directed that not a gun was to be discharged until the *Speedy* was close to her opponent, and the wisdom of this course was soon seen. Not till he had run under the Spaniard's lee,

and locked the *Speedy's* yards in her rigging, was the brig's broadside returned. Then her tiny guns, doubly and trebly shotted, blazed into the crowded main-deck of the *Gamo*, and killed her captain and boatswain, with many others. There was method and the coolest calculation in Cochrane's act. He knew that it would be absolute waste of ammunition to fire his four-pounders until they could be discharged at very close quarters; and knew also that if he could lock the *Speedy* in the enemy's rigging, the whole of her shot would of necessity go over her, while her own, being elevated, would blow up the Spaniard's maindeck. It was a case of the Armada over again, on an infinitely smaller scale. What Drake and his seadogs did in fastening like leeches on the towering hulls of their opponents, driving their iron hail into their very vitals, and themselves escaping because the Spaniards' shot flew over them, Cochrane did with the frigate. It was a bold and cool attack, with nothing in it of that rashness which was frequently alleged against Cochrane, and which he himself declared to be unfounded. He laid his plans deliberately and carefully, and the result justified his conduct.

Seeing their desperate condition, the Spaniards prepared to board; but the order was heard by Cochrane and his people, and the *Speedy* sheered off enough

to prevent the attempt, and at the same time a volley of musketry and another broadside were given. Twice the crew of the *Gamo* attempted to board, but seeing that the effort was hopeless, they stood to their guns and tried to blow the *Speedy* out of the water. They did indeed cut up her rigging badly, but not more than two men were killed and four wounded after the lapse of an hour. It was clear that this unequal conflict could not last, and the brig's sails being cut up, and her hull riddled with shot, Cochrane told his men that they must either take the frigate or be taken themselves, remarking significantly that they would get no quarter if they fell into the hands of Spain, but adding encouragingly that a few minutes' energy would make the *Gamo* theirs.

With such a leader who would not follow? Leaving the doctor, Mr. Guthrie, as commander and crew, for the gallant medico had volunteered to take the helm, the order to board was given, and in a few seconds every man was on the deck of the *Gamo*. The audacity of the act surprised the Spaniards so much that they needed some little time for recovery; but when they came round they rushed to the frigate's waist, where they fought fiercely. Cool even in this wild turmoil, Cochrane ordered the Spanish colours to be hauled down, and the Spaniards

surrendered, believing the order to have been given by one of their own officers.

In boarding, the *Speedy* had one seaman killed, and one officer and three seamen wounded, her total loss in the action being three seamen killed, and one officer and seventeen seamen wounded. The *Gamo* had her captain, boatswain, and thirteen seamen killed, and forty-one wounded, a loss which exceeded the total number of the *Speedy's* company.

Two peculiar incidents stand clearly out in connection with this memorable struggle. The first took place just before boarding. Aware that the last stand of the Spaniards would be desperate, Cochrane determined to trade on the superstition of the Spaniards, and accordingly he ordered part of his crew to blacken their faces. We may well believe that with the battle-smoke and excitement the men looked as ferocious and diabolical as could be imagined. The scheme was admirably carried out. The temporary fiends boarded by the head, and so stupefied were the Spaniards on seeing them emerge from the white smoke of the bow guns, that they stood as if transfixed, and gave but little trouble to the rest of the boarders, who entered the *Gamo* by the waist. This seems a grotesque performance on the bloody decks of a ship of war; but Cochrane was in a peril from which he had to extricate himself at all costs, and

felt that any means could be employed to bring about the end he had in view.

When the *Speedy* was in quiet possession of the *Gamo* the officer who had succeeded the captain asked Cochrane to give him a certificate saying that he had done his duty in the action. Cochrane must have been as much astonished at this as were the men who saw the blackened boarders, but he was equal to the occasion, and politely gave the applicant a certificate saying that he had 'conducted himself like a true Spaniard.' The pointed sarcasm was lost on the recipient, who was extremely gratified with the certificate, which Cochrane subsequently learned had procured for the holder further promotion in the Spanish service! A very different result, this, from that which attended the unfortunate vanquished at St. Vincent.

So ended a fight in which a vessel was seized which had come down confident of capturing, with little difficulty, her opponent. The *Gamo* was taken away in sight of the very gunboats which had decoyed the *Speedy*, and had seen the fight, but which made no attempt at rescue. Had they done so, Cochrane, sharp as he was, would have been hard pressed to keep his prize and get away, for he had only forty-two men to look after two hundred and sixty-three prisoners who were unhurt. Thirty

of his crew he put on board the *Gamo*, and the prisoners were driven into the hold. They were only kept in check by their own main-deck guns, loaded with canister, being pointed down the hatchways, the Englishmen standing over the weapons with lighted matches, ready to fire at the least sign of treachery. The *Gamo* was safely taken into Port Mahon.

Of the feuds and misunderstandings which resulted from this famous action between Lord Cochrane and Lord St. Vincent, then First Lord of the Admiralty, there is not room to tell at length. On his own side Cochrane has had his say in his Autobiography, and the victor of St. Vincent has not wanted for defenders. Briefly, what happened was this: After waiting for three months Cochrane was made post-captain for the achievement, but he was very anxious that his second in command, Lieutenant Parker, should also be rewarded for his share in the triumph. This led to the celebrated correspondence with St. Vincent which made of that grim admiral a bitter and relentless foe. In answer to Cochrane's recommendation of Parker, St. Vincent said that it was not usual to promote two officers for such a service, besides which the small number of men killed on board the *Speedy* did not warrant the application. Stung by this unfair and ungenerous remark Cochrane replied, imprudently, as all must admit, but nevertheless with

perfect truth, that 'his lordship's reasons for not promoting Lieutenant Parker, because there were only three men killed on board the *Speedy*, were in opposition to his lordship's own promotion to an earldom, as well as that of his flag-captain to knighthood, and his other officers to increased rank and honours; for that in the battle from which his lordship derived his title there was only one man killed on board his own flag-ship.' Parker, who had been wounded by both sword and bullet, did not, as one might expect, profit by the well-meant but misplaced zeal of his superior.

A word or two must be said as to the end of the wonderful craft in which, during the thirteen months he had command of her, he took or retook more than fifty vessels and one hundred and twenty-two guns, as well as five hundred and thirty-four prisoners, had amassed considerable prize-money, and had enabled his crew to receive from this source larger sums than the ordinary pay of the officers. This result, says Cochrane, 'was largely owing to our nocturnal mode of warfare, together with our refraining from meddling with vessels ascertained to be loading in Spanish ports, and then lying in wait for them as they proceeded on their voyage.' Three months after she took the *Gamo* the *Speedy* herself fell into the hands of the enemy, but not before she had had another fight lasting more than nine hours, and in which she

spent nearly all her ammunition—one thousand four hundred shot. The *Gamo* was sold for a trifle to the Algerines, while Cochrane was ‘condemned to continue in the pigmy and now battered craft by which she had been taken. To have obtained the command of the *Gamo*, even as a means of deception on the enemy’s coast, I would scarcely have changed places with an admiral.’

The *Speedy* was convoying a tub of a mail packet to Gibraltar from Port Mahon. Incessantly active and alert, Cochrane found time, while his charge lumbered on her way, to run the *Speedy’s* nose into every creek as he passed, and seeing some vessels at anchor near Alicant he made towards them, whereupon they weighed and deliberately ran ashore. Cochrane set fire to them, and as one was laden with oil there was a conflagration which illumined the sky for many miles, the night being very dark. Unfortunately three French line-of-battle ships, seeing the light, ran in to see what was the matter. The *Speedy* saw them at daybreak, and thinking they were Spanish treasure ships eagerly cleared for action. But when morning came she discovered their real character, and although she tried desperately hard to escape, using her sweeps, the wind falling light, and throwing her guns overboard, she had to yield. At a short distance one of the three, the

Dessaix, fired a complete broadside of round and grape, by way of retaliation for Cochrane's attempt to slip past and escape her. Had the discharge taken full effect the *Speedy* must have been sunk; but the round shot plunged into the water under her bows, the grape damaging the masts and yards, though without hurting a man. As such another broadside would have destroyed the *Speedy*, and escape being utterly impossible, her colours were hauled down and she surrendered. When Cochrane went on board the *Dessaix* and tendered his sword, her captain, like a true French gentleman, refused to accept it, saying that he would not take the sword of an officer who had for so many hours struggled against an impossibility. He at the same time requested Cochrane to continue to wear his sword, although a prisoner, and remarked, as well he might, that he was glad they had ended the cruise of the *Speedy*.

Such was the termination of one of the most dashing and destructive cruises in British naval history—a piece of work which deserved something better than the shabby treatment shown to him who had so brilliantly and gloriously executed it. In his history James says that Cochrane's achievement in capturing the *Gamo* had but three compeers in the period with which he dealt—the *Surprise* and *Hermione*, the *Dart* and *Désirée*, and the *Viper* and *Cer-*

bère. The first-named famous capture was on October 25th, 1799, when the *Hermione*, which had been infamously acquired by the Spanish from the British, was boarded and taken by Captain Edward Hamilton of the twenty-eight-gun frigate *Surprise*. The crew of the *Hermione* numbered three hundred and sixty-five, of whom one hundred and nineteen were killed and ninety-seven wounded; while of the one hundred attacking Englishmen only twelve were wounded, none being killed. The *Désirée* was boarded and captured on July 8th, 1800, by the *Dart*, under Captain Patrick Campbell, in about a quarter of an hour. The *Dart* had one seaman killed, the first lieutenant, a master's mate, and nine seamen and marines wounded, while the *Désirée* was supposed to have lost fully one hundred in killed and wounded, amongst them being nearly the whole of the officers on board. The *Cerbère* was captured on July 29th, 1800, by the boats of the *Viper*, *Impetueux* and *Ameythest*, under Lieutenant J. Coghlan. Describing this affair to Lord St. Vincent, Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, said that it was a hand-to-hand victory of a handful of brave fellows over four times their number.

The cruise of the *Speedy* is but one of the series of stirring chapters in Lord Cochrane's life. Another brilliant chapter was the famous cruise of the *Im-*

périeuse. It was on this voyage that Captain Marryat first went to sea. He served under Cochrane for three years, during which time he witnessed more than fifty engagements, in the course of which he received three wounds. When, on surrendering the command of the *Impérieuse* at the end of eighteen months, it was said of Cochrane that he had spent more sails, stores, gunpowder and shot than had been used by any other captain in the service. The most brilliant of the many brilliant performances of that celebrated cruise was Cochrane's exploit in the Basque Roads on April 11th, 12th, and 13th, 1809. It was Cochrane who had the responsibility of attacking and trying to destroy the French fleet by means of fire-ships and explosion vessels. Lord Gambier, the admiral of the fleet, opposed the scheme on the ground that it was hazardous, if not desperate, and a horrible and anti-Christian mode of warfare. In describing this affair Cochrane says :

‘ On the 11th of April it blew hard, with a high sea. As all our preparations were complete, I did not consider the state of the weather a justifiable impediment to the attack; so that, after nightfall, the officers who volunteered to command the fire-ships were assembled on board the *Caledonia*, and supplied with instructions according to the plan previously laid down by myself. The *Impérieuse* had

proceeded to the edge of the Boyart Shoal, close to which she anchored with an explosion vessel made fast to her stern, it being my intention, after firing the one of which I was about to take charge, to return to her for the other, to be employed as circumstances might require. At a short distance from the *Impérieuse* were anchored the frigates *Aigle*, *Unicorn*, and *Pallas*, for the purpose of receiving the crews of the fire-ships on their return, as well as to support the boats of the fleet assembled alongside the *Cæsar* to assist the fire-ships. The boats of the fleet were not, however, for some reason or other, made use of at all. Having myself embarked on board the largest explosion vessel, accompanied by Lieutenant Bissel and a volunteer crew of four men only, we led the way to the attack. The night was dark, and, as the wind was fair, though blowing hard, we soon neared the estimated position of the advanced French ships, for it was too dark to discern them. Judging our distance, therefore, as well as we could, with regard to the time the fuse was calculated to burn, the crew of four men entered the gig, under the direction of Lieutenant Bissel, whilst I kindled the port fires, and then, descending into the boat, urged the men to pull for their lives, which they did with a will, though, as wind and sea were strong against us, without making the expected

progress. To our consternation, the fuses, which had been constructed to burn fifteen minutes, lasted little more than half that time, when the vessel blew up, filling the air with shells, grenades, and rockets; whilst the downward and lateral force of the explosion raised a solitary mountain of water, from the breaking of which in all directions our little boat narrowly escaped being stamped. The explosion vessel did her work well, the effect constituting one of the grandest artificial spectacles imaginable. For a moment, the sky was red with the lurid glare arising from the simultaneous ignition of fifteen hundred barrels of powder. On this gigantic flash subsiding, the air seemed alive with shells, grenades, rockets, and masses of timber, the wreck of the shattered vessel. The sea was convulsed as by an earthquake, rising, as has been said, in a huge wave, on whose crest our boat was lifted like a cork and as suddenly dropped into a vast trough, out of which, as it closed upon us with the rush of a whirlpool, none expected to emerge. In a few minutes nothing but a heavy rolling sea had to be encountered, all having again become silence and darkness.'

The full success of Cochrane's scheme was prevented by reason of the gross mismanagement of the fire-ships; but all the same a very great work was done. As a result of the attack by the fire-ships

the French fleet was not destroyed, but it was so much paralysed by the shock that its total defeat seemed easy to Cochrane, and from the mast of the *Impérieuse* between six a.m. and one p.m. on the 12th he repeatedly signalled to Lord Gambier, who was with the main body of the fleet some fourteen miles away, to make an attack; but all these efforts failing, Cochrane in his desperation allowed his frigate to drift towards the enemy alone. He did not make sail lest the movement should be seen from the flag-ship and he should be re-called. His object was to compel Lord Gambier to send vessels to help the *Impérieuse*. The result of Cochrane's audacity was that seven vessels were forced to surrender—one store-ship and two line-of-battle ships. Most of the vessels sent to help him returned to Lord Gambier on the 13th. Cochrane, certain that much further mischief could easily be done, prepared to renew operations, but the commander-in-chief, who had discountenanced the attempt with the fire-ships, set himself against any further effort to improve the advantage which Cochrane had secured. Cochrane, however, from whom the Admiralty expected so much, fearful of being set down by them as a charlatan, resolved on his own account to force on an action which 'an easy commander-in-chief' had been led to believe was impracticable. He forced on some fighting accordingly, and

it was perfectly successful ; but it was in violation of repeated and dubious orders from Lord Gambier. Cochrane was at last compelled to abandon the enterprise by a distinct and definite order. He was sent back to England at once, was received with great popular enthusiasm, and had conferred upon him by George III. a knighthood of the Order of the Bath ; but the audacious nobleman became the victim of an official persecution which embittered his subsequent life, and lasted nearly to its close.

It was sought to prove that the success in Basque Roads was due not to Cochrane but to Gambier, who, as a matter of fact, had taken no part in it at all. The result was that the commander-in-chief demanded a court-martial for the purpose of contraverting the insinuation which Cochrane had made against him. It is curious that in his first account of the affair, written on the spot, Gambier said that he could not speak highly enough of Lord Cochrane's vigour and gallantry in approaching the enemy, and added that his conduct 'could not be exceeded by any feat of valour hitherto achieved by the British navy;' while a month later, writing in London his record for the court-martial, in obedience to orders from the Admiralty, he ignored Cochrane's services altogether, and took to himself the whole of the credit for the success. This official investigation was, as Cochrane

himself fully and clearly shows, a scandalous farce, even the very log-books and charts being tampered with to prove that the commander-in-chief was right and Cochrane wrong.

The cloud under which Cochrane dwelt darkened, and in 1814 he was accused of being concerned in a stock-jobbing swindle, and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and ordered to pay a fine of one thousand pounds. He was dismissed from the navy, and degraded from the Order of the Bath with every insult that malice and revenge could prompt. It was actually ordered that he should stand for an hour in the pillory in front of the Royal Exchange, but even his fiercest enemies had not the courage to resort to this extremity and meet the fury of an incensed and outraged people.

Cochrane's name having been struck off the list of naval officers, the Knights Companions of the Bath determined to expel him from their ranks, and on the morning of August 11th the Bath King-at-Arms, under a warrant from the Secretary of State, removed Lord Cochrane's banner from King Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey. Next the nobleman's arms were unscrewed, and his helmet, sword, and other insignia were taken down from the stall. Incredible as it sounds, the banner was then kicked out of the chapel and down the steps by an official—the

first time such an indignity had happened since the Order was established in 1725. Two ideas occur to one on this point—first, that the official deserved the treatment he accorded to the banner; secondly, that the knights themselves must have been either dull of feeling or blinded by animosity to permit such an outrage to be committed on their own beloved Order.

Cast off for the time by his own country, Cochrane went to other lands, and after a brilliant and adventurous career in Chili, Brazil, and Greece, he obtained a reversion of the sentence which was officially recognised as unjust, and in 1832 was reinstated in his naval rank; but it was not until 1847 that he was readmitted to the Order of the Bath. In 1848 he was made commander-in-chief in the West Indies, became admiral in 1851, and rear-admiral of the United Kingdom in 1854. He died in 1860.

The undaunted spirit of Cochrane enabled him, when he became tenth Earl of Dundonald, and writing in December, 1859, to say,

‘Still all is not dark. I have survived malignity, and its chief cause, viz., the enmity arising from my zealous advocacy of departmental and political reform. The latter has been achieved to a greater extent than the early political reformers, amongst whose ranks I was enrolled, ever dreamed of, and

even departmental reform has become fashionable, though it may not have advanced far beyond that point.'

So wrote a man who was persecuted with a bitterness that even his king could not combat with success; whose first command of a British fleet was not given to him until he had reached the age of seventy-three years, and then only by the Queen, who gave it to him unsolicited, and in the same generous spirit restored his honours.

It was in keeping with the daring inventive character of Cochrane that he should be the author of what is known as the 'secret war-plan.' What this really was has never been made public, but all that Cochrane claimed for it was fully admitted by a secret committee consisting of the Duke of York and Admirals Lords Keith and Exmouth. They agreed with Cochrane that it would demolish any fleet or fortress in existence, but the plan was condemned on the ground that it was inhuman. How anything could be more inhuman than the appliances already existing, and at all times used, the 'secret committee' did not say.

THE ASIA AND SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Two of the ships with which Codrington's name is closely associated have a history of peculiar attraction, because they formed important links between the last generation or two and the old sailing battle-ships. The first of them, the *Blake*, a fine new seventy-four gunship, came to a sudden and unlooked-for end. In November, 1808, Codrington was appointed to her for service in the North Sea. He commanded the *Blake* for five years, and this formed her first and only commission. On being paid off at the end of that period it was found that the dry-rot had made her unfit for further service. Short as was her career, the *Blake* had experience of fire and shot upon her dubious timbers. When, on August 14th, 1809, the River Scheldt was forced, the *Blake*, having no pilot on board, grounded off Flushing within gun-

shot of the hostile batteries. For nearly three hours she was engaged with the enemy, and in addition to being set on fire twice by red-hot shot she had eleven men killed and wounded. None of the other ships had a single shot from the batteries, and the *Blake* was warmly praised for her gallant behaviour. She was aground for three hours before being got off, and when an examination of her was made it was found that she had six wounds in the mainmast and several *warm* shot sticking in the hull.

While at sea soon after this, Codrington had an opportunity of reflecting on the strangely varied duties of a captain of a man-of-war, even at the beginning of this nineteenth century of grace. In one day he read the burial service over a man, and half-an-hour later had to punish a sailor at the gangway, with the probability that before noon came round some neglect in the work that was going on would cause him to swear like a trooper. In describing these incidents in a letter he said he wished he could cure himself of the blackguard practice of swearing, but feared that circumstances made such a correction impossible. He, however, took comfort from the fact that he never proceeded to a greater length than damning a fellow for a fool. Not long after this he had the daughters of a consul on board to breakfast, and they had an agreeable dance at one p.m. On one occasion,

at five o'clock in the morning, the ship was struck by lightning, which was extraordinary in appearance and tremendous in its effects. Codrington took credit for having ordered that no men whatever should be permitted to remain aloft upon the approach of lightning, a precaution to which was doubtless due the fact that no one was killed or injured by the electric force.

Such are a few of the incidents affording a glimpse of life of naval officers at the beginning of this century. Codrington was one of the few who lived to see the vast change which came about in naval *matériel* and *personnel*. One of the most important changes of which he had personal experience was the substitution of the round for the square stern, a departure which gave rise to a bitter controversy. Codrington was officially invited to give his opinion of the new order of things after the battle of Navarino, where round-sterned ships were used, and he unhesitatingly spoke in favour of the change which had been made. In the Naval College at Greenwich there is a model showing the two forms of building. The starboard side is built upon the old principle in use up to about 1814, and the port-side on the improved system introduced by Sir Robert Seppings in that year. The model is an excellent one for purposes of comparison.

The *Asia*, eighty-four guns, in which Codrington hoisted his flag upon his appointment to the command in the Mediterranean, is still in existence. She is the guard-ship of reserve at Portsmouth, a position she has filled there for forty years. Her tonnage is three thousand five hundred and ninety-four, and she is classed as a second-rate. Her only battle-honour is that which she gained at Navarino, not seven years after she was built. When, on February 1st, 1827, Codrington sailed from Spithead he had all his family on board, his eldest son, then a captain in the Guards, having obtained leave of absence for a time, and his youngest son, a midshipman, having been appointed to the flag-ship. In the following May the admiral took his family to Leghorn in the *Asia*, in order to leave them in Italy while he prepared to go to the Levant and initiate measures to put down the piracy which had been growing to a serious extent among the Greeks. Codrington naturally learned to love the *Asia*, on board of which he spent so long a time and crowned his life-work. For her day and generation she was a fine ship, although the admiral subsequently hoisted his flag on a still finer vessel, the *Caledonia*, of one hundred and twenty guns. The *Caledonia* was the flag-ship of one of the latest of our sailing fleets, and Sir Edward hoisted his flag on board of her at Spithead on June 7th, 1831,

on his appointment to the command of the Channel Fleet, which was carrying out the summer manœuvres. He described the ship as magnificent, but even then had a warm corner in his heart for the *Asia*. His old flag-ship at one time during the manœuvres ‘passed quite within hail, looking beautiful.’ In his fleet also was the *Wellesley*, a vessel to which he shifted his flag on being superseded after Navarino. He was not allowed to take his own flag-ship to Malta, but had to shift it to the *Wellesley* at Zante. On reappearing before Navarino after that change he saw the *Asia*, bearing the flag of his successor, Sir Pultenay Malcolm, the *Asia* being in the harbour with the ships of the allied squadron, under their respective admirals. This was in August, 1820, and naturally Codrington desired to enter the harbour where he had gained so much distinction. He made known his wish to the new commander-in-chief, who sent him a note saying, ‘If you are desirous to see your Bay, perhaps it will be as well if you come in by boat, without your flag.’

Codrington was not the man to adopt such a proposal as this, and he declined it with the remark that he had ‘no desire to boat it into Navarino.’ After that he sailed immediately for England, where he devoted himself to clearing up the misrepresentations of his official conduct, and the errors of the despatches

from the Home Government on which he had been recalled by the Admiralty. He had reason to believe that the government of the day were hostile to him, and accordingly asked the Duke of Wellington, who was then Prime Minister, to grant him a personal interview, so that he could make a verbal explanation of his conduct. The interview was granted, and the soldier and the sailor met. A short but interesting dialogue took place. The duke assured the admiral that neither he nor the Government had the slightest feeling of hostility to him, whereupon Codrington naturally enough asked why he had been superseded. 'Because,' his grace replied, 'you seem to understand your orders differently from myself and my colleagues, and I felt that we could not go on.'

Both men stuck to their guns, and when Codrington pressed the duke to let him know wherein they differed his grace emphatically begged to be excused. Thereupon the admiral bowed low, took up his hat, and prepared to depart. The duke said that if at any time the admiral wished to say anything further to him he would be happy to see him. Sir Edward answered,

'Pardon me, your grace, but if you feel you cannot answer that simple question, I have nothing further to say, and it will be quite unnecessary for me to trouble your grace again.'

With this he went out, probably leaving his grace, who was not used to that sort of thing, rather astonished.

Sir Edward Codrington saw many conflicts and many changes in naval matters before he died in 1851, at the age of eighty-one. He entered the navy in 1783, in his thirteenth year, when British admirals had already done so much; and lived to see the service perform deeds almost unparalleled in the history of the world. He himself shared in three of the brightest actions before he crowned his work by the victory of Navarino. He was lieutenant of Lord Howe's flag-ship in the battle of the Glorious First of June; commander of the *Babet*, sloop, in Lord Bridport's victory over the French fleet off L'Orient on the 23rd of June, 1795, and captain of the *Orion*, seventy-four, at Trafalgar. In the Walcheren expedition, and on the coast of Spain during the Peninsula War, from 1809 to 1813, he commanded the *Blake*. In 1814 he was captain of the fleet at Baltimore and New Orleans in the American war. Up to that time he had seen many strange things, but he was to see the strangest of all, and that was two nations who had become the bitterest foes fighting side by side against a common enemy of man. At the battle of Navarino, little more than twenty years after Trafalgar, fifteen after Moscow, and only

a dozen after Waterloo, Codrington commanded the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia, and destroyed the Turco-Egyptian fleet which was acting against Greece.

It was very largely due to his own determination that Codrington reached his ultimate high rank and became such a distinguished ornament to his profession. For nine years he was at sea as a midshipman, and during that time he was never asked to open a book, and never got a word of advice or instruction, except professional, from anyone. This he himself declared repeatedly, and he had much to say of the temptations which in those days beset the lads who went to sea. It was his lot to mingle with those who were older than himself, and one of their amusements was to try and make him as good a toper as themselves. Codrington was beginning to yield easily to the temptation, and to find that he had a growing taste for grog. But he saw his danger, and summoning the uncommon strength of character which even in those early days he possessed, he determined to keep on the safe side by taking no drink at all. In this resolve he remained unshaken, and throughout life was a most abstemious man. He did not go the length of absolute refusal to take wine at all, nor was he prejudiced against the use of it. The lad had good looks as well as first-rate qualities,

and on one occasion his handsome exterior attracted notice from a high quarter. A royal visitor going on board the ship in which Codrington was serving, the side ropes of the companion ladder were manned by the midshipmen.

‘You have a very handsome boy there, who is he?’ asked the visitor.

The captain told him that the lad was Codrington, and added that his good looks were the least part of him.

‘He is himself quite as good as his looks,’ said the captain, ‘and better too; and I am proud of him.’

In his earlier years Codrington became exceedingly expert in reading signals, and during the trying days which preceded Howe’s great battle, the admiral constantly employed him in looking out for the French fleet. This honourable duty meant long and harassing work for Codrington, but he was proud of the confidence reposed in him, and never shrank from the arduous work that it necessitated. Night and day, almost without cessation, he was at the mast-head of the *Queen Charlotte*, using his wonderful and exceptionally strong vision, with the help of the telescope, to discover the enemy. The kind-hearted admiral ordered a chair to be placed on the quarter-deck for the young officer, who was scarcely ever able to go below. When he did descend it was for

meals, and at these times Codrington was so overpowered by fatigue that he used to fall asleep almost between the mouthfuls of his dinner. His condition tempted his comrades to play practical jokes upon him. They would throw things at the sleeper, bang the table violently, and shout 'Codrington!' All these artifices failed to arouse him, but at last they found a means of waking him as if by magic. That was by crying 'Signal!' When this word was uttered the sleeper awoke instantly, and went on deck and resumed his anxious labours. Codrington's excellent sight lasted nearly to the time of his death. Not till he was eighty years old did he find that he was losing the vision of one eye by cataract. This, it is curious to note, was not that with which he had done so much trying work while signal-lieutenant of the *Queen Charlotte*.

Before Navarino, Codrington had seen as much of war and its horrors as he cared to witness, but the atrocities of the Turks caused him to write at Smyrna on July 28th, 1827:

'I have never felt a wish to see another war till now, and I really think it might prove a more humane way of settling affairs here than any other. One strong act of coercion would place the Porte at our mercy, and we would then settle the whole matter as we chose, and take Candia to ourselves

into the bargain—a consummation, in my opinion, devoutly to be wished.’

That very day he had written an account of the state of things which prevailed at Scio, where a massacre had been committed by the Turks. The place was in ruins :

‘Here was the scene of that dreadful massacre of thirty thousand Greeks,’ said the admiral, ‘including women and children, which has stained with still deeper dye the bloody name of Turk! Of one hundred and twenty thousand souls, ten thousand have returned for want of any other home, and some eighty thousand are wandering in exile, or perhaps justifying to themselves, on the score of retribution, a life of general piracy!’

The Algerines fought with long and desperate valour against the war-ships of the English and Dutch under Lord Exmouth, scorning, barbarians though they were, to yield until all hope of victory was past. So it was with our opponents at Navarino. For four hours that bloody and destructive battle went on with unabated fury, and Codrington wrote that the scene of wreck and devastation which presented itself at its finish was such as had seldom before been witnessed. As each ship of the Turco-Egyptian fleet became disabled those of her crew who were still able to do anything at all tried to set her on fire, and there were

numerous terrible explosions as the flames reached the powder magazines. There was an enormous disparity between the two forces, but the cohesion and discipline on board the allied fleets proved successful over the daring and reckless hordes to whom they were opposed. The Ottoman force consisted of eighty-nine vessels, in addition to forty-one transports. Of these three were line-of-battle ships, four were double-banked frigates, thirteen frigates, thirty corvettes, twenty-eight brigs, six fire-brigs, and five schooners. The ships were accompanied by four thousand Egyptian troops. The total number of the allied ships was twenty-four: the English being three line-of-battle ships, four frigates, four brigs, and one cutter; the French three line-of-battle ships, one double-banked frigate, one frigate, and two cutters; and the Russian four line-of-battle ships and four frigates.

The combined squadrons passed the batteries at about two o'clock on the afternoon of October the 20th, 1827, and took up their anchorage in the port of Navarino. The fleet was formed in the order of sailing in two columns; the British and French forming the weather or starboard line and the Russian the lee line. The Turkish ships were moored in the form of a crescent, with springs on their cables, the larger ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, and the smaller ones, in succession, within

them, filling up the intervals. The *Asia* led in, followed by the *Genoa* and *Albion*, the two latter taking their stations in a manner that won the warmest admiration of the commander-in-chief, who also expressed his delight with the conduct throughout the engagement of his brother admirals, Count Heiden and the Chevalier De Rigny.

Codrington had given orders that no gun was to be fired unless guns were first discharged by the Turks, and these orders were strictly obeyed. The *Asia*, *Genoa*, and *Albion* were allowed to pass the batteries on each side of the entrance to the harbour, and to moor, as they did very rapidly, without any act of open hostility, although there was evident preparation for it in all the Turkish ships. No shots were fired until the *Dartmouth* sent a boat to one of the fire-vessels, when muskets were discharged at the lieutenant and her crew. A defensive fire of musketry was then opened from the *Dartmouth* and the French admiral's ship, *La Syrène*, and this was followed by a cannon-shot at the French admiral from one of the Egyptian vessels. These shots were returned, and very soon afterwards the battle became general.

When that awful fight was ended the allied commanders had literally carried out the threat they made before it began, and that was that if the enemy

fired a single gun at either of their flags the Turkish and Egyptian fleets would be destroyed. Out of a fleet of sixty men-of-war only one frigate and fifteen smaller vessels were fit ever to put to sea again. Of the sixty no fewer than fifty-three were made mere wrecks or destroyed by the allied fleets. After the battle the Turks burned all they could.

‘God knows why,’ wrote the admiral, ‘as we were content with having made them mere wrecks. We have had some thirty-seven beautiful explosions.’

Navarino was just as much a case of blood and fire as Algiers. The *Asia* lost in killed and wounded seventy-five, her mizzen-mast went by the board, and though the mainmast was saved she was for the time being a total wreck. In her bowsprit she had eight round shot, eighteen in the foremast, and twenty-five in the mainmast, while one hundred and twenty-five had lodged in her hull, as well as quantities of grape, canister, and musket shot.

‘She is a regular fine ironsider,’ wrote the admiral’s proud son, ‘and really I am excessively pleased with her in every way.’

The *Hind*, cutter, of one hundred and fifty tons, with a crew of thirty, was tender to the *Asia*. She had been absent on a mission, and came in sight of the squadron just as they were running into Navarino Bay. Seeing the firing begin her brave com-

mander, Lieutenant John Robb, although he had no orders to take up any special position, placed her as near as he could get on the in-shore side of the flag-ship, thus exposing the cutter not only to the shot especially directed to her, but also those intended for the *Asia*. This gallant little craft in the course of the battle was struck by twenty-three round shot, and her behaviour on that memorable day gained for her the nickname of 'His Majesty's line-of-battle cutter.' On board of her a couple of midshipmen lost a leg each, and other members of the crew were wounded seriously. At one crisis all hands were called to repel boarders, and although the surgeon was at that moment below, about to perform an amputation, he had to leave his patients, rush on deck, and take his share in beating off the enemy.

A vivid account of the battle was written by Henry Codrington, the admiral's son, who was a midshipman on board the *Asia*, in a letter to his brother, Captain William Codrington :

'I had nearly forgotten to tell you how astonished I was at the coolness and intrepidity shown by all the men during the action. For my part, I was hopping about here and there and everywhere, hurrying them on, for I had not that cool way at all; but devil a bit would they hurry, and they went on in a way that actually made me stare. My father

says that he never saw any ship's fire equal to ours from our main and lower decks in precision and steadiness. As to the upper deck, the breachings of the carronades (forty-two) stretched and the guns capsized, and the men were sent down to work the main deck ones. Having never seen anything of the sort before, I can make no comparisons; but I must say that the splinters, etc., in the cabin were quite wonderful. Some of the bulkheads had been left up, and the stern railing also, pieces of which the shot sent in in quantities, killing and wounding many men. Had all the cabin guns been mounted and manned, the slaughter would have been great; but four were not, as we had not men enough for them. Three of father's double-barrelled guns and my little single one were lying lashed together under the sofa, and a shot came in and literally dashed them to pieces, tearing even the double barrels into two—I mean dividing the barrels from each other, and, excepting one, breaking them to pieces. Some of the pieces went on to the poop—how, God knows. Altogether the crash was quite terrible in the cabin.'

Young Codrington—he was at this time just nineteen years old—was a true chip of the old block. He himself was pretty severely wounded during the fight, and finally went down to the cockpit. This was in the middle of the action. The doctor

was very fond of him, and when the midshipman got below, asked him what was the matter, and wished to attend to him ; but the spirited fellow replied that it was not much, and that he would rather wait and take his turn with the rest. When he said this a piece of iron about an inch square had been struck by a shot and sent edgeways through the calf of his leg ; in the thigh of the same limb a musket-ball or small canister had lodged ; a splinter had dislocated his left collar-bone, making ‘ a yellow place as big as his two hands put together,’ and other splinters had struck him in several places. Of his visit to the cockpit he says :

‘ On going down the latter (tarpaulin and grating being lifted) I found myself almost in the dark, and in an atmosphere which was as hot, though not as pure, as many an oven. On the chests, etc., the men’s mess tables had been laid, and over them beds ; on these lay the wounded, some too bad to speak, others groaning and crying out with the agony they were in. Some (generally the least hurt) crying lustily for the doctor. “ Oh ! doctor, my dear doctor. Do come here, I’m bleeding to death ! ” etc., and some saying it was their turn, etc. . . . I managed to feel my way to an unoccupied berth amidships, alongside a poor fellow who had been severely wounded, and I think we made a pretty quiet pair, except occasional, nay

frequent, calls for water, of which, owing to my excessive thirst, I must have drunk a great deal, besides what I poured on the bandage which had just been put on my wound, which felt as if it was on fire, and devilish uncomfortable.'

This spirited young officer became an Admiral of the Fleet. He was captain of the *Talbot* at the siege of Acre, and of the *Royal George* in the Russian War, 1854-55. He died in 1877.

The battle raged until darkness came on. Then followed a night as awful as that at Algiers. Through the long hours of darkness explosion followed explosion, and when morning broke it revealed a picture of total horror and disaster. The beach all round the harbour was strewn with wrecks, and the water was covered with spars on which were multitudes of poor wretches who from the midst of their dying and dead comrades were crying in various tongues for help. Amongst them were Greeks with their legs manacled. It was impossible to rescue these poor creatures by boats, as none could be found for the purpose. Some of those who could swim left their places of refuge and managed to get on board the war-ships, but most perished in the bay. The barbarity of the Turks knew no limit, and they wantonly set fire to their own ships, although they knew that on board of them many of their own

countrymen as well as Greeks were lying wounded and helpless. Codrington did what he could to spare life and save it, but in spite of all his efforts the Bay of Navarino was filled with the dying.

The admiral himself seemed to bear a charmed life. Repeated and deliberate attempts were made by the enemy to kill him. The Turkish vice-admiral, and second in command of the enemy, himself afterwards said that he directed a company of riflemen to aim at Codrington as he stood upon the poop, and end the dreadful conflict by shooting him through the head or heart, telling them that this was their only hope of salvation, and that when he fell his ships would surrender without firing another gun. The riflemen 'took a deliberate aim at him, the same as if they were only firing at a target; but, like a target, a pillar, he stood firm and untouched . . . But it was the will of God that he should be saved from the sharpshooters; it was God alone who saved him; and shortly after I was a prisoner on board his flag-ship. But he appeared so mild and benignant, so calm, cool, and collected, that in his presence I forgot the enemy, and looked upon him at once as my conqueror and my friend. He is *not* the enemy of our country, though he destroyed twenty-eight of our ships, and sacrificed nearly eleven thousand of our best seamen.'

These remarks were made by the vice-admiral,

Tahir Pacha, during a conversation in the gun-room of the *Blonde*, shortly after her arrival at Constantinople in June, 1829.

Codrington had some marvellous escapes on board, and yet he was never wounded. He was in uniform, but in place of his cocked hat he wore a round hat which gave better shade to his eyes. This head-dress was pierced by a bullet, which went in at one side and out at the other, but did not touch his head. To his coat sleeve, which he regularly wore somewhat loose, the same thing happened, a ball entering and leaving just above the wrist. The bullet made two holes, but did not wound the arm. At another time his life was saved by his watch, which was crushed by a bullet. Only once until near the close of the battle did the admiral leave his station on the poop, whence he had a commanding view of the progress of the fight; then he went forward in order to see how matters were going. Whilst standing at the knight-head the boatswain, to whom he was speaking, was killed at his side, while on the poop, the master, with whom he was in conversation, was struck down and killed by a shot; and a captain of marines was killed while standing very near him on the quarter-deck—indeed, the admiral afterwards said that it seemed as if every man to whom he spoke was to be killed before him. At one time Codrington was the only mar

on deck, all the rest having been disabled or sent by him below with orders. It was not until the fight was nearly over that he went below himself to see how his son fared. He had not seen the lad disabled, and when he saw that he was no longer at his station he dreaded to ask what had befallen him.

Towards the close of the fight, the admiral was walking up and down the poop from side to side. While stooping his head under the rolled-up awning a shot passed through its folds. At another time he had only just passed the spot on which the mizzen-mast fell. The mast had been badly wounded, and fell right aft over the poop, with a mass of sails and rigging hanging about it. Amongst the killed on board the *Asia* was the captain, Bathurst, as brave an officer as ever trod a deck, and one whose loss the admiral felt most keenly.

Early in the action Bathurst was wounded by a splinter which knocked off his hat and cut his face. The tails of his coat were afterwards shot away, and ultimately a grape-shot went through his body and lodged in the opposite bulwark. The officer lived for eleven hours, but before he died he had the pleasure of hearing from his chief's own lips unstinted praise for the bravery and style with which he had taken his vessel into action. Bathurst wished to have his body brought to England, and it was conveyed in

the *Genoa*, and on December 27th was buried with military honours at Plymouth.

Heavy as were the losses on board the allied fleet, they were light compared with those of the enemy. The effect of the British guns in particular was tremendous. They were worked, the admiral told the Duke of Clarence, with a precision which looked like mere exercise. With such deadly gunnery as this, well might the ship of the Capitana Bey lose six hundred and fifty men killed out of eight hundred and fifty—the badly wounded were left to die—and her hull looked as if it had been tasted by the adze prior to being docked.

The total loss of the allies at Navarino was one hundred and seventy-seven killed and four hundred and eighty wounded, the numbers being as follows: British, killed, seventy-five, wounded, one hundred and ninety-seven; French, forty-three killed, one hundred and forty-four wounded; Russian, fifty-nine killed, one hundred and thirty-nine wounded. The *Asia* had nineteen killed and fifty-seven wounded, and the *Genoa* twenty-six killed and thirty-three wounded. The loss of *La Syrène* was twenty-one killed and forty-five wounded, and the *Azoff* (Russian) had twenty-four killed and sixty-seven wounded.

The watch which was crushed in the admiral's pocket is still in existence, and among other relics of

Navarino are a grape-shot found in a hammock the day after the battle ; and the flag which was carried at the foretop-gallant mast-head of the *Asia* during the fight.

Of Codrington and of Navarino many curious tales are told. One of the most extraordinary is that the French ships deliberately fired into the Russian vessels, to avenge Moscow. Whether true or not, this was a tradition in the French naval service. For the victory, rewards were so lavishly bestowed in England that it was said at the time that more orders were given for it than for any other naval victory on record.

One good story is told which is based on undoubted authority. When the admiral returned from the Mediterranean he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose sculs are wrapped up in their lands and turnips.

‘Hullo, Codrington,’ he exclaimed, in blind ignorance of all contemporary history, ‘I haven’t seen you for some time. Had any good shooting lately?’

‘Why, yes,’ replied the admiral, ‘I’ve had some rather remarkable shooting.’

And with this he went his way.

THE END.

